

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

July

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England

DEANNA
DURBIN

WILL
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URBIN
ARRY
AN
LDER
MAN?

Killing Fiction! "Hollywood Pavement" by Achmed Abdullah
Real Life! What Loretta Young Tells Her Kid Sister

I WAS A LEMON
IN THE *Garden*
of Love . . .

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* . . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."



*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Jean revamped her bath technique and her popularity hit a brand new high



Bill met Jean and things happened! "You're the only girl for me," said his eyes. "And you're the only boy for me," flashed her smile! And of course, they dated!



This was to be the night of Jean's dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how fragrant and sweet—how radiantly sure of her charm! *Poor, poor Jean.*



Before the first dance was over, Bill's smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose, not to know *never to trust a bath alone.*



"Your own fault," scolded Peg. "A bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come! But Mum *prevents* odor—guards freshness all evening long."



And Jean wins! Bill's back in her life and back to stay. Life's more fun for the girl who decides, "A bath alone is never enough—underarms *always* need Mum!"

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!

NO MATTER how fresh you feel after your bath, don't forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odor yet *to come.*

Wise girls use Mum after every bath, before every date. Mum is so fragrant, so pleasant to use, so dependable. Mum is QUICK... it takes just half a minute to use, yet you're protected for a full day or evening. Mum is SAFE...completely harmless

to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin.

Mum is SURE...without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure *you* never offend. Get Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily for *lasting* charm!

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. They know it's gentle and safe.



JUN -7 1939

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

NEXT MONTH!

YOU'LL GET:

HONEST CONFESSIONS
OF A HOLLYWOOD
EXTRA GIRL!

Real! Poignant! Half-tragic, half-tender self-told story of an actual extra girl in one of Hollywood's great studios. In her own words she tells you the truth about a girl's chances in films, and the life she leads once she has crashed the gates.

COMING SOON!

THE CLARK GABLES
AT HOME!

By Elizabeth Wilson—popular Hollywood writer and closest friend of Carole Lombard Gable among movie reporters—only authentic feature about the home life of the movies' most celebrated couple. Watch for it!

SCREENLAND'S AUGUST ISSUE ON SALE JUNE 30 WILL BE A MIDSUMMER DREAM OF HOLLYWOOD'S FASCINATING FEATURES!

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

July, 1939

Vol. XXXIX, No. 3

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COVER PORTRAIT OF DEANNA DURBIN BY ED ESTABROOK, UNIVERSAL

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A Prediction by **Leo** of M-G-M



I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."

I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.

I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.

I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.

I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen... rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos... to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come...

I am proud of "GOOD-BYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.



Greer Garson as Katherine... 1939's beautiful new star sensation, her heart-stabbing performance will hold you spellbound!

Robert Donat scores another triumph as Mr. Chips... a role surpassing even his great performance in "The Citadel".



The famed novel at last on the screen!

ROBERT DONAT

Goodbye Mr. Chips

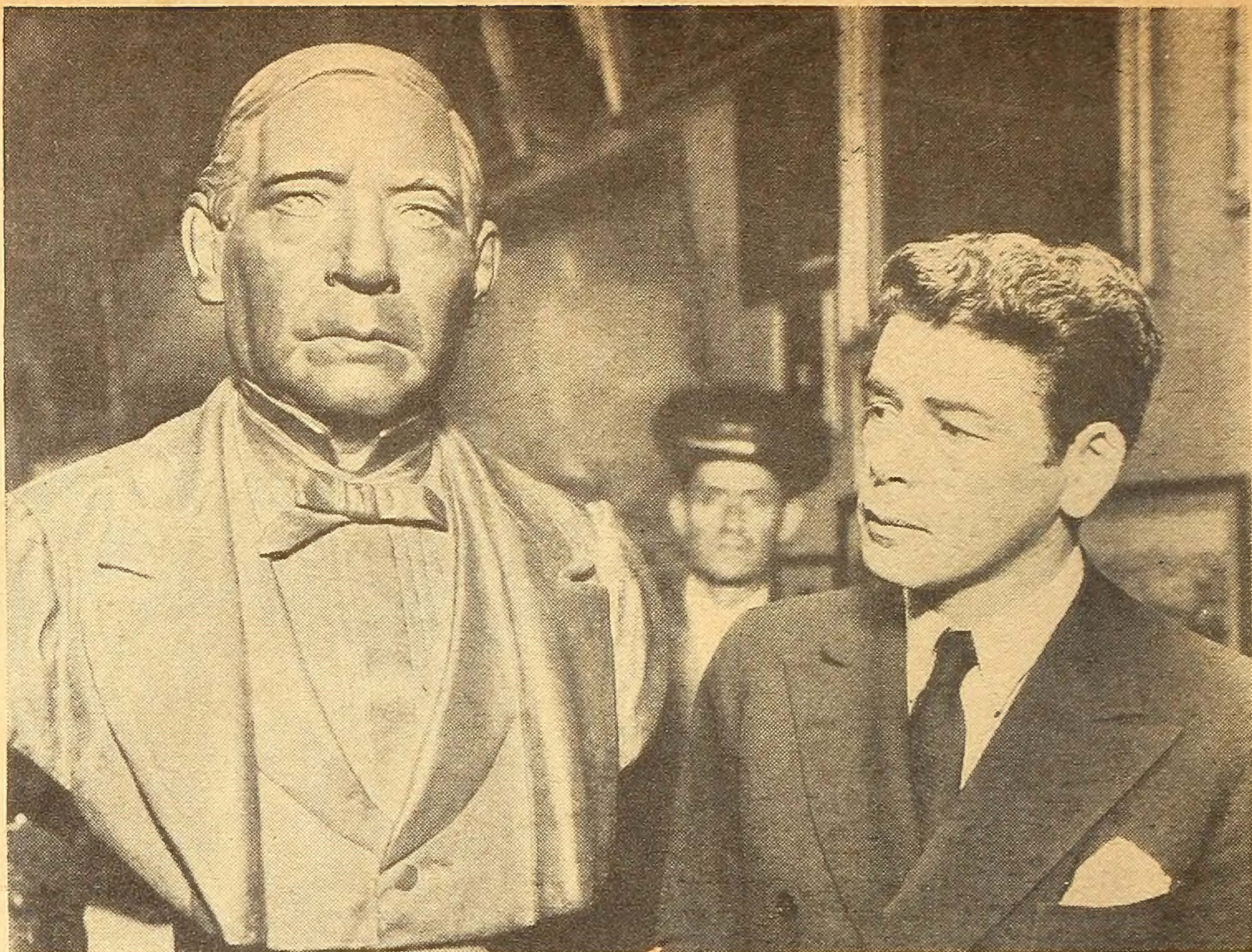
with **GREER GARSON**

A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture





Paul Muni as Benito Pablo Juarez—
greatest portrayal of the great actor.

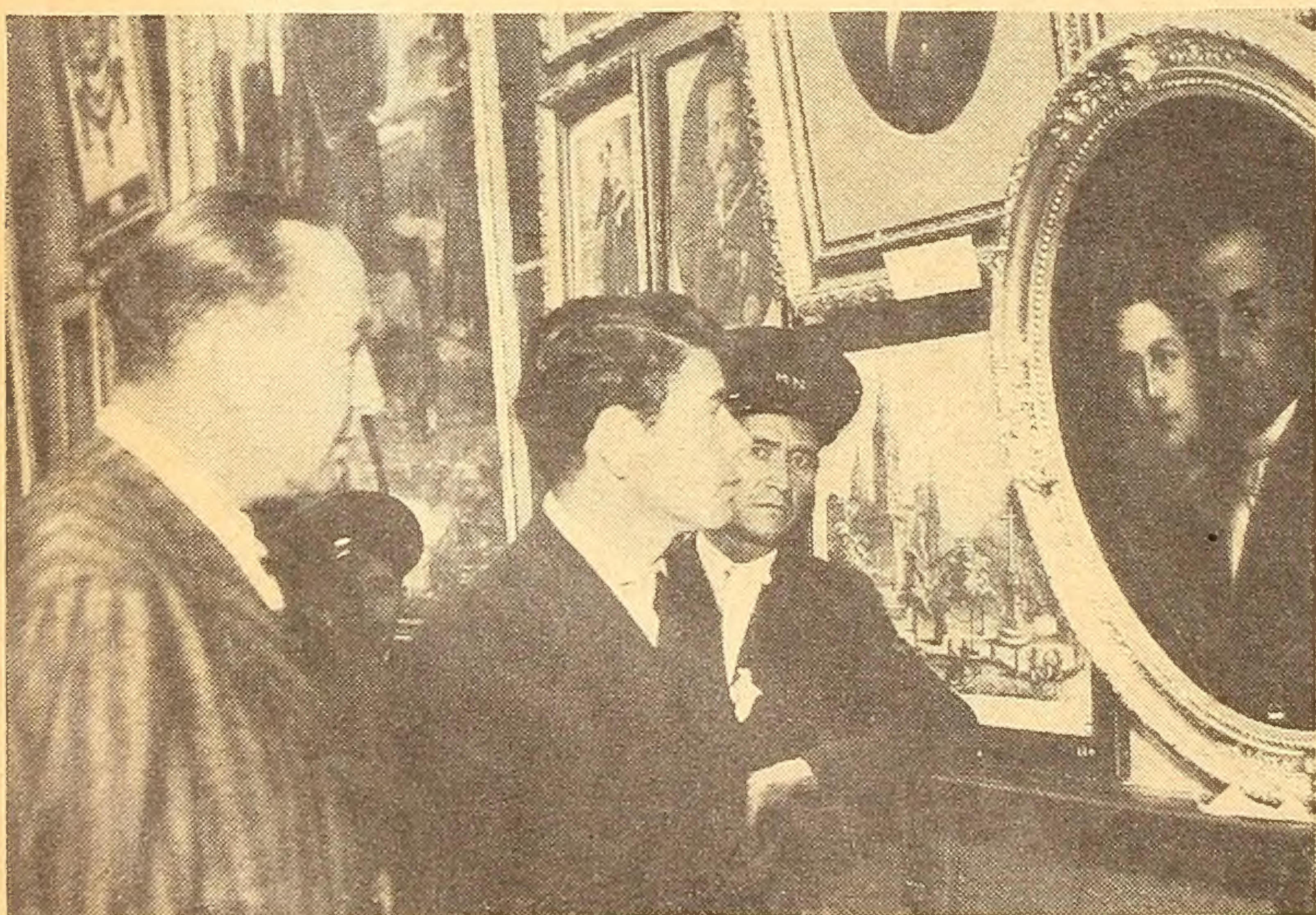


Muni devoted many months to the study of his rôle. Above, in the
museum in Mexico City, beside the bust of the Mexican patriot.

All Honor to the Great



Paul Muni assumed native garb and mingled with
the people in Mexican city and country, soaking
up atmosphere for his rôle in "Juarez."



Many visits to museums were made by the vis-
itors from Hollywood. Above, producer Wallis
and Muni study a portrait of Juarez and wife.

**SCREENLAND Honor Page salutes the
finest motion picture since "The Birth
of a Nation," the mighty "Juarez"—its
theme the theme of the world today:
"Shall democracy live, or shall it be
allowed to vanish from the face of this
weary earth?" Now, read the story,
here, of the making of this super cinema**

IF ONE day in the fall of last year, 1938, four illustri-
ous film makers of Mexico City had departed their
homes to visit the United States, there to visit those
places where Abraham Lincoln left the indelible record
of his life as woodsman, storekeeper, ferry-boat operator,
tavern-keeper, lawyer, and legislator, they would have
been on a mission identical, but in reverse, to that of
four Hollywood men traveling at the same time. These
men were Hal Wallis, executive assistant to Jack L.
Warner; Henry Blanke, producer; William Dieterle,
director; and Paul Muni, actor. They were after intimate
knowledge of little-known facts in the life of a dark-
skinned Zapotec Indian, born in a squalid adobe hut near
Ixtlan, State of Oaxaca, on March 21, 1806, and who
died July 18, 1872. An Indian named Benito Pablo
Juarez. It was Juarez, "an ugly little man," who was to
be the subject of Paul Muni's next film portrait. Warner
Bros. Studios had set aside two million dollars with which
to make this picture based on the life of a man little
known north of the Rio Grande, hero and idol in his own
country. Juarez, one of the greatest liberal statesmen of
his time, the man who fought for the democratic liberty
of his people.

When Muni and the three executives left Hollywood



The men who made "Juarez," photographed beside Maximilian's coach: Muni, producer Hal Wallis, associate Henry Blanke, director Dieterle.



Bette Davis as the tragic Empress Carlota—her most poignant performance.

Picture, "Juarez"

for their tour of those places in Mexico where records of Juarez might best be found, the screen play of the projected film already was well in hand. Three writers, Aeneas MacKenzie, research expert; Wolfgang Reinhardt, Max Reinhardt's son; and John Huston, son of Walter Huston, had been working on it for almost a year. That's a long time to devote to the writing of one motion picture, but this was to be an unusual film and no detail must be left to chance or conjecture.

"Before we left for Mexico I had already devoted months to the study of Juarez," Paul Muni explains. "When I first knew that he was to be my next screen subject and started to look for material on his life, I found very little available. The reason was apparent. He was contemporary with Abraham Lincoln and the stirring events in the history of the United States that occurred during Lincoln's time. Plus that, Mexico itself has had no great historians and we of the Americas know very little about our neighbors and that record of their country. Yet here was a man much like Lincoln, a man born in abject poverty, self-educated, who rose by the brilliant powers of his own mind to save the nation that had borne him. Juarez not only re-kindled the great flame of democracy in Mexico, he kept it alive during the time the powers of Europe established a dictator-monarch, Maximilian, on its throne and it was Juarez who ultimately ousted Maximilian and Carlota, regained the seat of liberal government. It was this man we sought to know."

Leaving Hollywood in August, 1938, the film men visited some fifteen towns and cities in Mexico: San Pablo, Guelatao, Ixtlan, capital city of Oaxaca, San Luis Potosi, Vera Cruz, Puebla, Paseo del Norte, Texca, Acapulco and Mexico City itself. It was there, in the archives of the National Museum, and from papers and records in private hands and memories, that they found their source of material. They spent many evenings in the home of the two Prida brothers, grandsons of Juarez, now men of wealth and influence in Mexican government circles. They even found an ancient, 116 years old, who fought in Juarez's army during (Please turn to page 93)



Every member of the cast gives a superb performance—but none better than John Garfield and Brian Aherne, as Diaz and Maximilian.



"Juarez" is an impressive spectacle as well as a moving human drama and social document. Above, stirring scene at the palace at Chapultepec.



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NO PINS
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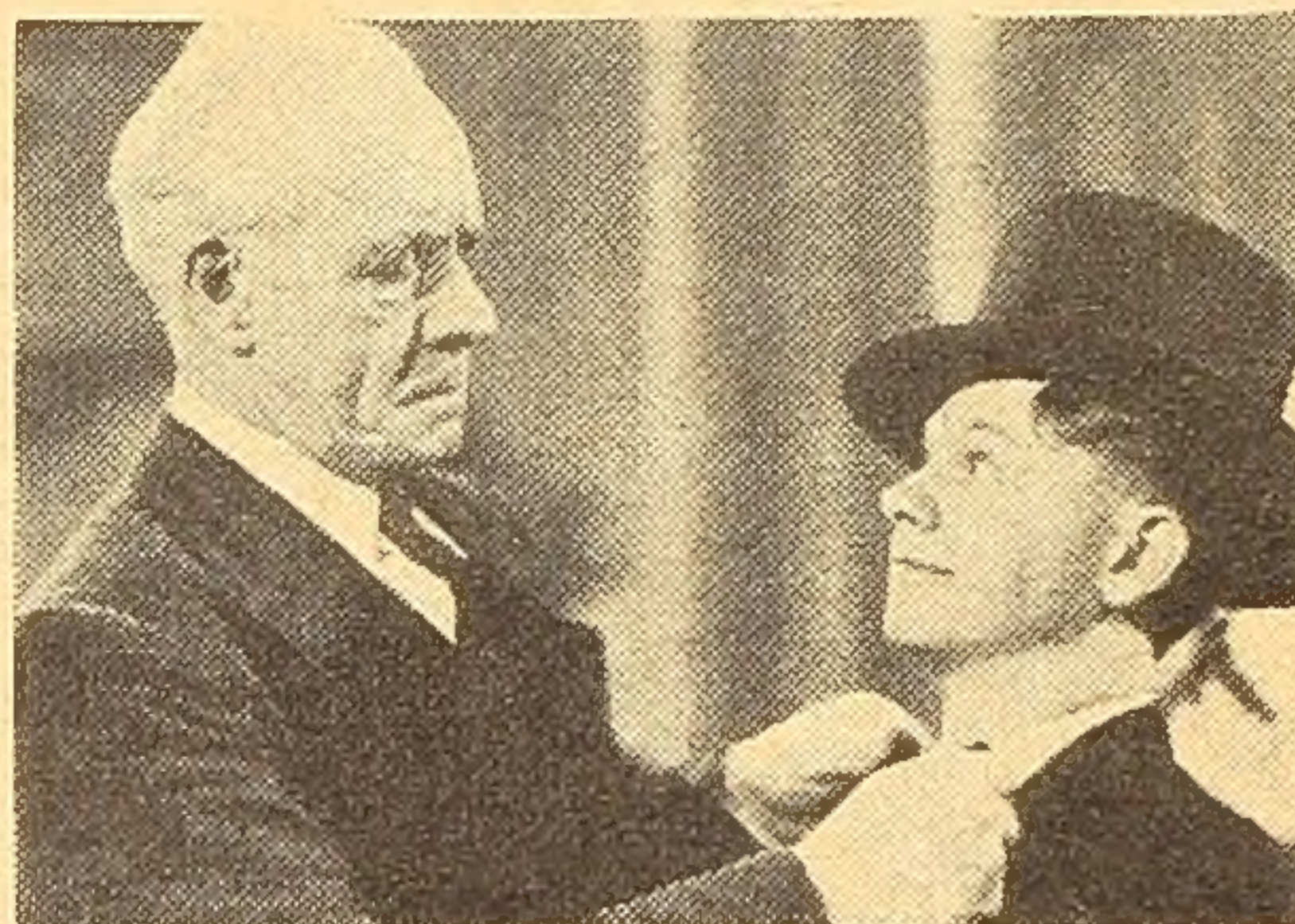
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TAGGING the TALKIES

**Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 54-55**

The
Hardys
Ride
High

M-G-M



If it's good hearty laughs you're seeking, don't fail to see this—newest of the popular Hardy family series in which the small-town Judge hears he's to inherit \$2,000,000. His family proceeds to ride high and handsome, but they're brought back to earth on learning the fortune's not theirs. Mickey Rooney's hilarious adventures as "a man about town" are a real treat. Lewis Stone is Judge Hardy. Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden and Ann Rutherford are in the cast.

Back
Door To
Heaven

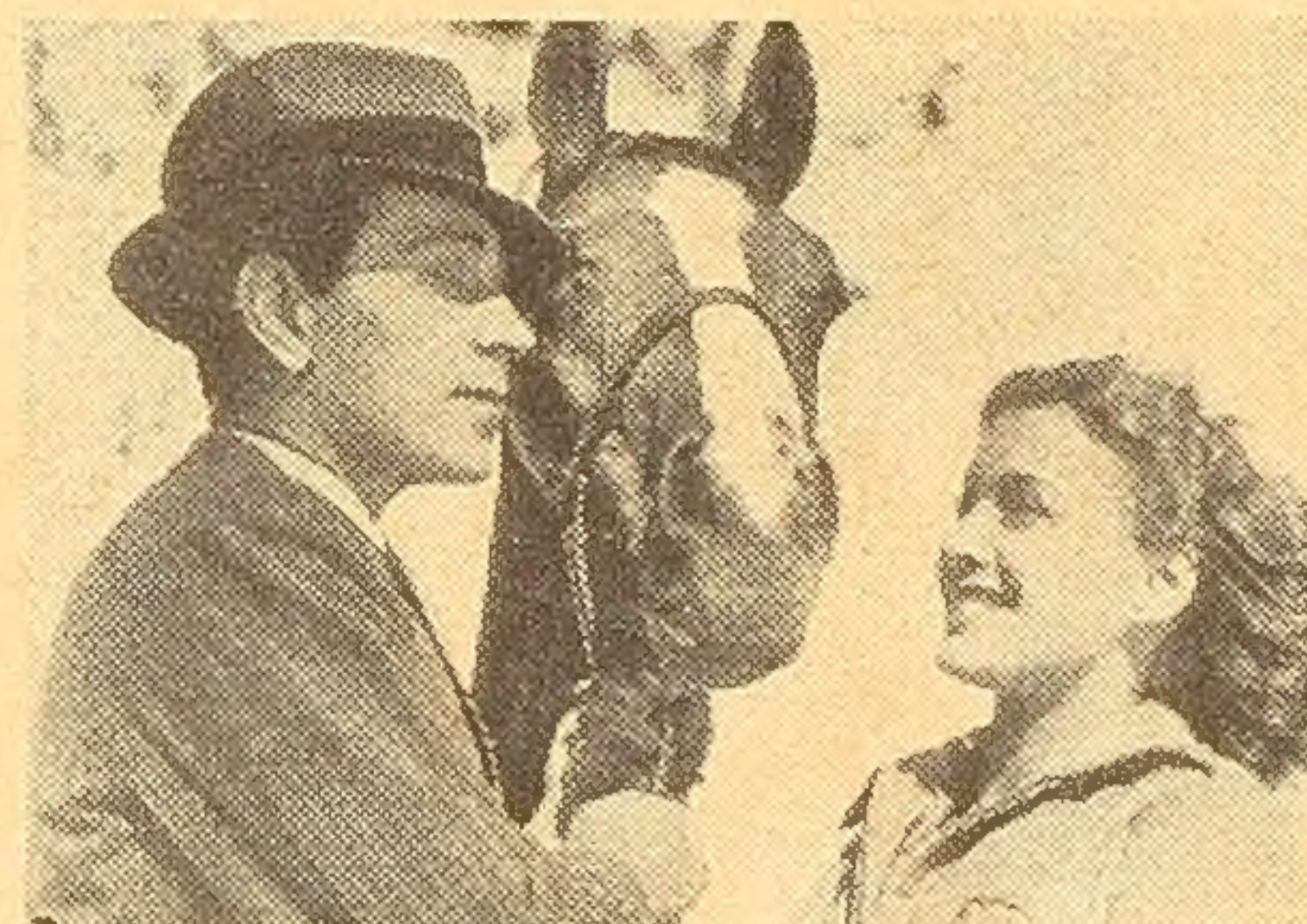
Paramount



A grim melodrama which tends to preach a sermon. The story of a poor boy, victim of circumstances, who's sent to reform school for stealing a harmonica, later sent to the penitentiary as a felon, the film has a prologue with child actors in rôles later played by grown-ups. Wallace Ford's portrayal of Jimmy is sincere and Aline MacMahon, who can always be counted on for a splendid performance, is the teacher. Stuart Erwin and Patricia Ellis in the cast.

The
Lady's
From
Kentucky

Paramount



Romantic drama of the race track. George Raft fine as *Marty Black*, inveterate gambler and half owner of a thoroughbred. Ellen Drew, Kentucky lady, owner of the other half, falls in love with *Marty*, but doesn't agree with his ideas on horses. Fine racing picture with different plot, two thrilling races, and lots of suspense. Hugh Herbert and Zasu Pitts are romantically paired off and, combined, their inimitable variety of comedy will delight everybody.

Mid-
night

Paramount



Gay and giddy and completely incredible farce, but fun all the way, for those who crave "escape" cinema and Claudette Colbert in frivolous mood. The star is swell in her fantastic rôle of an American beauty stranded in Paris, and her supporting cast of Don Ameche as a smitten taxi driver, John Barrymore as a benevolent billionaire, and Francis Lederer as an ardent suitor is positively brilliant. Despite the lunatic story, there are good crisp comedy scenes.

The
Family
Next
Door

Universal



This is the first of a new series of films designed for family audiences. Hugh (whoo-who) Herbert heads the cast of this domestic comedy as *One-trip Plumber Pierce*, who is harassed by his socially, financially ambitious family. The gags, induced by the misfortunes and errors of others, while not new, will hand you some good laughs. Ruth Donnelly, Joy Hodges, Eddie Quillan, Juanita Quigley, Bennie Bartlett are members of the goofy family.

Broadway
Serenade

M-G-M



In her first solo-starring film Jeanette MacDonald proves she can carry a picture without benefit of co-star. A lavish musical in which Jeanette's beautiful voice is heard in modern and operatic tunes. It's the story of a song-and-piano team whose marriage goes on the rocks when wife rises to stardom while husband, who longs to compose great music, doesn't get a break. Lew Ayres gives a top-notch performance as the husband. Frank Morgan, Ian Keith fine, too.

Street of
Missing
Men

Republic



The regeneration of a gangster is the tale brought to the screen by well-known character actors: Charles Bickford, Harry Carey, Ralph Graves, Regis Toomey. When released, a convicted gangster seeks vengeance on publisher whose editorials helped convict him, but emerges a hero by sacrificing his own life. Forceful performance by Bickford. It has its tense moments, comedy, but no romantic interest. Tommy Ryan appealing as newsboy the gangster befriends.

Crime
in the
Magnet
Line

Tower
Pictures



This interesting film, made in France, with English titles for the benefit of our audiences, is a genuine mystery thriller—with a difference. The action takes place inside and around one of the underground fortifications of the famous Magnet Line, giving a timely touch of authenticity. It is not concerned with international politics, except for general patriotic appeal—it's really a good, well-acted murder story, with excellent cast including Victor Francen.

Sorority
House

RKO-Radio



A pleasant little drama of college life which is a slap at snooty college sororities. It reveals the political intrigue in sorority ranks, adolescent thrills and heartaches experienced by girls when the all-important bids go out. All of which may bore older sophisticates, but teen-agers will love it. Anne Shirley and James Ellison are the girl and boy of a youthful campus romance. Barbara Read, Adele Pearce, two of the co-eds in the picture, play rôles with feeling.

Streets
of New
York

Monogram



A believable melodramatic story which is an indictment of New York's cradle of crime. Jackie Cooper plays *Jimmy*, big-town newsboy who sells papers by day, studies law at night. In support is little Martin Spellman, whose screen debut was his memorable "Boys Town" rôle, that of the lad who walked across half a continent to reach the haven. Both rôles are finely portrayed by the two youthful players. Film has nice human touch and is sure to please.

Inspector
Horn-
leigh

20th
Century-
Fox



Cleverly contrived murder mystery which introduces a new screen character—*Inspector Hornleigh*, amazing Scotland Yard sleuth who's well-known to British radio audiences. Gordon Harker skilfully enacts the rôle. Several murders are committed in a plot to rifle the budget bag; *Hornleigh* ferrets out the murderer, but doesn't name him until the very end. A thriller you'll enjoy and one which defies you to pick the killer before he's identified by the *Inspector*.

Beauty swims at the Fair—

in the new Silhouetting Swim
Suits designed by *B.V.D.!

True daughters of Neptune, the lovely young girls who star in "Billy Rose's Aquacade—New York World's Fair 1939." And every one of them wears *B.V.D. Suits exclusively! The reasons—form-fitting glamour and figure control ...flexible, buoyant fabrics and sparkling aquatic colors. Wear them—and see for yourself!

Uplift Control—There's silhouette sorcery in the bustline control of B.V.D. suits. It's done with clever cut and exclusive elastic design that raises and slenderizes the bust.



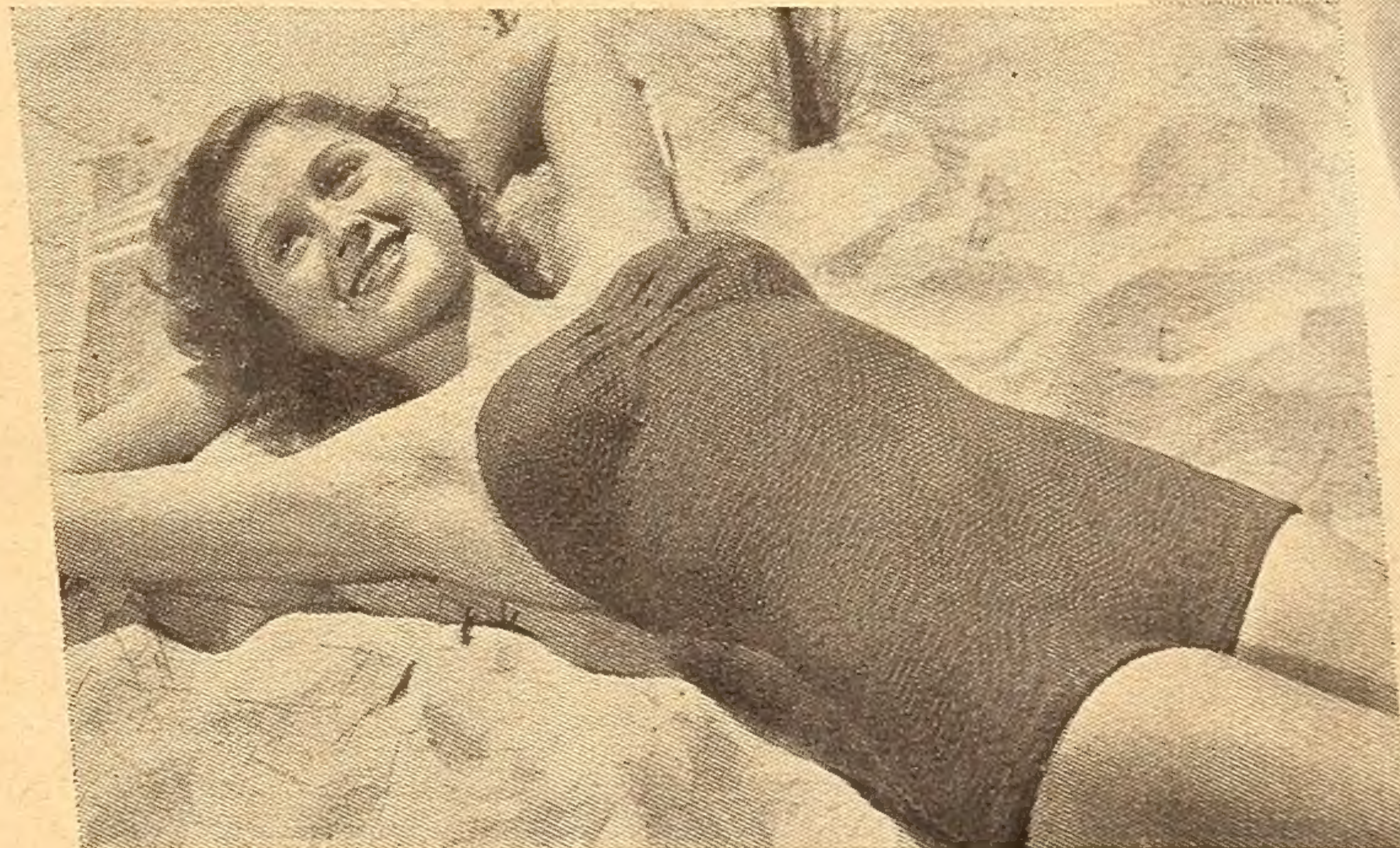
Midriff Sculpturing—Figure magic is yours in every B.V.D. fabric—in every B.V.D. suit that holds you firmly, comfortably at the waistline, makes you look slim-as-a-stalk.

Evening Gown Brilliance—From the ballroom to the beach go the latest, loveliest evening gown lines in these stunning new B.V.D. swim suits—distinguished for their beauty and comfort.



Trunkline Triumph—B.V.D. trunks are carefully cut, smoothly tailored with a fullness that gives you ease and comfort—assures good looks—whether you are active or indolent.

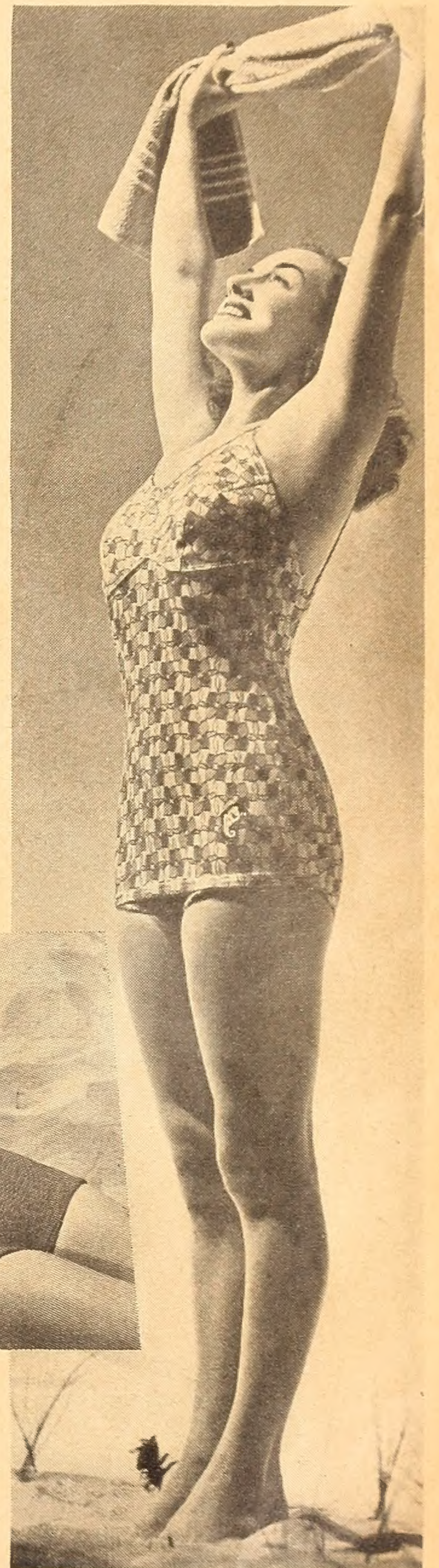
Half-Skirted and "strapless," this new swim suit in lovely *B.V.D. Stitch features a high, tucked bustline for flattery, and cleverly hidden straps that tie, halter-fashion, for active wear. \$5.95.



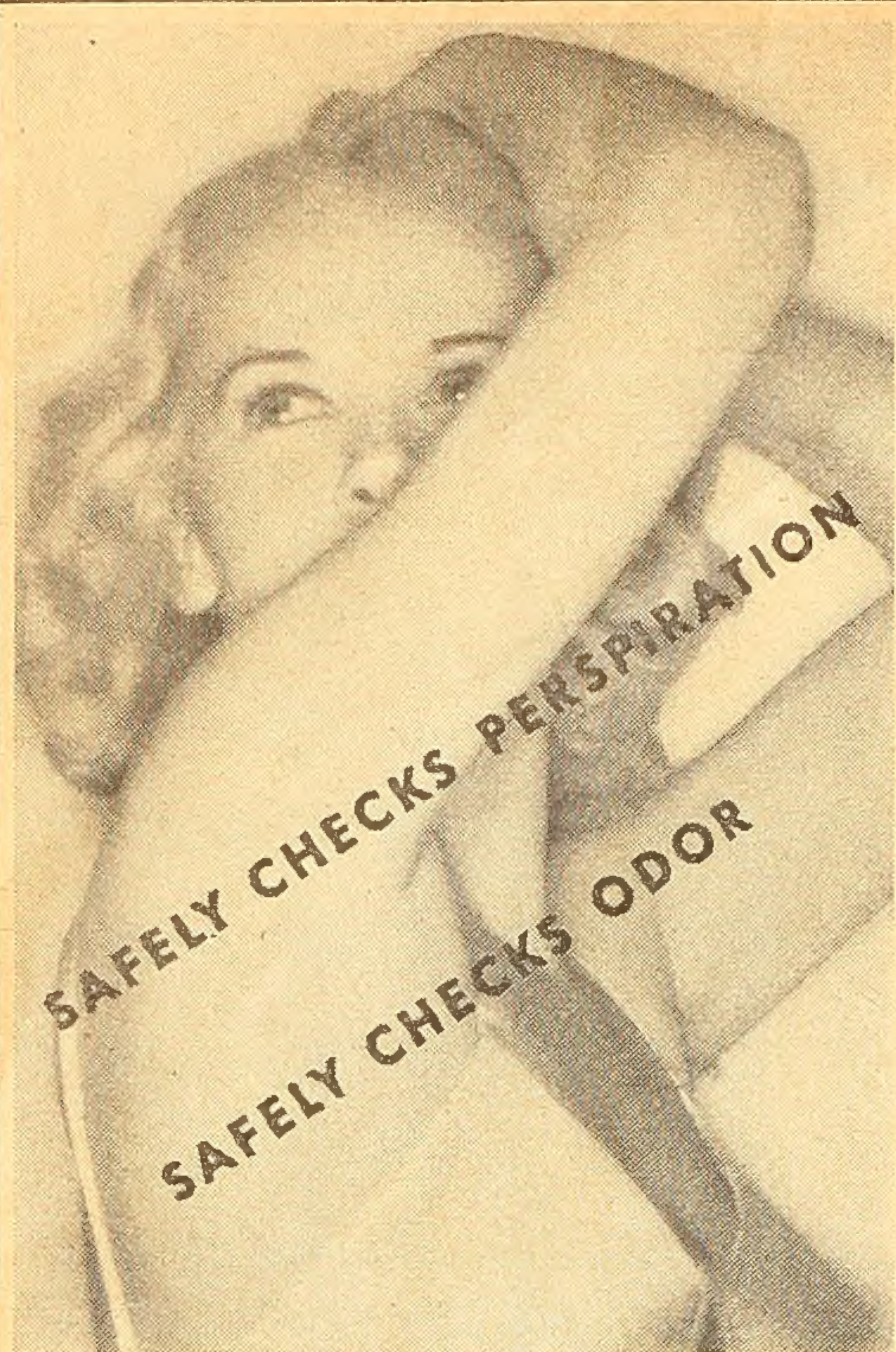
*B.V.D. SWIM SUITS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



Eleanor Holm, lovely star of Billy Rose's N. Y. World's Fair Aquacade, wears a swim suit of lustrous *"Sea Satin" by *B.V.D. in a gay and lovely Dogwood print. \$6.95.



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5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES



Having won award for acting, Fay Bainter now takes a bow for being "canapé queen" of Hollywood! Here are grand recipes for warm-weather entertaining

**By
Betty
Boone**

FAY BAINTER was wearing a gay red and white peasant dress, with short skirt, when she greeted us at the door of her ocean-front home. She had a new short haircut, too. Her naturally curly hair was swirled in waves across the back with soft curls in front.

"It's a fascinating thing to be right at the ocean's front door, and able to step out in a bathing suit, or lie in the sand and sun with no trouble to get there. Last summer neither my husband nor my son ever thought of dressing till evening. Guests would come down for breakfast and stay till midnight. So easy to entertain, when they can swim or sunbathe or play ping-pong or darts out there in the sand patio. And then at cocktail time and all evening, we have the playroom!

"I had the playroom decorated as a surprise for Reg—for my husband. He's navy, you know—Commander Reginald Venable—so everything is red, white and blue."

On the tiled floor, rugs in one, two or all three of the colors are scattered; the walls are blue with red and white cord arranged in designs on it; there is a big blue chesterfield, some deep-seated chairs in blue with white anchors, red ones with blue nautical designs, a card table in red with blue canvas-backed chairs. Over the fireplace is an amusing painting of King Neptune accompanied by a small merman and a small mermaid, both apparently having a very snappy time.

"See the lamps!" urged my hostess. "Original with me. I saw the red and white coral in a window, one piece in one corner and another in the other, and I bought them and arranged them together inside the crystal bowl and had a lamp made of it. And

here's one with shells I collected and combined. And there are some shells I picked up at Carmel last week—and intend to use in something here.

"I'm the world's natural collector of recipes, especially for hors d'oeuvres."

The butler brought in a great wooden platter of hors d'oeuvres and a small wooden figure of Popeye, dressed in sailor togs, holding up a delectable assortment of tiny sausages, stuffed olives, shrimp canapés.

"Let's take their pictures and then eat them," suggested Fay, slipping behind them into a blue chair. "The very sight of them makes me hungry! We have a craze for hors d'oeuvres in this family. I have a very special one that I've never tasted anywhere else. You take baby beets and cook them, then hollow them out and fill them with caviar. My dear, you've never imagined anything like it!

"These are peanut butter mixed with honey and spread on *Ritz* crackers. Reg, junior, adores them. So does Bonita Granville. Those two seem to get along beautifully. When Bonita comes to dinner, she and Reg are really *something*. Such delightful conversations! She plays the piano and he turns the pages and they sing French songs. And then they relax and play games.

"Returning to this platter—these are hardboiled eggs, chopped up and mixed with cream sauce and colored with vegetable coloring—green or pink—and rimmed with *Kraft's* Philadelphia Cream Cheese.

"The celery is stuffed with a special spread the cook makes—chopped olives, pickles, combined with pimiento cheese. Sometimes we use anchovy paste."

The Commander, joining us, observed that Fay is his favorite cook. "A real cook,



"Finest actress" is also "best hostess" when Fay Bainter entertains. "We have a craze for hors d'oeuvres in my family!" she says—see opposite page. Above, Miss Bainter (Mrs. Reg Venable in private) with her son Reg, Jr. Right, in the playroom of her ocean-front home.



happy days Reggie and I used to wait for." "I adore cooking," said Fay, "not going in to my cook's kitchen and getting in her way, but having it *my* kitchen, when she isn't there. Believe it or not, our favorite all-year-round dish is stew! I break all the rules making it. I take a lot of vegetables—

onions, *Heinz* canned tomatoes, carrots, potatoes, meat—and put them, layer by layer in a stewpan with a little water—first a layer of carrots, with a little flour, then a layer of potatoes, with a little flour, and so on—the canned tomatoes make enough
(Continued on page 94)

no fake about it. When we were living in the east, the servants never had just one day off, or half a day, but all of them went together for several days, and then it was up to Fay," he explained. "Those were the



WHO MAKES LOVE BEST... SINGLE OR MARRIED STARS?

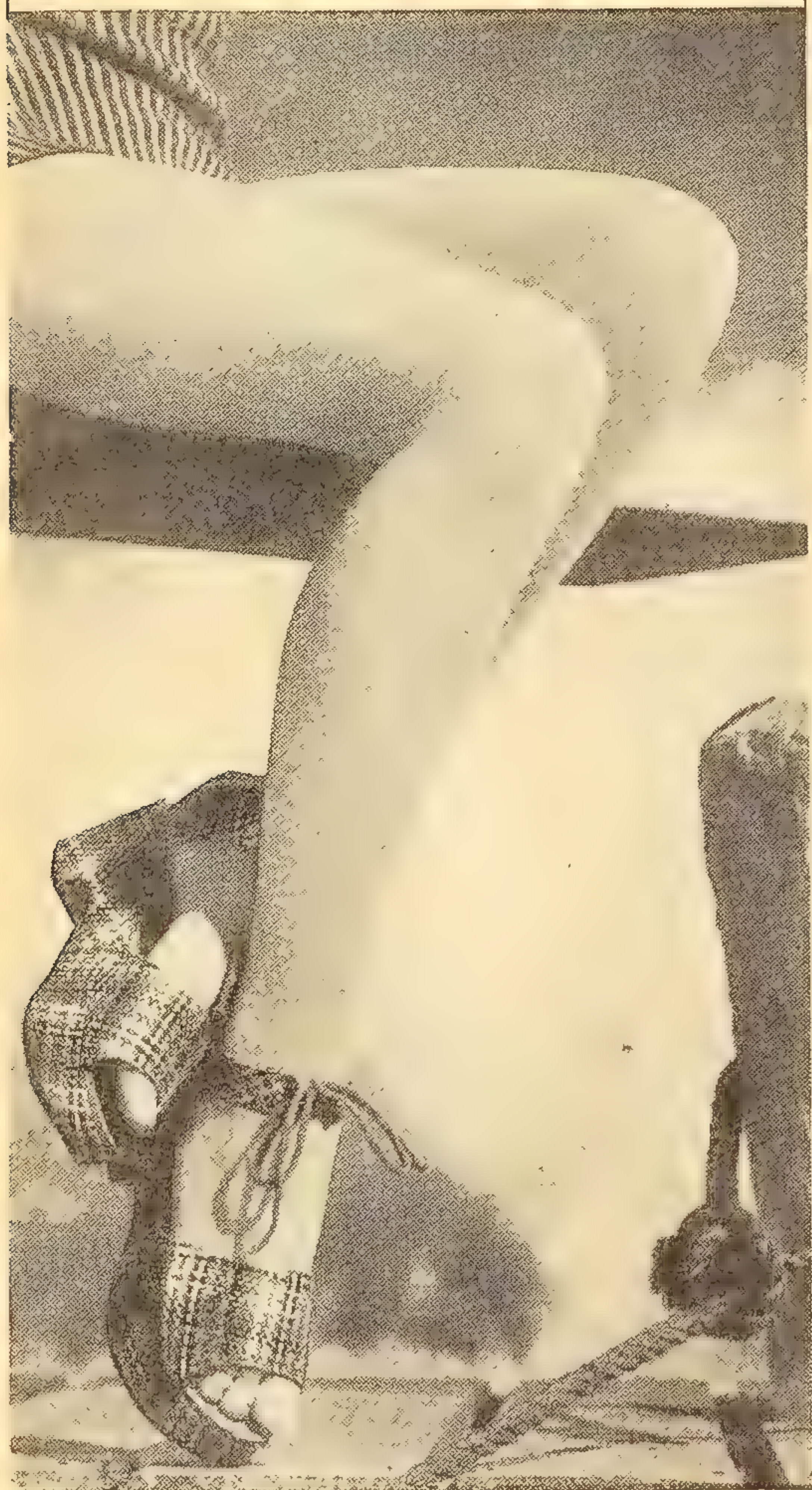
Was Tyrone Power the best screen lover before he married and will he be now? What about the newly married Clark Gable? Why is Don Ameche still a pulse-flutterer? See and read July **SCREEN GUIDE**. It tells and shows "Who Makes Love Best."

SCREEN GUIDE shows all—tells all. Edited in Hollywood—the only picture movie magazine. Frank, fearless, revealing.

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Who Are the "Synthetic Mothers" of the Movies? • Don't Call Hollywood a Godless Town! • Should Hollywood Ban Extravagant Parties? • What Marriage Has Done to Carole Lombard! • Jean Parker—Girl Who Shocked Hollywood!

SCREEN GUIDE — 10¢

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YOUR LEGS!**



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Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

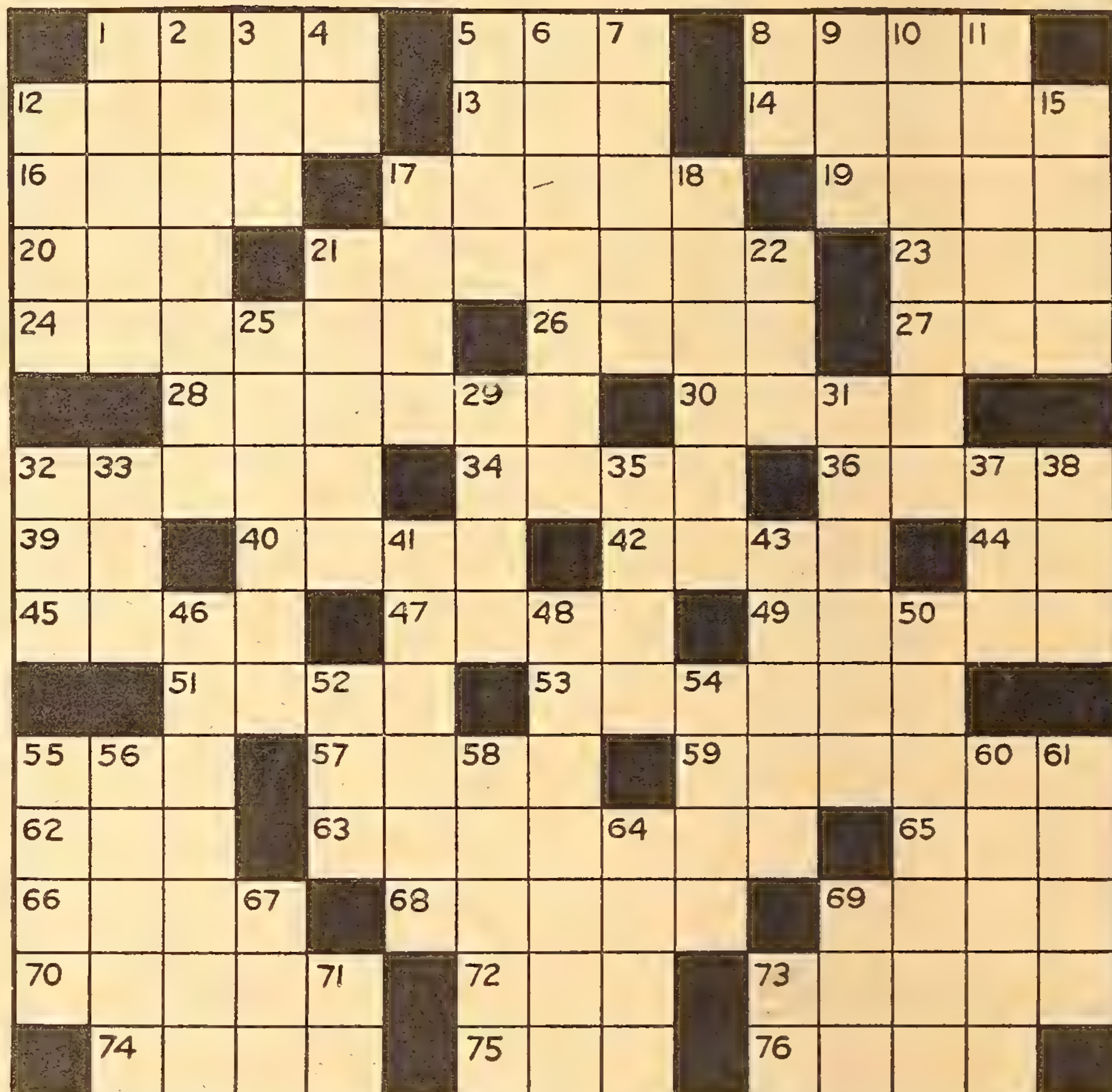
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



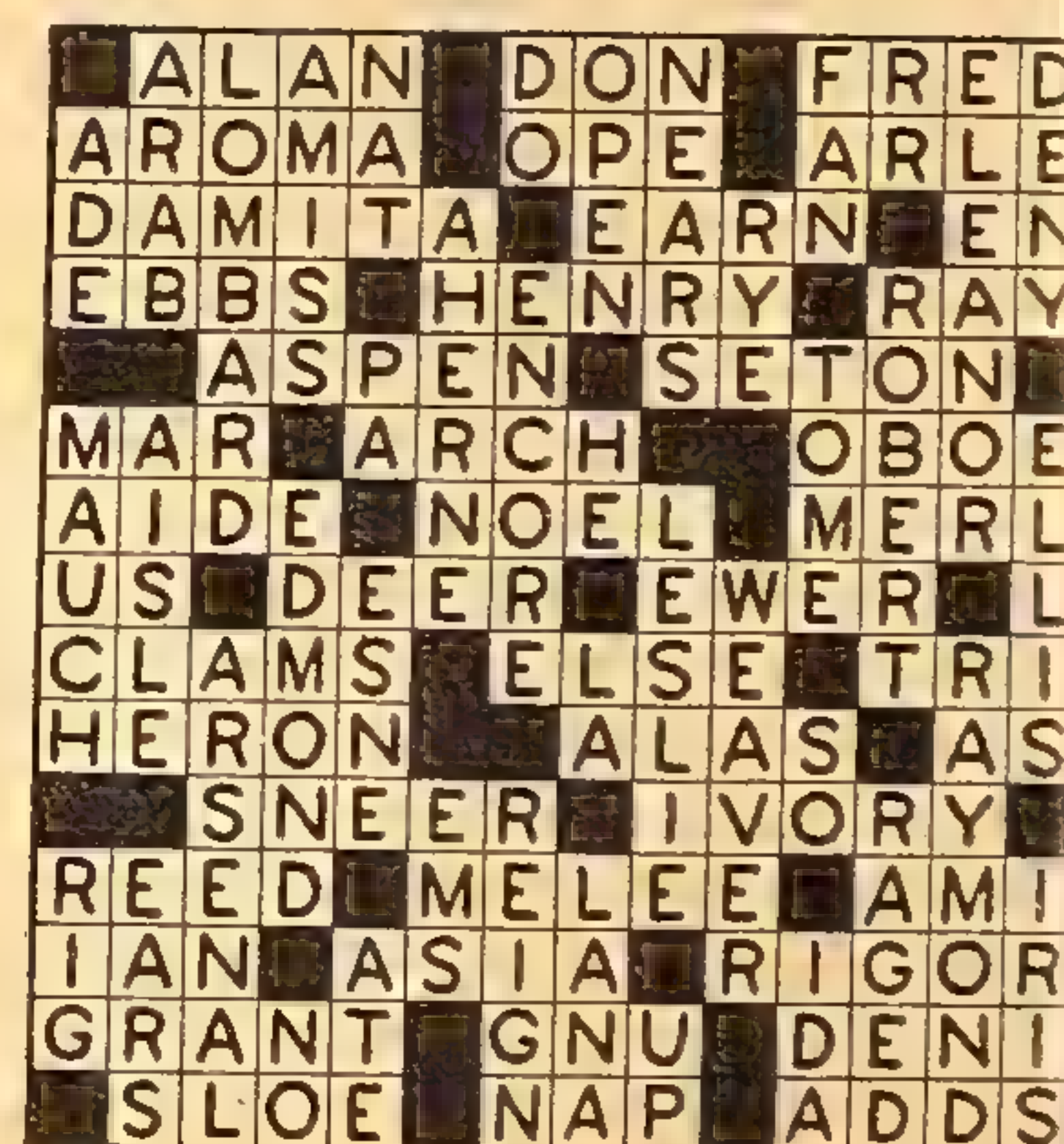
ACROSS

1. The screen's latest glamor girl ("Algiers")
5. Star of "Kid from Kokomo"
8. He's featured in "The Gorilla"
12. The ice-skating star
13. Kind of tree
14. Another kind of tree
16. One time only
17. Caper
19. Kind of cheese
20. Standing room only (theatre slang abbrev.)
21. Dancing star of "Honolulu"
23. Greek letter
24. Co-star of "Rose of Washington Square"
26. Island
27. Sailor
28. For use in case of mistakes in this puzzle
30. Food
32. Attack
34. She plays Mrs. Leeds in "On Trial"
36. Part of a sail boat
39. Either
40. Thomas Sanders in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell"
42. Stake in a poker game
44. Ma's husband
45. Town in Texas
47. Formerly
49. Sea
51. She's featured in "Boy Slaves"
53. Hardy evergreen shrubs
55. Automobile
57. Not working
59. Looked slyly
62. Famous charioteer of fiction and screen
63. Delighted
65. She's featured in "The Lady and the Mob"
66. Unit of matter
68. English peers
69. Ending to a prayer
70. He's featured in "St. Louis Blues"
72. Ocean
73. He plays Judge Hardy
74. Killed
75. Attempt
76. Famous Thomas Hardy heroine played in films
41. What you sew with
43. Carried (colloquial)
46. Co-star of "Cafe Society"
48. Co-star of "Idiot's Delight"
50. Race native to arctic region
52. To bite
54. Imitates
55. Famous Chinese film character
56. Motor cars (colloquial)
58. The smallest quantity
60. Paradises
61. A Scandinavian
64. To kill
67. Buxom star of "Gay Nineties" rôles
69. Dined
71. Compass point (abbrev.)
73. A thoroughfare (abbrev.)

DOWN

1. He's the star of "Young Mr. Lincoln"
2. Repeat performances
3. "Never Say - - -", with Bob Hope and Martha Raye
4. Biblical pronoun
5. Section of window
6. He plays Vernon Castle
7. Dilutes
8. Exist
9. "... Tide," a movie
10. She Plays Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell
11. She's featured in "The Gorilla"
12. Army
15. Period of time
17. Malt drinks
18. Star of "If I Were King"
21. Growing out
22. To separate
25. A state in the U. S.
29. At any time
31. He plays Alexander Graham Bell
32. A decorative knot
33. Period of time
35. Estimate
37. Health spring
38. A color

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



the Winners of the Screen's Topmost Honors

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MUNI
BETTE
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(WAR-EZZ)

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AND A CAST OF 1186 PLAYERS, HEADED BY

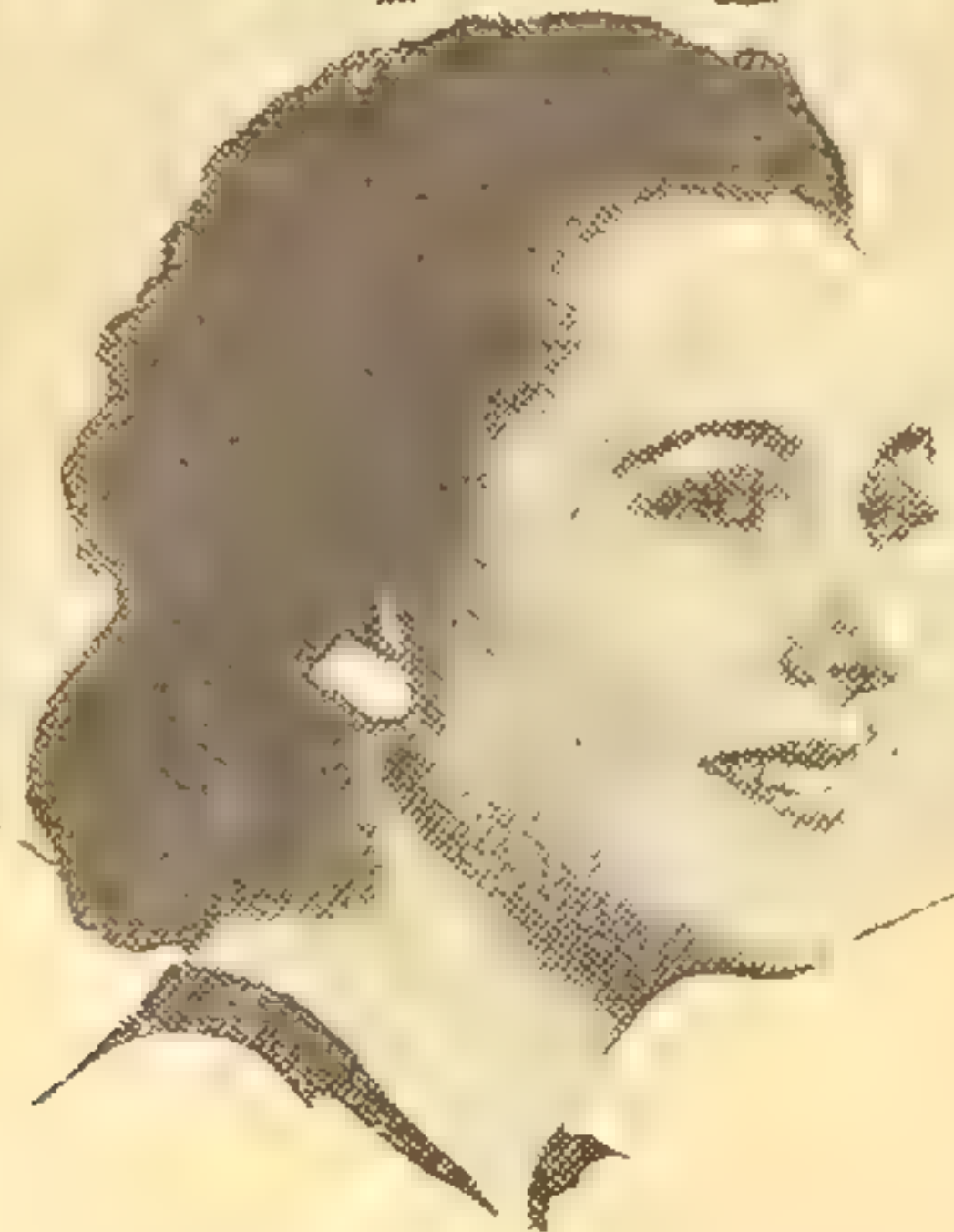
BRIAN AHERNE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN
GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP
JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD
GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL
DIRECTED BY **WILLIAM DIETERLE**

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie
and Wolfgang Reinhardt. Based on a Play by
Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom
Crown," by Bertha Harding. Music by Erich
Wolfgang Korngold

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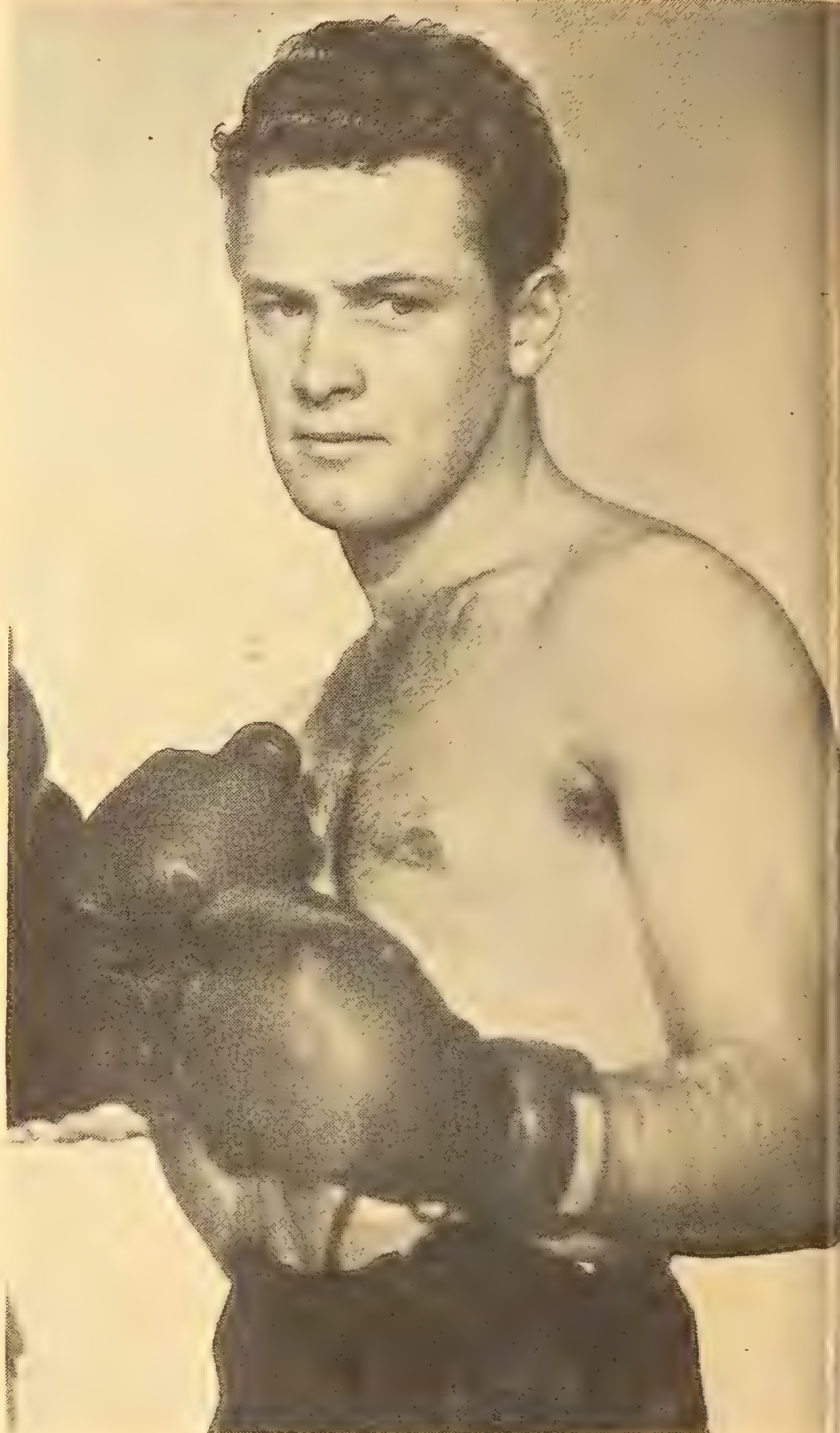
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HOT from HOLLYWOOD

**He's
"Golden
Boy"**

Most coveted film rôle awarded to Bill Holden, unknown screen aspirant, ending the year-long quest for a youth to play Columbia Pictures' "Golden Boy." Holden was not among the 3,000 candidates who applied for prize part, and when asked why he hadn't tried for it, Bill's answer was: "Afraid I couldn't make the grade."



THROW out all those last year's warnings that you must be a trained actor or actress to get a break in Hollywood! The movies have reverted, in spite of the tales about no studio risking expensive scenes by employing amateurs, to the original Hollywood idea about talent. If you have looks and sufficient personality you don't need experience or any theatrical background at all. Every studio has launched two or three absolute novices in leading rôles. Bill Holden, who captured the title rôle in "Golden Boy" is the A-1 exhibit. Here he is playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck. He's never been on the screen before; he'd only enacted one rôle on the stage—and that was a bearded seventy-year-old man in an amateur show in Pasadena. Studio scouts saw it, tested him, and presto—stardom! He'd never been on a set before, had never been to a premiere. He sings in two choirs at the Congregational Church—so far. He thinks it'll be swell fun to give autographs, get fan mail, pose for portraits—so far. He's earning \$50 a week while enacting one of the most coveted of rôles. His real name is Bill Beedle, Jr. Age: 21. So if the boyfriend thinks he'd like to team with Hedy Lamarr, who knows? Who'd ever thought Beedle, Jr., would quit junior college to team with Robert Taylor's sweetheart?

RONALD COLMAN was the center of all eyes when he and Benita Hume walked into Earl Carroll's night club on Sunset Boulevard the other night. A crowd of Rotarians and Lions, there with their wives, stared endlessly and found some consolation in the fact that Ronald has a few gray hairs. He and Benita brought another couple with them, all being informally dressed, and just sat and watched the dancers. He was such a regular until he married that it was practically like having Garbo drop in. Incidentally, Greta's been conspicuous by her absence from all Hollywood gatherings—as a

IF YOU don't think being the mother of a family series affects one's private life, you haven't talked to Fay Holden, mother of the high-riding *Hardys*. It seems as if one took his little candid camera and caught Fay gardening in slacks. She received hundreds of letters protesting against her wearing such a "wild" gown. Honestly! So Fay wears 'em only when she's sure no one's going to get the goods on her. She gave her screen daughter Cecilia Parker a birthday party at her home the other night. Lewis Stone and the *Hardys* attended, and all played a game of pong as the piece de resistance. Fay is happily married to a technical director

HERE are to be no photographs of Clark and Carole at home! But even though they are adamant in this ruling, you can now know what kind of a country estate they've settled down on. They have fourteen acres, and bought the place from a director they know. The ranchlet nestles in a hollow, instead of atop a hill, and the atmosphere is comfortable without being pretentious. There are only two bedrooms in the house, which has been remodeled, and the prize room is Clark's gun room where he has thirty different guns carefully parked. Carole consulted a leading interior decorator, but she remembered to make the colors suit Clark rather than herself. This is the first house she has ever owned, and she plans on this being his last marriage. You would suppose they'd want terraced lawns and tea parties. Instead, she is mistress instead of an aggregation of farm-yard animals—boasts of twelve hundred chickens, a cow, a mule, turkeys, and pheasants. And did you read the announcement of their marriage closely enough to realize that the only guests at their wedding in Kingman, Arizona, were the minister's wife and the principal of the high school?

THEY fade and re-shine in fickle Hollywood. Current come-backs are being staged by Ann Sothorn, Una Merkel, Kay Francis, Marjorie Rambeau, Eric Linden, Kent Taylor, Helen Vinson, Marsha Hunt, William Hopkins, Louise Fazenda, Jackie Logan, John Beal, Dorothy Lee—and even Lon Novarro could have been a buddy of Gary Cooper's in Sam Goldwyn's new picture if he'd wanted the rôle. What the town is most curious about is: can Hedy Lamarr come back? Certainly the astute guidance of the experienced Gene Markey, her proper husband, should help her live down the picture they had to shelve. Some of the folks around Hollywood think that Hedy's lack of white powder, her party make-up, makes her look too doll-like. Naturally, they would!

DENNIS O'KEEFE pals with his ex-wife's ex-husband. . . . Mickey Rooney's favorite occupation has been dancing the hula with a certain hula dancer hired for his new picture. . . . Joan Crawford's new mirror Charlie Martin has been writing the script for that Sunday evening radio show she's joined. . . . Del Casino, who sings in nightclubs, will become a movie star this fall when he'll portray Rudolph Valentino in the picture version of the famous lover's real life. . . . Frances Farmer is staying away from Hollywood and her Paramount contract for more play than during the summer months. . . . The latest celebrity to get the title of mayor of a city is Robert Young, and the town of the suburban one of Tarzana. . . . Jimmy Downs is opening in a Broadway musical comedy, in case you've missed him. . . . Dorothy Lamour's chief extravagance is clothes. . . . Jack LaRue has solved the problem of taking care of hungry relatives by putting them all to work in his restaurant. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan is to do one more "Tarzan," but they've promised to kill her off next winter when they get Johnny Weissmuller back from the Rose's World's Fair show. . . . Sylvia Sydney has a new agent to get her jobs; she's her new brother-in-law. . . . Arthur Hatcher topped all the handsome heroes in popularity on his recent personal appearance tour—two ardent fans simply walked right up over the footlights during his act and demanded autographs one evening. . . . Constance Bennett still won't say whether her son is adopted, or her own child, but, anyway, now that he's ten he's old enough to try to outsmart her; one day, when too young to go to school, she heard him phoning his pal, advising him to use the same alibi!



Barbara Stanwyck, the feminine lead of "Golden Boy," poses with Bill Holden.



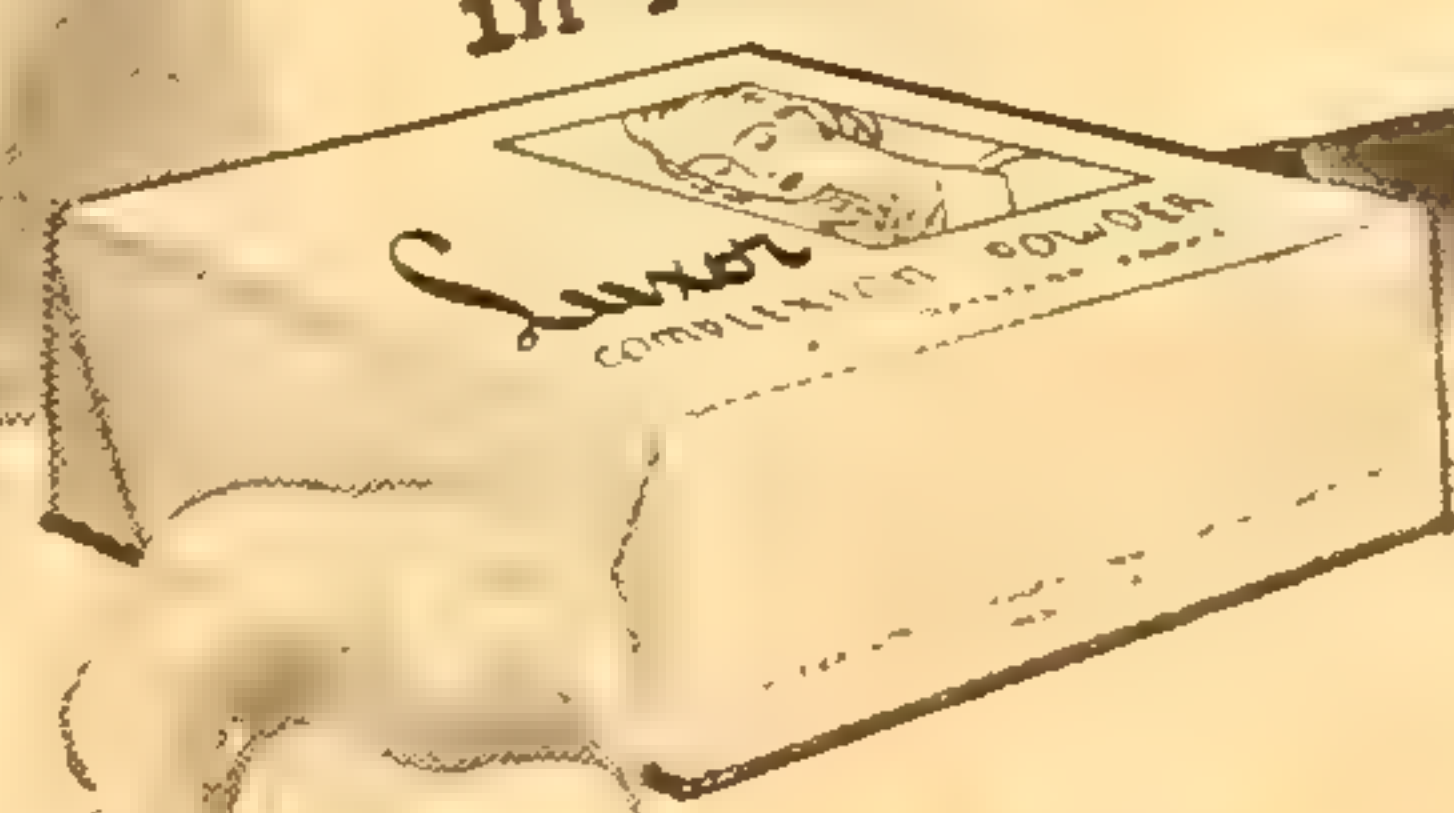
"I'm the luckiest boy in the world," Bill Holden said after signing contract.

RICHARD ARLEN began his new Universal contract by selling the yacht he and Joby Arlen used to have such fun on. But getting rid of the expensive boat was only a temporary sea-desertion. Now he and the man who captained it for him are buying a schooner. They will fix it up while they take a trip on it, and when they return will sell it at a profit. Dick is living in the San Fernando Valley, on a ranch, and from the way he reads farmers' data he's liable to be an old cowhand any minute. He's still romancing with that luscious, twenty-one-year-old Virginia Gray, of M-G-M. She'd be his third wife—if they'd decide on getting married.

THERE'S no doubt but what Olivia de Havilland is becoming more domestic. Not that she drives the cook away from the stove, or anything rash like that, but she is entertaining at dinner parties with rare aplomb. Her mother has been up in Northern California with Olivia's step-father, who has been ill, and mama would be proud of her famous daughter if she could drop in and see the social graces being displayed.



FASHION SPECIAL:
Soft Summer Styles Suggest
A Light Touch
in Face Powder!



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"

sits lightly—stays on smoothly!

Don't let a heavily overpowdered face spoil the soft charm of your appearance this summer. Make sure you use Luxor "Feather-cling"—the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly, won't cake or streak. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New
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This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55¢. Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.



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● Summer housework is hard on tender hands. Use Hinds to keep your hands looking soft, feminine. Hinds coaxes back the softness that hard water, dust, and drying winds take away! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

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HINDS FOR HANDS

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 A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION
CREAM DEODORANT
 More for your money—The best to be had
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SOLO CURLS
 MAKE LOVELY WOMEN LOVELIER

That's why
MILLIONS CALL FOR
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 Rapid-dry Tangle-proof
 RED TOP 5¢ EACH
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Stars on the Half Shell

By Malcolm H. Oettinger



VIVIEN LEIGH:
 Britain claims Dixie;
 allure with a broad a.



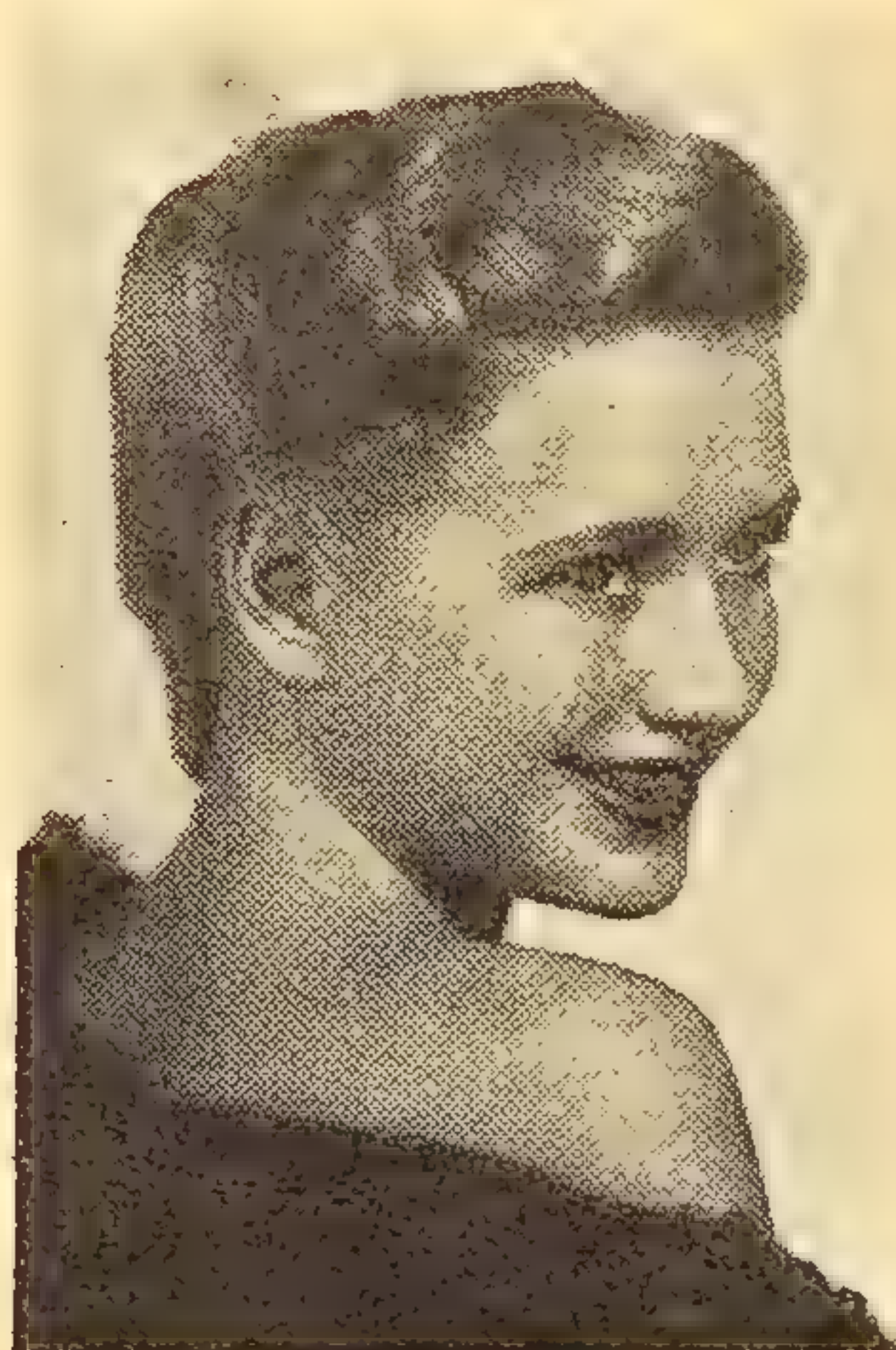
JOHN GARFIELD:
 Hell's Kitchen Hamlet;
 Street-Scene painter.



BOBBY BREEN:
 toothache in rompers;
 prop angel cake.



ANNABELLA:
 Dresden china vixen;
 midnight swim.



PRISCILLA LANE:
 a grin with lots of
 sex appeal.



LLOYD NOLAN:
 sneer and snort school;
 stock company manners.



ALAN MOWBRAY:
old man ribber;
dead pan intellectual
(Left)



MARY ASTOR:
Dark Lady of Sonnets
truckin' to charm school.
(Above)

JOHN BARRYMORE:
Macbeth takes laughing
gas; hail, Blythe spirit!
(Right)



MICKEY ROONEY:
wise guy in embryo;
Peter Panic.
(Below)



ANN SHERIDAN:
gamine glamour;
Tenth Avenue meets
Elizabeth Arden
(Above)

DANIELLE DARRIEUX:
hold that pose!
Gallic Drama Leaguer.
(Below)



HEDY LAMARR:
fire in Heaven;
cupid's top sergeant.
(Above)

CHARLIE McCARTHY:
pine Pinocchio;
His Master's voice.
(Below)



Don't risk **ROMANCE** this summer!

Protect daintiness—Lux dresses the way you do your undies

Dresses — like undies — absorb perspiration odor all day long. Especially in warm weather Lux dresses often. Lux takes away odor — keeps dresses new looking longer! Avoid harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

"Oh, Tom, I'm so happy!"

Engaged . . . and she used to think romance would pass her by. She learned she was offending — began using Lux. It leaves dresses so dainty! Helps protect popularity, romance.

MAYBE I'LL MEET
THE MAN ON MY
VACATION. I WON'T RISK
OFFENDING...I'LL LUX
DRESSES THE WAY
I DO MY UNDIES —


Figure what Lux saves:

For less than a penny, unless the water is hard, you can Lux a dress or a sweater. In hard water, just a bit more Lux softens the water, gives you an abundance of suds.

A-little
goes so far,
it's thrifty



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THAT HAS NEVER
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His thrilling, exciting, romantic youth...
wrestling, fighting, telling funny stories,
falling in love! A picture stirring with
its drama, romance, action, emotion!

Two boys charged with
murder... and between
them and the gallows...
the youthful backwoods
attorney for the defense...
ABE LINCOLN!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

YOUNG Mr. LINCOLN

with

**HENRY ALICE MARJORIE ARLEEN
FONDA • BRADY • WEAVER • WHELAN**

**EDDIE COLLINS • PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL • DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS • EDDIE QUILLAN**

A Cosmopolitan Production

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Dorothy Lamour



DEAR MISS L.:

So it's so long sarong, is it?

So you can't stand the sight of a sarong any more, it makes you scream? Well, if you're exchanging sultriness for snootiness I think you'll be pretty bored. I know you are going to bore *us*. I've had letters about you already, complaining that you are throwing away the costume that's covered you so well since "Hurricane." Now don't you really think you're going to miss those old South Sea Islands, and those songs about moonlight through the palm trees and Ray Milland's eyelashes?

Swathed in satin, and with your long hair in queenly coronet braids, you don't seem like Our Dottie any more, or Charlie McCarthy's Dottie, either. You're just another beautiful statue, walking, and we have lots of those. It might be different if you planned to take up Acting; but so far you have shown no sign of sneaking up on Bette Davis' next Academy Award. In your picture with Jack Benny, "Man About Town," you're a pretty leading lady that's all. It seems to me sometimes you don't even *try*. I take that back—just once, you did try, in "Spawn of the North," and you gave a good show. You were sincere and convincing, and the jump from sarong to sweater was not too sudden to chase the Lamour fans out of the theatre. But since then you've been chiefly celebrated for adorning the news and party pictures in

the papers and magazines—no mean ornament, either—and that's just my point. Why go grand on us, anyway? Haven't we enough to bear with Garbo going into comedy? A frank, unabashed Sarong Queen has a unique place on the screen, and as such you're supreme. What's sarong, then?

We liked you first because you are the modern version of the beloved Hollywood Cinderella legend: girl of the people like Bow and Crawford, working as an elevator operator and riding right up from there. And you kept your down-to-earthly quality until lately—and now all this silliness about presenting your sarong to a museum, and going in for stately poses like the one at top left on this page. If it's all publicity, then I call it bad publicity. If it's your own idea, then it's my painful duty to remind you that your Public is hopping mad, that it likes its sarongs stuffed, not as museum pieces; and that you'd better get yourself measured for a nice new one soon—and let your hair down, will you?

Delight Evans

Hollywood Whirl



Charlie Chaplin congratulates May Robson on the occasion of that grand trouper's seventy-fifth birthday. May's studio gave a big luncheon party in her honor, and she celebrated by signing a brand new contract. What a girl!



What's this, what's this? Mrs. Gary Cooper with Errol Flynn? Sorry to disappoint the gossips, but "Rocky" Cooper's Gary owns the hand at left in picture above, and Mrs. Flynn was there, too. Occasion: the Basil Rathbones' big charity party.



Three top comedy stars talking pretty seriously about something at the Rathbone party, right: Bob Hope, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. The Rathbones' beautiful Bel-Air home was the setting for the festivities, the Hollywood Guild the charity.

Sneak up on your favorite filmers and see them be themselves at the important parties and previews, with our special camera reporter

All photographs on these and the following two pages by Len Weissman

We caught up with Kay this time, below, as she and George Murphy were consulting the wine list. You'll be seeing the glamorous Kay on the screen in a really good picture soon: "Memory of Love," in which she co-stars with Carole Lombard. The two should make a fine team.



Gary and his wife go into their dance at the Basil Rathbone party while Kay Francis tries to duck, but our cameraman was too quick for her. How'd you like Mrs. Cooper's quaint costume and coiffure? And you mustn't miss that ring.



Jack Benny stops at Claudette Colbert's table to say howdy. Mr. Benny is Miss Colbert's favorite radio comedian, in case you're interested. Claudette's camera-shy husband, Dr. Jack Pressman, almost managed to dodge our camera—but not quite. That's his dignified dome at right in picture.



Those blissfully happy honeymooners, Tyrone and Annabella Power, join their good friends the Charles Boyers at the preview of "Confessions of a Nazi Spy." Mrs. Boyer—Pat Paterson—was matron of honor at the Powers' wedding, and it's interesting to note that Annabella once played a "bit" in a French picture which starred Charles Boyer. Be sure to read Annabella's Romantic Life Story, Page 32 in this issue.



Elsa Maxwell, soon to be seen on the screen in all her buxom glory in "Hotel for Women," goes to the "Juarez" preview with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Sylvia Fairbanks, the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and young Doug. (Below).



It always gives us a very special glow when we see a picture of the Fred MacMurrays together. Seems to us they are among Hollywood's real romancers, even though they rate as just an "old married couple." Below, on cook's night out, at Marcel's.



All the Hollywood celebrities turned out for the "Juarez" premier. Warners' big new epic has caused more comment than any other recent film among Hollywood's own picture-makers. Left, still in the hand-holding stage are Gene Markey and his beautiful wife, Hedy Lamarr.



The Powers and the Boyers are joined for a chat at the "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" preview by Claudette Colbert. Maybe she is discussing the party she later gave in honor of the new Mrs. Tyrone Power. It turned out to be one of Hollywood's better social events with a huge tent, an orchestra, and little tables for fifty of the screen colony's most famous. Incidentally, no bombs or ripe tomatoes were tossed at "Nazi Spy" screening.


Francis Lederer, who scores a real acting success in the "Nazi Spy" film, attended the preview with Mr. and Mrs. John Garfield. John was taking bows on his own excellent performance in the other Warner picture, "Juarez." (Below).

Another blissful Mister and Missus, still walking right into the camera hand in hand, are the John Paynes, below. Would you know little Anne Shirley in her grown-up get-up? We're still trying to decide if we like it. Wonder what John thinks of her hair-do?



When a Hollywood actor was seen in public with his wife, it used to be news. Now that practically all our best stars are happily married, it would be news if we could show you Wayne Morris with some other girl besides Bubbles—but we can't, and we're not sorry!





WHAT LORETTA YOUNG

Tells her KID SISTER

WHEN Loretta Young's fourteen-year-old sister Georgianna decided to get into the movies, too, the secret campaign waged was terrific—on the kid sister's part!

Of course, Loretta tells her young sister a lot. But among the pointers was this major one Georgie chose to overlook. "I don't want you to try to get into pictures. At least, not for years yet!" Loretta was quite definite about it. She had her reasons.

So now that Georgianna Young is a fair blossom under long-term contract to the discriminating Mr. David Selznick's company, the entire story of how Loretta discovered there was to be another career in the family, and the truth about what she intends to do about it, can be divulged. Loretta didn't just regally pick up a phone—which would have been a snap, heaven knows, says Georgie—and ask for a good rôle for her. "If she only had!" exclaims the new actress in the Young household, employing a dramatic tone suspiciously akin to Loretta's best air in a big scene. "Life really could be so *simple* if Loretta would only break down about some matters and make it that way!"

That is a moot question. There is no doubt but what Georgie certainly could be stepping out arrayed like no other young lady her age in all Hollywood. After all, with the successful Loretta, no less, as her mentor, to

**By
Ben
Maddox**

guide and gown her, what sensation couldn't the youngster stir up?

Today anyone can see that Georgie is pretty. She has very blue eyes that are almost as large as Loretta's, and with mascara and eye-shadow, skillfully applied by a sister who has been taught glamor by the cleverest make-up experts in the world, they'd be *So Effective On Upperclassmen*. She has a straight little nose, denoting a sufficient degree of dignity and properly suggesting that she hails from an exquisite place with Colonial pillars. Her smile is sweet and generous. She is as tall as Loretta now, her figure is keen, and every time she tries on the beautiful clothes belonging to the star of their home Georgie delicately observes how marvelously

HERE'S THE HUMAN INTEREST STORY- OF-THE- MONTH FROM HOLLYWOOD!

This is not just another interview with a famous movie Glamor Girl. It is real life, revealed by one older girl to her younger sister. Across the page, Loretta and 14-year-old Georgianna. Right, close-up of the kid sister; below, the star.



Big Sisters are always telling Little Sisters what not to do! But when Big Sister is a glamorous screen star like Loretta Young, her advice is listened to and followed—sometimes. It's good advice for 'teen-age girls everywhere, too

they fit. She dives into each new box that comes from a fashionable modiste's, if she can beat Chrystabel, the secretary, to it. She pulls on Loretta's most fatal hats, airmailed special from Fifth Avenue shops, and Loretta may be forever fussing, forever dissatisfied with her hair, but Georgie needs only a milliner's maddest dream and the coiffure can shift for itself. She parades in Loretta's mink before the huge mirrors in Loretta's dressing-room, stands dripping with silver foxes until Loretta sighs, "Honey, you're a sight, but not the right kind of a sight." She borrows a touch of the most expensive perfume from Paris before Loretta can cry, "Slow down, darling!"

It seems that is what Loretta keeps telling her most. That was why she didn't let Loretta know a thing about her picture career until she had secured a rôle and was actually at work acting in a studio. Considering that Georgie is even now enrolled in a convent in Santa Monica, and is supposed to be smitten with the joy of being a high-school freshie, it was probably as well that she was so discreet. She had long wanted to start in the movies, and when she was nine Georgie did rate a brief rôle, thanks to Loretta being sentimental. There had to be a few shots of the star as a child, and so Loretta allowed her to impersonate her in the sequence. But since then Georgie had only been for a visit on a set once. Loretta's idea, not hers, I might add.

When they were casting that film Deanna Durbin made last fall the delayed Opportunity knocked. Loretta's young sister was the type to play one of Deanna's schoolmates. Loretta's agent mentioned this to Georgie while at the house one day, and that was the match for the fire of ambition banked within her. She persuaded their mother it would be all right, there were only a couple of lines, anyway, and working with Deanna would be such fun. Besides, Loretta herself was playing grown-up leading ladies at *thirteen!* (Loretta remembers when she

was like Georgie. That was why she let them cast Georgie as herself at nine; when Loretta was four she was so cute she did one rôle in a picture. Then she went to school like Georgie, and hated the everyday routine, also. At thirteen, Opportunity rang. There was a call to work for elder sister Polly Ann. Polly being out of town, Loretta hied herself over to Mervyn LeRoy and said she could substitute. She not only did, but within a year—at fourteen—she was playing heroines, literally.)

At dinner, after her first exuberant day at a studio strictly on her own, Georgie calmly announced the news. Loretta was stunned for a minute. Georgie acting instead of going to the convent! Why, she couldn't! But fortunately she withheld that thought, for like a flash she realized she herself had been precisely as determined to get into the movies. She managed a grin. The joke was on her. "Well," she admitted, "you fooled me!" Georgie glanced triumphantly at their mother. All three smiled. "Come on," said Loretta, "what happened? How did you get the job? How did the day go? I wish I'd been there to see you! Is Deanna as grand as she seems to be in her pictures? I'll bet she is. Come on, tell me all about it!"

The other afternoon, comfortable in a white slack suit, Loretta ignored the beckoning sunshine and the handsome, tanned man waiting for her beside her garden swimming pool. She said to me: "You know, I'm in a strange spot because I know just what Georgie is going through, and more—what she will have to face if she does become an actress. Playing several rôles doesn't qualify you as an actress, naturally. That's why I didn't want her to start so soon. Today all she sees is the excitement involved. She has visions (*Please turn to page 75*)



Hollywood Pavement

by Achmed Abdullah

PART I.

IT WAS—she reflected—like a picture some artist of an old-fashioned and rather ingenuous school might have painted, using every single shamelessly gaudy color on his palette. Quite obviously he would have called it *Hollywood on a Spring Afternoon*; and that's just what it was—with the sunshine, yellow as a lamp, pouring across the pavement in a great, warm flood, the vaulted sky as blue as flax, the vivid life coiling and surging everywhere.

A gay Sunset Boulevard hodgepodge. People from all the United States—even, if rarely, a Californian. White-collar clerks were there, wondering if the climate made up for the lack of Chicago pep or Gotham gall. A sprinkling of the



Illustrated
by
Georgia
Warren

"You're a lousy actress," he yelled at her. "This dame, the way I wrote her, has got enthusiasm without warmth, passion without love." "Passion without love," she echoed. "You know all about that, don't you?"

Most colorful romance of the movie colony by one of America's most popular writers! Warmly human fiction real as life itself



She sighed; walked along. Her dress was sleazy, her hat faded. Yet her shabbiness could not conceal that her hair was gloriously ruddy-golden, her eyes pansy-blue, her mouth red, her small

nose exquisitely tilted. Women glanced at her—and envied. Men frankly stared—and desired. For instance, a paunchy Iowa tourist who, serene in the knowledge that his wife was safely ensconced between manicurist and permanent-wavist, fell into step by her side and whispered a raucous: “H’yah, baby!”

Her answer—it had been the tag-line in a comedy in which she had played the lead—was scornful and haughty: “Do we know each other?

I do hope we don’t.”

He wilted, turned South—while she turned North. For the seventh time she opened her pocketbook—to discover, for the seventh time, that her one thin dime had not mirac-

ulously multiplied. A cup of coffee and a doughnut—that’s all it was good for; unless—she considered, passing a news-stand—she bought herself a home paper.

Home meant New York. It meant, specifically, Broadway and Seventh Avenue between Columbus Circle and Thirty-Fourth. She picked up a paper, put down her dime. The man at the stand pushed it back. “Blow you to it, Gwen,” he told her.

She looked up, startled, she saw—had not seen him in a couple of years—a lean, tall, swarthy man in shirt-sleeves and baggy, spotted corduroy trousers. “Why—” she gasped weakly—“Lester!”

They were both silent for a second or two. Then, rather brutally, he remarked: “Gee—but you look down-and-out.”

“That so?”—bridling. “What about yourself?”

“At least I’ve got a job. Have *you*?”

“No,” she admitted. “I—I’m broke.”

“Started on your own—and you’ve flopped on your own—eh?”

“Don’t rub it in! I—” suddenly on the verge of tears—“I haven’t even a place to sleep.” (*Continued on page 70*)

navy was there—hip-swinging, small-linen-cap-balancing and a good deal of the nursery. Women of the world were there and women of the half-world; the former endeavoring to look like the latter and the latter reversing the process. Ranchers were there, men of the West, raw-boned, leather-skinned, aggressively democratic; a cassocked priest with gentle lips and weary, wise eyes; ‘extras’ of both sexes, swapping pitiful boasts; a motion picture star or two, wearing whatever was most exclusively and expensively bad taste.

Stucco, tinsel, spangles. The polychrome mosaic of Hollywood—and, over it all, the scent of Hollywood, a mingling of gasoline and orange-blossoms, of gin and coca-cola and acrid ammonia.

“I like it,” she thought. “I—I wish it would like *me*.” And, the next moment she thought: “If I had a dollar! Then I’d buy me a steak—a nice, juicy steak with onions. Even thirty cents would do. Then I’d at least eat hash.”



WILL DEANNA



**M
A
R
R
Y**

**AN
OLDER
MAN**

?



Far left above, Deanna dances with Vaughn Paul, young assistant director who figures in romance rumors. Next, Deanna with her director, Henry Koster. Above, with Herbert Marshall in "Mad About Music," and right above, with Melvyn Douglas in "That Certain Age."

Deanna Durbin is growing up from a lovely child to a lovelier young woman. Here we face the possibility of future romance for her

By Ida Zeitlin

DEANNA is seventeen. She has reached the age which the poet describes as "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." She is about to step across the imaginary line that separates girlhood from womanhood. And the possibility of romance will have to be faced.

At seventeen she represents the popular idea of adolescence. She's the kind of daughter all daughterless parents would like to have. Those who have daughters identify her with their own. Because they sigh at the thought of their own seventeen-year-olds growing older, making boy friends, having dates, flitting beyond the confines of the homes they have brightened, they cling the more tenaciously to Deanna as the symbol of the lovely young teens, averting their minds from the knowledge that it can't last forever. As they have made Shirley the child of their hearts, so they have made Deanna the adolescent of their hearts. She has the springlike freshness of a peachtree in bloom. They know the blossoms must fall if the fruit is to ripen, yet they can't suppress a pang when the process begins. "Nuts to the fruit," they're likely to mutter mutinously. "We'll take the flowers!"

In a recent SCREENLAND contest, you readers were asked whether you wanted Deanna to grow up in the films, to play more mature rôles, to fall in love. The answer was an overwhelming, almost an agonized, *no*. One woman summed it up: "If we're in the mood for love, there's Shearer and Lombard and Colbert and Loy and a dozen others we can see. But there's nobody else who can give us what we get from Deanna."

As she is on the screen, so they would like to believe her off it. For your true fan is a romantic, who refuses to distinguish between the film ideal and the flesh-and-blood reality. They love to be told, for instance, that Deanna doesn't go out with boys. Bonita Granville, who's

about the same age, Judy Garland who's younger can step out as often as they please without hurting the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Public. But Deanna must be kept apart, inviolate, untouched by even the shadow of adult emotion. So it must have been with something of a shock that the world read a recent news report from Hollywood, which stated that Deanna might elope with a twenty-three-year-old assistant director named Vaughn Paul. The report continued: "All that is holding them back, intimates declared, is Deanna's age. She will not be eighteen till December and not until then, under California law, will she be free to decide for herself on marriage. But after that, friends said, 'Don't be surprised if they pull a fast one and elope.'"

It would be interesting, if perhaps unfeasible, to try to track down the unnamed "friends" and "intimates" allegedly responsible for this report. Deanna's only intimates are her family, who remain unquoted. Anything is possible, of course, especially in Hollywood. Six months or so ago Deanna was a grave, innocent-eyed child, with no thought beyond her books and music, her home and work. When Jackie Moran took her to lunch one day, in payment of a bet, Mrs. Durbin and Mrs. Moran were both present. Love *may* have transformed her abruptly into a wildhearted woman who can hardly wait till she's eighteen to elope. There's also another possibility. Her scheduled picture with Charles Boyer will be called "Young Love." It's a pretty and provocative title, which the public shouldn't be allowed to lose sight of before the film hits the screens. What surer way of reminding them than by planting the rumor, however well or ill-founded, that Deanna's in love? If she is, we'll hazard a guess that Mr. Vaughn Paul is a very mature twenty-three. For we have a theory—which, like most theories, can be blasted full of holes—that she'll marry a man considerably older than herself. It is based on her background, her temperament, and her experience past and to come.

Her life has been spent among older people. Before she became a movie star, she had her school chums. But she became a movie star at thirteen, and the normal association with children of her own age came to an abrupt end. Deanna regrets the loss of that companionship, as do her parents for her. Yet the choice had to be made, and which of us would have chosen differently?

You may ask: why doesn't the same condition prevail in the same degree for other movie children? Mickey Rooney appears at the Cocoanut Grove every Saturday night and goes about otherwise, fairly untrammelled. Freddie Bartholomew plays football and roughhouses with the kids on his street. Shirley Temple and Jane Withers have no dearth of friends of their own age to play with. Well—Mickey and Freddie are boys. Though we're modern as 1939, we (Continued on page 84)

Let the stars reveal

IT WAS several years ago when I first predicted the future for Barbara Stanwyck, even before Barbara's name had been romantically linked with that of Robert Taylor, and at that time her chart showed clearly that Barbara would marry during the year 1939! "Marriage will take place to one of the screen's most popular young stars," I predicted, "and that marriage will be a great success."

Born in the Sign of Cancer, June 21 to July 22, Barbara Stanwyck has known the disquieting experience that often comes to these idealistic and day-dreaming children of the Zodiac. She did not find romantic happiness in her first marriage, but this year in common with others born in the Sign of Cancer, Barbara stands on the threshold of amazing revelations in romance. Her chart is fortunately aspected and she should go on to greater success in her screen career than ever before. Marriage is shown for Barbara this year, and there is every chance of it bringing her the love-happiness she has always sought.

Ginger Rogers is another charming star born in the lucky Sign of Cancer. Her birthdate is July 16th, and if

you will recall, she has also lived true to her Sign in the past. Her marriage to Lew Ayres ended in a separation of long standing. Recently I met Ginger Rogers again at David Selznick's home, and predicted a new romance for her in the very near future. Marriage is shown for Ginger by the end of 1940, and it will be to a man prominently connected with the motion picture industry in Hollywood.

The bad luck that has followed both Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers in romance and marriage is no indication that all Cancer people inherit the same fate, but it is definite proof that they are too idealistic in love, too easily led to believe in romance that has no permanent foundation for future happiness. Cancer people must be careful not to let their hearts rule them completely and as a word of warning, it might even be good for the average person born in this Sign to check with the list of compatible Signs given below before choosing a sweet heart or mate.

Here is really convincing proof that the heavenly stars do influence our actions on this earth. Both Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers were born on July 16th

Norvell explains why Irene Dunne, below, has been able to avoid heartaches. At right below, Norvell himself, with Olivia de Havilland, for whom he predicts romance soon. Opposite page, portraits of SCREENLAND's famous astrologer, and of Barbara Stanwyck. Marriage for Barbara in 1939, says Norvell.

Norvell, noted astrologer to the movie stars, foretells future for Hollywood celebrities and for you



YOUR Destiny!

BY

NORVELL



and they have both gone through the same cycles of romance and broken marriages in the past. This is only one of the thousands of such coincidences that exist in the science of astrology, which makes it impossible to not believe in astrology. If these things work in the lives of others, then they are bound to work in our own lives, too.

For the benefit of those whose birthdates also come in the Sign of Cancer, it might be interesting to know a few other stars who were born in your Sign. First there is beautiful Olivia de Havilland, whose birthdate is July 1st. Olivia comes into the most amazing part of her screen career in the coming months and, having already won the coveted rôle of *Melanie* in "Gone With the Wind," she is on her way to becoming one of the screen's most outstanding dramatic stars. According to her chart, Miss de Havilland will not only have great screen success, but within the next three years, there are romantic developments in her life which (*Please turn to page 78*)

YOUR 1939 HOROSCOPE

Free!

NORVELL'S SPECIAL OFFER TO SCREENLAND READERS

THROUGH a special arrangement which SCREENLAND has made with NORVELL, famous astrologer to the screen stars, you may secure your own particular character analysis according to the science of astrology. Do you want to know whether the planets predict a change in YOUR romantic destiny? Then consult your horoscope as the Hollywood stars do, and find out what the future holds for you from the position of the heavenly bodies. Whether or not you agree with NORVELL on the important part your ruling star plays in your life, you will find astrology fascinating and entertaining. Take advantage of this FREE offer, send for your 1939 Horoscope now. Write name, address, birth date in coupon below, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, and mail to: Norvell, Box 989, Hollywood, California.

Please send me Norvell's Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

My Name is.....



My Address is.....

CityState

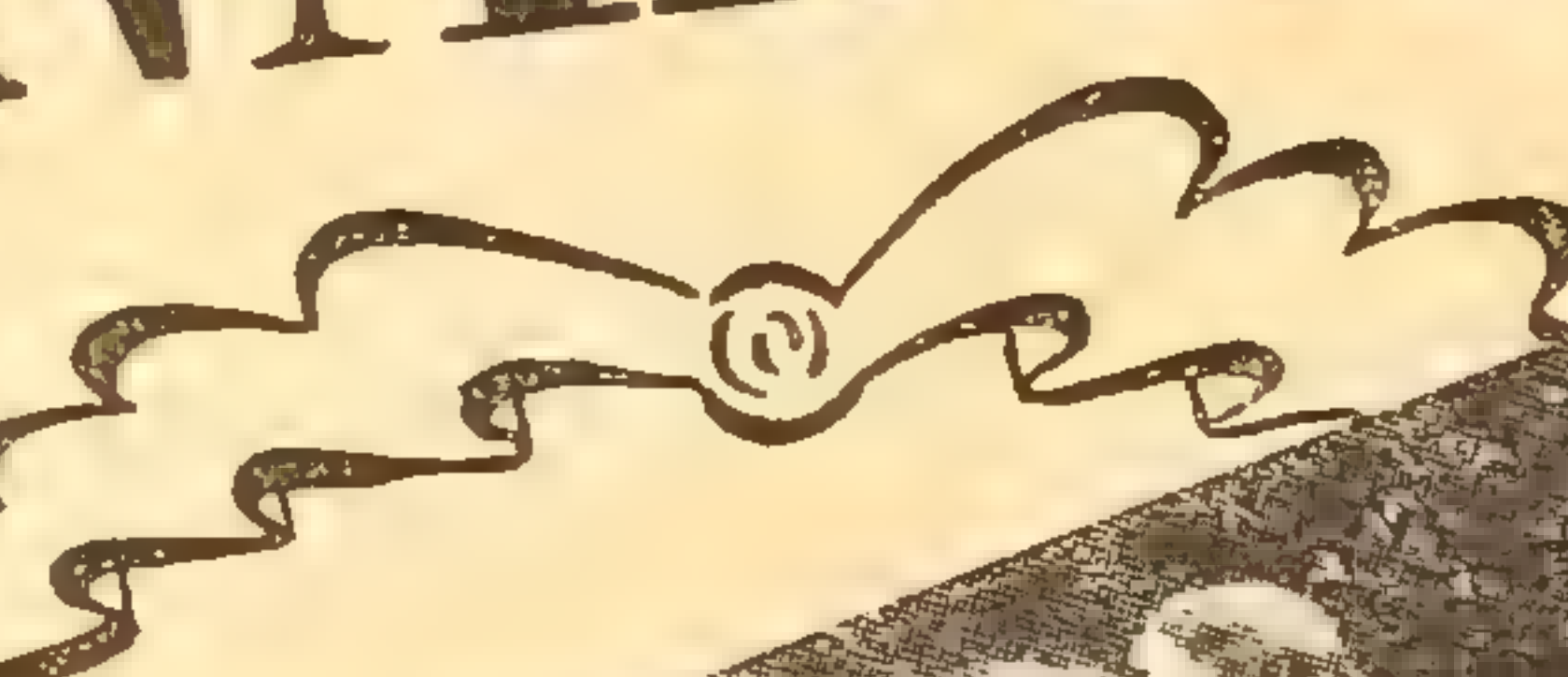
My Birthdate is.....

Don't miss this first
exclusive account of
the private life and
career of the new
Mrs. Tyrone Power

By
**Gladys
Hall**



The Romantic Life Story of **ANNABELLA**



"I HAVE such a memory of that garden!" This is the way Annabella begins her romantic life story. For even as with the earth's First Woman, so Annabella's life rooted and grew in a garden, a garden of France, one hour from Paris, near Chantilly. And thanks to the garden, perhaps, there is a first freshness about Annabella, too, something springing and sweet and sharp as the spiky iris . . . a garden, it was, with a high, rosy wall surrounding it, espalier trees foaming white blossoms against the wall when it was Spring in France, heavy with golden globules of fruit when it was ripe Summer. A silver river threaded through the garden, in the middle of the river there was a little island, crowned with poplar trees—and four children played there, four quaint children born of the new world out of the old. Suzanne Charpentier, called Zette, and later to re-christen herself Annabella, her brother Pierre, eight years

Annabella tells SCREENLAND her Life Story with enchanting frankness, and gives us these pictures from her family album. Looking from top down: her father, Paul Charpentier; Annabella with her younger brother; a childhood closeup; with her cousin Claude in the garden; sweet little Suzanne—which is Annabella's real name—as a baby gardener; and, right, when she became Annabella, the film favorite of France.



younger than she, her brother Jean, two years older, and her girl-cousin, Claude, also two years her senior, who made her home with the Charpentiers. They played "like mad" in that garden, those children, and fantasies and fairies, Indians and elves, companions who, without visible bodies, laughed and talked.

"We were all the time in that garden," Annabella reminisces, "because my mother was afraid of everything. My mother was the kind of a mother who wants her children always in her arms. So that we did not go to school, we had always tutors. We did not often go at all out of that garden. And in a garden, alone, you wonder what is back of the world, what is real and what is not real and, secretly, you do not want to know or even care.



Acme



"I have such a memory of that garden that now, more than anything, a garden is necessary to me. Now, like then, the house is not important, only the garden. I cannot live too long in cities. I cannot breathe in them. I could not live in an apartment, with people over me and people underneath me. I could not bear that. But then, in that garden, Claude and I had a 'friend' named Lucy. I would say to Claude, 'you know, I met Lucy today' and, my goodness, her hair is now short like a boy's—and Claude would say, 'come, now, that is not true! I saw Lucy today, also, and her hair is still long to her knees!' I would say to my mother, 'Maman, Lucy is coming to lunch today. Please have her a place set.' The place would be set. The servants would pass the food to the place. Lucy would be sitting there. No one but Claude and I could see her. *Because there was no such person as Lucy.* But all the time, at lunch, Claude and I would laugh and frown at what she said. My mother thought we were mad.

"One day, I would not be Zette at all. I would be Jacques, a boy. I would wear my brother's clothes. I would tell my mother, 'Please, do not call me Zette. I am not a girl, I am a boy. My name is Jacques. I am very dark and dangerous.' So that my mother would say to us, at déjeuner, 'what are you today, my children? What kind of children have I today?' Poor mother, she was such a quiet person, so old-fashioned, so still in all her ways, to have such devils for (Please turn to page 90)

Hollywood's most noted newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone. At right above, a scene from the motion picture, "The Sign of the Cross," in which Tyrone and Annabella appeared together. Their romance began while they were working together in film—in which, if you remember, Annabella did not get married! But she's won Tyrone now, above, and she's happy.



WHY Florence Rice Never Married Until Now!

**Never before told, this bitter-sweet story
behind a Hollywood Beauty's romance**

By Jerry Asher

THEY arrived in Honolulu on Wednesday. On Thursday he asked her to marry him. On Friday Florence Rice and Robert Wilcox became man and wife!

When Florence and Bob suddenly decided to accompany the Jimmy Ellisons and their party on a trip to the paradise isle, romance was the last thing they had in mind. Up to the moment she discovered she was in love with Bob, Florence never believed there could be another man to measure up to her ideal of Phillips Holmes. Of that romance, only ashes of memory remain.

Many have wondered why Florence remained single for so long. What was the reason for her refusal to take romance seriously, when she rated such popularity with all the eligible bachelors in town? Even today Florence finds it difficult to talk about that interlude in her life so treasured and almost sacred. It's taken years for her to realize that she and Phil Holmes were destined to go their separate ways alone. In Robert Wilcox, Florence has found all she ever hoped for. And more. The two of them are gloriously, gratefully happy.

"It seems," says Florence reflectively, "it was our fate that Phil and I should not marry. Perhaps we met at the wrong time of our lives. Perhaps we should have been older and wiser. But it seemed so right at the time. We are both grown-ups now. I shall always be grateful for Phil's friendship."

The first meeting of Florence and Phil Holmes took place one Christmas. Florence, a struggling young actress

A SCREENLAND Exclusive is this scoop revealing the reasons for Florence's long hold-out against marriage, told by the only writer who knows her well. Above, happy honeymooners: Florence and her handsome new husband, Robert Wilcox, at their seaside home.



in a Philadelphia stock company, had seen Phil on the screen and developed a crush. At that budding of her career, Florence was more thrilled at imagining herself a good actress, than working to become one. The prospect of a two-week holiday in New York was thrilling. On her first night in the big city, Florence was invited to a typical New York party. Celebrities of every walk of life were gathered under her host's roof. It was all festive and gay with Christmas cheer. Florence walked in and was introduced to Phil Holmes. She fell in love at first sight. Phil, with his gentle breeding, his charming manner, his tender consideration, swept Florence off her feet. There was an aura of loneliness about him that touched Florence deeply. She had heard a lot about those conceited Hollywood movie stars. Was it a wonder that she fell for Phil, who was one of the kindest and the simplest among the handsome young actors of Hollywood?

Now the stage ceased to interest Florence. She was too much in love. Promise of a career meant nothing. So soon she left for Hollywood, where the work had called him back. There followed weeks of days of companionship. Nights of dancing at the nut Grove, driving along by the sea, happy, enchanting moments of being (Please turn to page 35)



Screenland
Salutes
BEAUTY
of the Month:
BETTY GRABLE

*Come Out
and Play!*



CLAIRE TREVOR

Walter Wang



JOHN PAYNE

Scotty Welbourne, Warners



Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Montreal, Canada



Robert Taylor



The Magic *Hands* of Heifetz!



Bigger box-office attraction than most movie stars, Jascha Heifetz, great violinist, has a vast loyal public which crowds concert halls whenever he appears, buys his phonograph records and cheers him as few other performers have ever been cheered. Now Heifetz, himself, will be heard and seen from motion picture screens, in Samuel Goldwyn's forthcoming "Music School." Above, the artist works in the new world of cameras and sound tracks. He plays eight of his most popular selections, including compositions by Tschai-kovsky, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Rimsky-Korsakof.



A Lovely Lady, Listening

Virginia Field, British beauty whose latest screen appearance is in "Captain Fury," with Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen, might be listening to the magic melodies of Heifetz' violin in this dreamy portrait, above. Miss Field has her best rôle in a long time in the new adventure picture dealing with the colonization of Australia—a new locale for Hollywood film fiction.



**HEY, SONJA!
DON'T YOU KNOW
IT'S SUMMER?**

But Henie films are always in
season: latest, "Second Fiddle."



JUST A PRETTY PICTURE!

But Jean Rogers had better not go near the water, with those high heels! "Winner Take All" also exhibits Miss Rogers to advantage.

BEAUTY *Basking*



Andrea
enjoys s
sulfur air
scenes
Heifetz
and befo
ing w
Gary Co
leading
in "The
Glor

BEAU *Brent*



George Brent is Hollywood's most-in-demand and gallant now - that Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Fairbanks, Jr., have become benedicts. Ah, there, Bette Davis!

Scotty Welbourne, Warners



Some connoisseurs of feminine
prefer the smouldering Lamarr. V
the lovely Hedy luck in "Lady
Tropics," co-starring with Robert

Collector



self-appointed appraisers of pul-
e cast their votes for the piquant
te Colbert, seen with Jimmy
in "It's A Wonderful World."

Items!

Willing, M-G-M



**SHE'S LOOKING
IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!**

William Walling, Parade

News is Robert Preston, young man at left in picture above. Pretty Susan Hayward is looking at him instead of up at Gary Cooper or over her other shoulder at Ray Milland—maybe Susan knows this Preston boy is the new threat to Hollywood male stars since his hit in "Union Pacific." You'll see the above quartette in "Beau Geste" soon.

MAKE WAY FOR THE MERMAIDS!



the Summer swimming season are the pretty girls on this page, all enhanced by their grand new, B.V.D. swim-suits. Above, RKO-Radio beauty wears the new strapless suit in colorful Paisley "Sea Satin"—there are supplementary straps for active swimming. At right, Jane Woodworth in a full-fashioned wool maillot with "Lastex" through the waist and legs to give a perfect fit. The "Shocking" pink. Below, Dorothy Lovett in her flared skirt suit of wool in the new "Little Girl" style, in marine blue trimmed with red.

Radio photographs
by A. Bachrach.
Suits by B.V.D.





Warner Crosby

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From "Wolf Call," Monogram's picture based on the Jack London story, showing Grey Shadow and his mate



That Andy! He clowns, right, as he mimics yawn of his very new son, Denny Patrick Devine. Center below, with Martha Raye in film. Lower, Andy the outdoor man, with his pretty wife.



International

Here he is—most lovable guy in Hollywood, in candid close-up



By
S. R.
Mook

The Devine ANDY

THERE probably isn't another featured player in Hollywood as important as Andy Devine, about whom as little is known. That he *is* important is attested by his salary (which hugs \$1500 a week, exclusive of his radio income) and the fact that he goes from one picture to another with scarcely a day's interim between them. There probably aren't six people in Hollywood who could tell you some of the anecdotes I am about to relate concerning Andy Devine. For, although Andy is hail-fellow-well-met—a regular Good-time-Charlie—a guy who slaps you on the back when he's introduced or who says, "So long, pal," as he leaves you after your first meeting (and means all of it), that's only half of Andy. You might see him every day for a year and, unless the

circumstances were propitious, that's all of Andy you would ever know.

We had been fairly close friends for over a year before I discovered he was good for anything more than laughs. We were out at the Arlens' house waiting for Dick and Joby to come home. Ricky hadn't been born. It was about dusk. The purple shadows were lengthening over the mountains and that quiet that comes between daylight and dark had fallen over everything. I don't remember what was eating me—but I began spilling over. I stopped suddenly as I realized to whom I was speaking. A comic! I tried to laugh off my confidences but, for once, there was no answering grin on Andy's face as he answered quietly. "We all have our (*Please turn to page 88*)

HOW STARS Outwit CROOKS

By
William F. French

These men protect these

Drawings by
Leonard Frank

Hollywood stars and their money are protected from chisellers by astute business men like those above: top, Everett Crosby, business and financial manager for brother Bing; Vernon D. Wood, business and financial agent for Bette Davis; and Ted Rogers, who handles the business affairs of top directors including Lloyd Bacon. On opposite page, some of the smart stars: Carole Lombard, Pat O'Brien, William Powell, Merle Oberon, Bing Crosby, Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy.

LAST Fall Bette Davis telephoned the Wood brothers. "C. J.," she said to the younger brother, "I need a coat."

"What kind of a coat?"

"A fur coat. The fur sales are on, so please have some coats sent out for me to look at."

What, a man shopping for Bette Davis' fur coats? Yes; and for her shoes, and furniture, and life insurance, and cars, and securities, and real estate, and anything else she buys! That is the Wood brothers' job. They are members of that clan of young fellows that has recently sprung to importance in the film colony—a clan you'll have to deal with sooner or later if you plan to do any business in Hollywood.

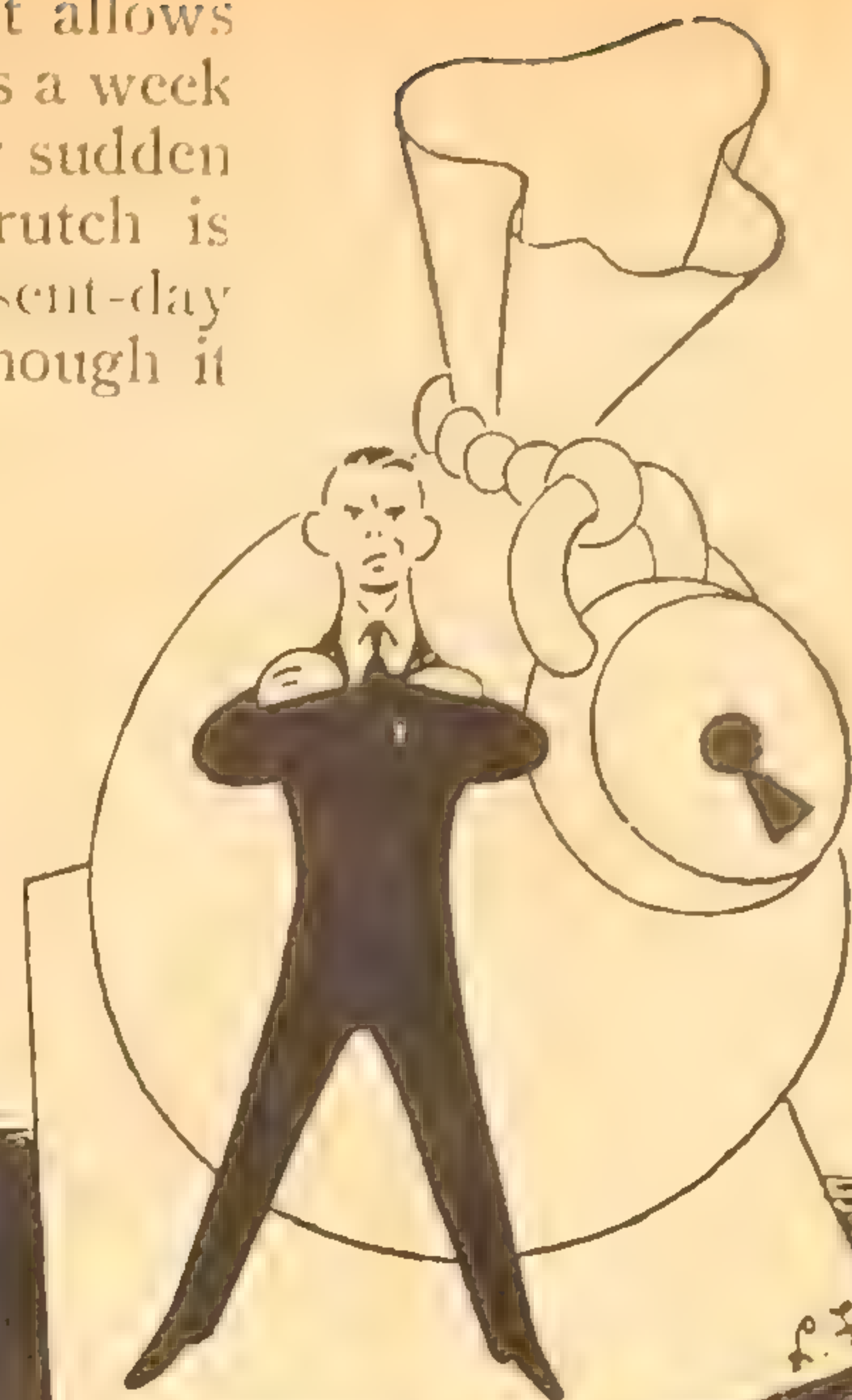
Bette leaves her shopping to them because she is one of the hundreds of Hollywood stars and players who have heeded the object lesson of the old-timers that haunt the casting offices in search of bit parts or extra work. She knows that though some of these oldsters may have earned a million dollars in pictures in their day they have been penniless for years. Bette, like the others of the younger generation in Hollywood, has heard the dire prophesy: "You'll be like the old stars, if you don't watch out," and, also like the others, Miss Davis has grown very weary of hearing motion picture stars referred to as suckers, soft-touch-Charlies, and spendthrifts.

Practical Bette, being too smart to fail to be dollar wise, reserves her efforts and her brains for use in her own work, letting her business manager do her worrying.

"I haven't the training or the time to tune my piano, repair my car, or handle my finances," explains this star. So she passes those responsibilities to advisers *and then co-operates*. When Vernon D. Wood suggested it was a needless expense to drive her twenty-five cent a mile Packard twelve on errands around town, Bette gave heed, and bought a light station wagon to knock about in. Not long ago she drove some friends up to Monterey in this light car, reporting oodles of fun for all.

But it isn't only the spectre of the follies of former stars that worries film players today and causes them to gather up their old check stubs, past-due bills, interest payments and what-not and make a dash for a business manager. Neither is it merely the desire not to be a soft-touch and a sucker that induces stars to put them-

selves on a budget that allows only twenty-five dollars a week spending money. Their sudden need of a financial crutch is also inspired by a present-day complication which—though it never woke the old stars in a cold sweat—has been known to turn a profitable year of film work into practically a net loss and to drive sane (*Please turn to page 95*)





JUAREZ—Warners



IN A word, magnificent! When SCREENLAND turns its Honor Page into a double feature, as we do for "Juarez," you know that here is one motion picture you must not miss. Hollywood is doubtless wishing it had reserved the adjective "great" to trot out for "Juarez" instead of squandering it so carelessly on every other "big" picture. For here is genuine greatness if it has ever been achieved on the screen. From first to last, the pageantry, the pomp, the vital message and, most of all, the great human drama of "Juarez" should hold you enthralled. Here is no "star" picture. Here are many stars submerging themselves and their "box-office" appeal in their rôles, for once greater than they are. Paul Muni plays the Mexican Indian patriot Juarez with such selfless perfection that it will probably prove his least applauded performance. Bette Davis is not Bette Davis at all but the ill-fated Empress Carlota. You will not recognize Brian Aherne as the Emperor Maximilian—not because his curled wig makes him unfamiliar, but because he is, incredibly, the Emperor—and he will move you to tears. A great performance! But "Juarez" is more than a showcase for brilliant actors. It is a clarion call to those who love democracy that they must prove it.



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal



A GENIAL, rambling show with the good-natured Bing Crosby obligingly dividing honors with Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, and a newcomer named Sandy. It may be sheer laziness as much as good humor that makes Bing practically give away his picture to his supporting players; but whatever it is, the result is just dandy. This isn't the best Crosby but it's better than "Paris Honeymoon" and it had better be. Sandy? Oh, Sandy is just the baby who steals every scene he's in. I say "he" because Sandy plays a baby boy in the picture; literally, Sandy is a girl. All that matters really is Sandy's grin and Sandy's gurgle and the way Sandy listens when Bing is singing *Featherbed Lane*. It's terribly cute, all right, but it does get you. Crosby plays a crooning taxi-cab driver who has this baby wished on him to hide for a while, until the mother and father kiss and make up and take the baby back. It all sounds pretty silly, and is; but it is also very funny to watch Bing and Mischa as amateur fathers, with Joan Blondell around for decoration and a good song ringing clear from the Crosby tonsils. Why didn't Bing sing *Melancholy Baby*, though? Maybe he thought Sandy wouldn't like it. Audiences, you're going to cry for more of Sandy.



MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic



IT IS a pleasure to report that "Man of Conquest" is a fine and exciting show, that Richard Dix "comes back" to cinema glory in the great rôle of Sam Houston, and that Republic Pictures, rather than one of the companies more familiarly associated with "big" pictures, produced it. Not since his *Yancey Cravat* in "Cimarron" has Dix been handed a part with the breadth and brawn of the avenger of the Alamo; and he convinces us he has lost none of his old power and persuasion as he strides through the filmed adventures of Houston's colorful career, from Tennessee to Texas. The remarkable Sam lived a rich life made to order for a movie: his marriage to a pretty 17-year-old girl, ending in her desertion of him; his service with the Indians; his later, lasting romance with Margaret Lea; his most thrilling adventure, the battle of Jacinto, when he led his force with the stirring cry, "Remember the Alamo!"—it is all lustily told in terms of true cinema. Historically accurate, intelligently directed, excellently enacted, "Man of Conquest" should be seen by every American—and what a feast for schoolboys. Dix is surrounded by splendid players, but it is Edward Ellis as Andrew Jackson who shares honors with the star if anyone does.



UNION PACIFIC—Paramount



SAY, this one's FUN! It's a super-super Western. You never saw such a picture. It has everything—tripled. It's "The Covered Wagon" plus "Stage Coach" plus "Dodge City." Some may say it's too long—but not me. At the end of two hours and a half I was yelling for more Indians, more trains, and more Robert Preston. "Union Pacific" boasts the best performance that Joel McCrea has ever given, and the most lovable acting job that Barbara Stanwyck has done in a long time; but ironically the effect is lost because in the cast there is a newcomer who grabs every scene he's in. This Preston will be new Number One Boy of the outdoor action dramas unless the ladies have lost interest in rugged individuality—and I don't think we have. The building of the great transcontinental railroad against terrific odds is told with all director Cecil B. DeMille's fine old gusto and prodigality and all his new regard for humor and human interest. Stanwyck as the daughter of a fine old Irish engineer, McCrea as a heroic trouble-shooter on the side of law and order, and Preston representing the bad boys who try to stop the good work are no better than Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman as two hellions of the Old West you like to believe in.



INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount



SUCH a sappy title for such a swell picture! Don't stay away from this one thinking that it's a wisp of lavender and old lace. Anything but. It's a heartwarming and perfectly human love story with Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray giving grand performances as a rich girl and a prize-fighter whom she falls for and marries. Apparently whenever Hollywood gets hold of a good love story they think of Irene Dunne, which is all right with everybody. This Dunne girl is just about the most thoroughly feminine person in pictures, just as MacMurray is the most manly; as a team they are perfect. After a slow start "Invitation to Happiness" is an utterly absorbing picture as it traces the romance of the heiress and the fighter through their ten years of marriage and parenthood until his ambition to become heavyweight champion of the world leads them to divorce. Wesley Ruggles tells their story with charm and compassion; he has directed the scenes between bewildered father and hostile son with rare understanding and sympathy; and he has not neglected the leaven of humor. Women will cry at this picture, for it has truth and tenderness in it. Men will cheer it—because of the big prizefight which the hero does NOT win.



CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners



A BOLD gesture against unAmericanism, and an engrossing spy drama for anybody's money, here is screen reporting at its most provocative. You may expect a more sensational picture than you actually get, for "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" contains nothing that is news to any intelligent follower of the dailies and the newsreels. However, it is a well-knit, well-authenticated and often exciting account of the propagandistic attacks on our democratic form of government. With Leon G. Turrou acting as technical adviser, the film records the machinations of the foreign spy ring which Turrou himself helped to unmask. The plot to steal military secrets, the recent unsavory spy trial, the methods of espionage are strikingly revealed, with "clips" from actual newsreels to carry additional weight. Here is one picture, at any rate, which scorns that fine old foreword, "All incidents and characters are entirely fictitious, and no reference is intended to any actual person, living or dead." Quite the contrary, for which cheers. Edward G. Robinson is forthright and impressive as chief investigator of the spy gang. You will be interested, too, in Francis Lederer's clever performance as a spy, so different from the Lederer of "Midnight."



LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M



FEELING a little light-headed? Then look up the nearest theatre playing "Lucky Night." It will be just your picture. You'll come out completely sobered up. "Lucky Night" would make a playboy take the pledge. It is dedicated to the ideal of excitement and to the piquant idea of mating Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor in co-starring rôles. The luscious Loy and the smouldering Robert make a very handsome couple, but they don't make sense, due to the fact that their picture refuses to. It all begins on a park bench where Myrna, a broke rich girl, meets Bob, a well-pressed poor boy. One thing leads to another, far into the mad, mad night; and they wake up to find themselves married—and with beautiful hangovers if there's any justice. How Myrna goes home to her father, and how father and Bob get together in search of that excitement thing, and how it all comes out takes a lighter head than mine to understand. Of course a picture like this is made to be appreciated and not understood, anyway; and you may love it if you're in the mood. I wouldn't take the kiddies, though; it might make them reach for the pop bottle. For such an obviously fastidious lady Myrna Loy certainly does get into the darndest cinema situations, doesn't she?

SCREENLAND
Glamor
School



Hollywood's handsomest blonde believes that clothes, especially for the current season, should first of all be fun! She likes gay costumes for daytime, and poses here in her favorites from her own personal collection

Edited

by

*Virginia
Bruce*

SCREENLAND Glamor School photographs especially posed by Miss Bruce, wearing clothes by I. Mag-nin, Los Angeles, at M-G-M Studios.

Gold polka dots on navy for a golden girl! Left, Virginia Bruce wears her pet costume suit of surah, with circular skirt, Peter Pan collar and cuffs with ruffled edges, and short jacket of gold wool. Her high-crowned sailor is navy, with medium brim. At right, Virginia's "second favorite" two-piece costume, composed of black summer-weight woolen dress with gathered skirt, close-fitting waist band and high fitted bodice with short sleeves and black button fastening—and short, square jacket of black and white wool checks with red dahlia at left shoulder. Her hat of black straw has a large brim.





And Here Is Evening Glamor



— Three gorgeous gowns, worn by one gorgeous girl, Miss Virginia Bruce. Above, the gypsy influence is still with us—in taffeta this time, in Virginia's favorite blue with stripes of every color in the rainbow. She wears bangle necklace and bracelets. Opposite page, far left, the loveliest dinner dress from the Bruce collection: fuchsia chiffon with voluminous sleeves and trailing skirt. The third gem from Virginia's wardrobe is a dream evening dress of green chiffon with belt of green and silver beads. Her evening bag is a chiffon basket filled with Spring flowers.

Summer Time is Beauty Time

Summer beauty problems are really very temporary. It is the season to build beauty for the year ahead by getting out and doing things. So up on your toes—and action!

By Courtenay Marvin

SUMMER is the season to improve your appearance! Perhaps these words make some eyebrows lift with surprise. For Summer is too often associated with sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy and excessive body dampness. Hot weather problems are really very temporary ones, most of which have a quick and easy solution.

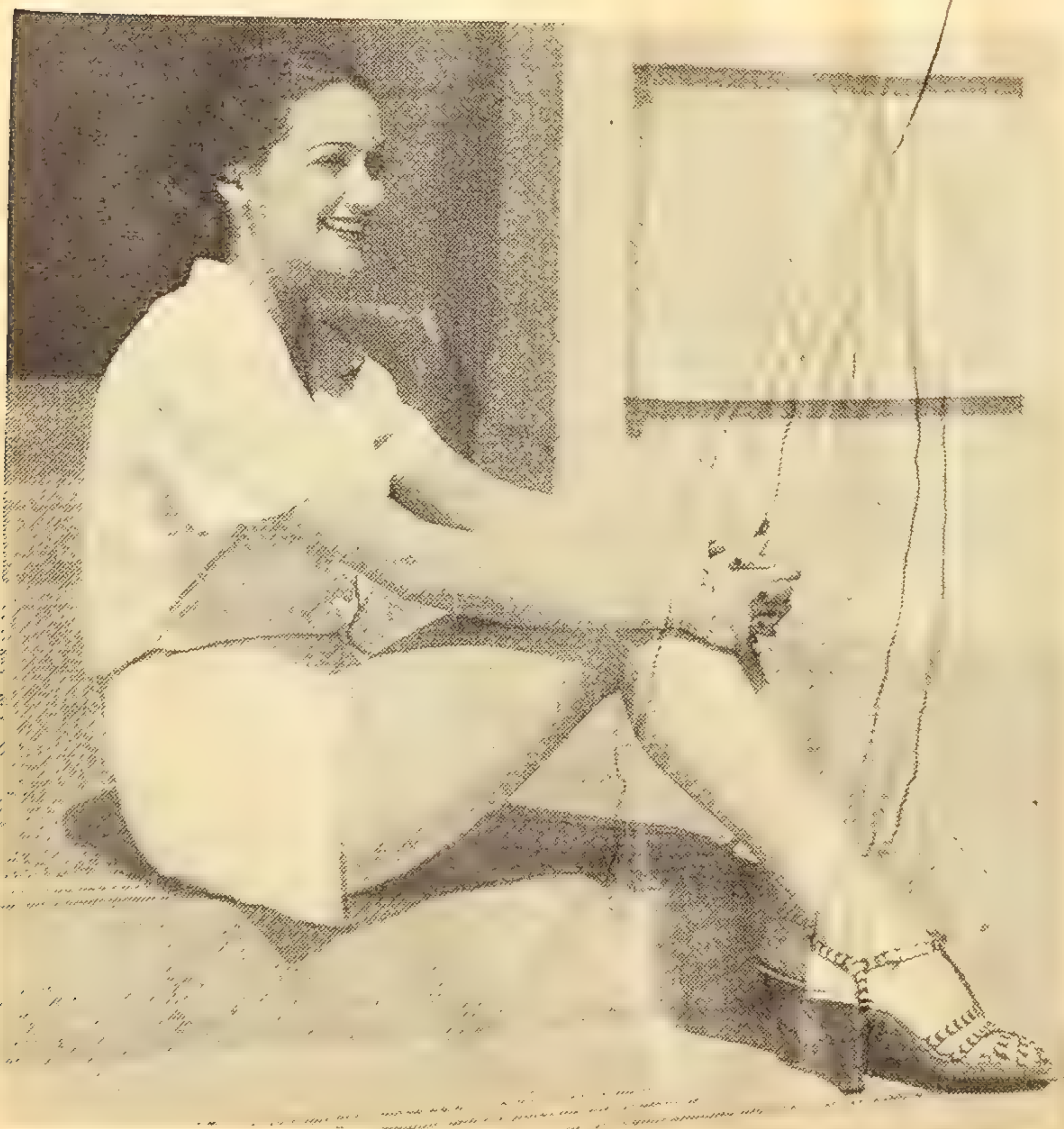
The results of a Summer well spent, spell beauty insurance. For this is the time that you can build up body reserve, the source of a sparkling, animated personality, the greatest personal lure in the world. What you can do with your figure, too, is pleasantly surprising. In this case I don't mean just reducing fat, though you can do that, too. Outdoor sports and play will do wonders for the under-developed figure. Especially can the too slim girls with too flat chests and too straight legs attain some contours through muscular development, and good muscles last, though flesh may go up or down, for muscles are the very foundation of a figure. Summer also brings mental relaxation to many, which in the end may contribute to one's life span. None can deny that Summer brings romance, and many a time it has been known to bring a very nice husband. All in all, it's a good season if you know how to get over the bad spots. Summer is definitely the time for getting out and doing things, so more action, please!

The stars are a great crowd for outdoor activity. They love sports and games and they work hard at them, for more reasons than mere pleasure, though they get this, too. Margaret Lindsay, Bette Davis, and Kay Francis are reputed to have the most beautiful backs in Hollywood. Now a beautiful back is something to possess, and it not only looks like a gift of the gods when displayed in your most frivolous evening gown or beach suit, but a beautiful back does a permanent favor to you when chastely concealed by a sweater, frock or housecoat. It's giving you a style, a dash and that certain something. Because you wouldn't have a beautiful back with careless, slumping posture. We all know girls who dress on practically nothing a year. Often it is these girls we honestly envy. Some aren't beautiful or even pretty; but they have a dash and flavor that means style. They have an expensive look. Often the reason is a beautiful figure beneath a little \$1.98 number, or the way they have learned to hold and move a just moderately good figure that does this million dollar trick.

Perc Westmore thinks that much of figure beauty lies in fine shoulder development. Well, the greatest stylists thought so too, when they launched the padded shoulder vogue, for this excellent reason. More women have narrow shoulders than wide. This (*Please turn to page 81*)



Above, blonde Ilona Massey finds fun and more beauty in a secluded cove of the southern Pacific. Swimming is a new conditioner for all. Below, Dorothy Lamour takes a touch of tan and more good health in front of her dressing-room.





Glamor bag of the month—washable white alligator grain that adds "esprit" to your entire wardrobe. New, big and beautifully tailored, with long double handle to sling smartly over your shoulder or gather in hand. In shiny black patent, also. A Morris White bag, priced at about \$3.



Cottons are chic! And here is a new version—a cloky organdy that sees you freshly through warm days. Highlights of this frock are square neck, scalloped front closing with jewel-tone buttons, grosgrain belt, full skirt of unpressed pleats. A Mayflower frock of multi-colored floral print on white, powder blue, rose, peach or lime background. Washable, though fragile looking as a bouquet. About \$3.98.

Screenland's Glamour Guides

Cocktails for your Summer wardrobe! Mid-season fashions that you can buy in your own city. For complete store directory, turn to Page 83

By
Marina



Walk-Over's Lido sandal, scantiest of footgear, for Summer loafing or very casual wear. Strips of colored pigskin on a sole of special wedge construction that supports the arch, and a slight heel. A real sandal in spite of its appearance of nothingness. In blue, wine, brown or white, and comfortably priced at about \$4.95.

An extreme uplift brassiere for the average figure by Fay-Miss, of pure satin, that beautifully moulds the bust. Separation, under support and diaphragm control are points for comfort and beauty. In satin, as shown, or lace and satin, \$2.50. In broadcloth, \$1.50. Designed for beauty, comfort and excellent wear. This is a year-around garment.



ERROL FLYNN —

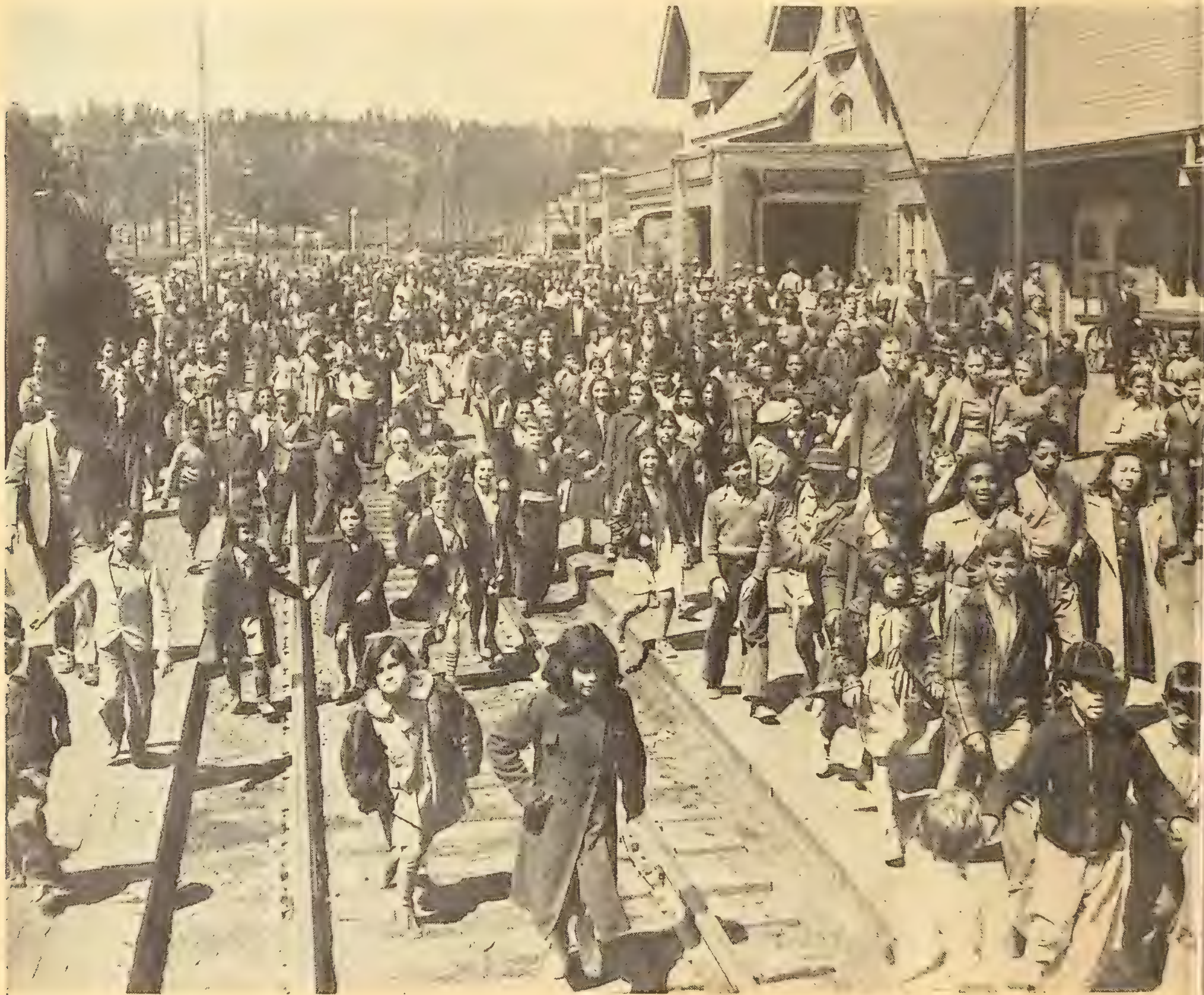
The People's Choice!

PERSONALLY, I never cared whether Errol Flynn was the world's greatest traveler, or the world's greatest liar. But it has been quite a topic of conversation out in Hollywood, where the townsfolk gather of an evening to pan the living daylights out of the cinema celebs. I think a bit of lying is very colorful (you won't catch me calling the kettle black), and besides there are *too* many people out here who have never traveled further than Burbank and Glendale. It's rather a relief to find someone who has discovered lost islands, sailed unknown seas, and been awfully chummy with head-hunters, *real* head-hunters, not the type you find on Park Avenue. Where truth ends with Mr. Flynn, and fiction takes over (or does it?) never really bothered me. But it has bothered my friends in the Press. So much so, in fact, that at the preview of "Dodge City," when Alan Hale says to Sheriff Flynn, "Boy, you're either

the greatest traveler who ever lived, or the greatest liar," I received two nudges, a poke, and a kick on the shins.

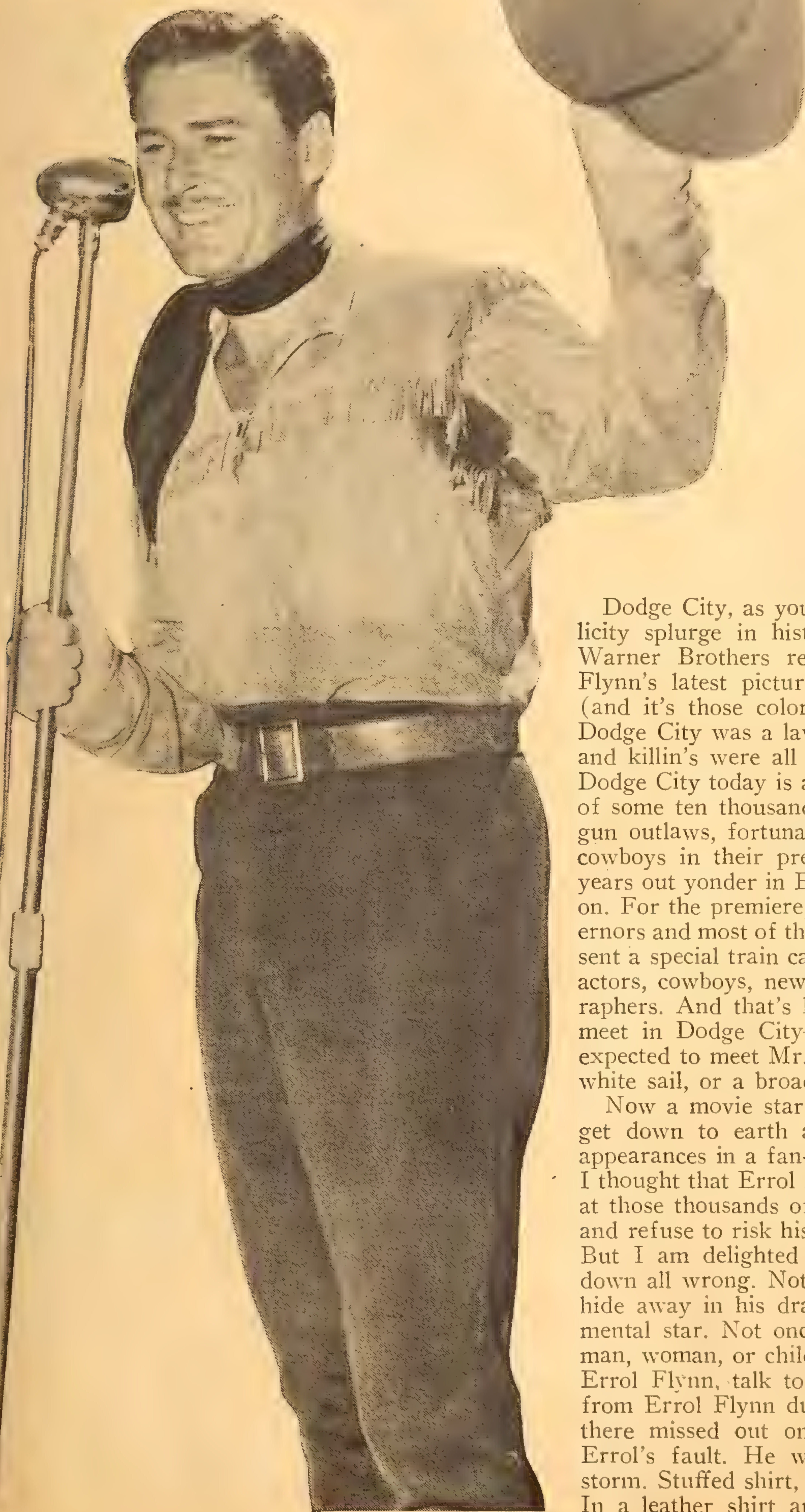
No, what I had against Errol Flynn was something else entirely. I simply could not forgive him for being a stuffed shirt. With studs by Cartier. I do like to have my movie heroes real guys—you know, of the earth earthy, who look awkward with a tea cup and think canapés are something you run up over a store when the sun shines. Who know and love the common people.

Months and months went on, and every time I saw that Flynn man with the gleaming teeth he was doing the right thing, with, how depressing, the right people. All done up in white tie and tails he was escorting Lili Damita to an opening, or dancing at the Trocadero with a Bennett, or gallantly handing a champagne cocktail to a producer's wife. He skied at Sun Valley with Hollywood's *creme de la creme*, and he sailed his yacht to



If you've been thinking that Errol is too elegant and "broad-A" to be one of the gang, better read this—it may make you change your mind about him

By Elizabeth Wilson



Catalina with Hollywood's Grade A. Flawless and elegant was Mr. Flynn.

I met him one evening at a Rathbone party where all the right people (except for a few like myself who were "in trade") were gathered at little tables and doing and saying the right things. For a few moments there I had him all to myself and I did my best to engage him in pretty talk—why I would have been most grateful for an old undiscovered river or a pigmy with a hatchet in its ear—but all I got was a monosyllable. The conversation dropped to the prop department grass with a dull sickening thud. How can he be such a great traveler, *or* such a great liar, *or* both, I groaned, and be so darned social?

So naturally when I heard that he was going on the Dodge City junket I said *that* isn't any treat. He'll probably sit in his drawing-room every day with his valet and send wires back at every station to the Hollywood social leaders. I said thank heavens there'll be somebody human along like Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield, and Johnny Payne. I said—but it doesn't matter, I always do too much talking.

Dodge City, as you must know after the biggest publicity splurge in history, is a town in Kansas, where Warner Brothers recently held the gala premiere of Flynn's latest picture, "Dodge City." In the old days (and it's those colorful days that the picture's about) Dodge City was a lawless frontier town where shootin's and killin's were all a part of the daily monotony. But Dodge City today is a peaceful and thriving western city of some ten thousand movie-going people. All the two-gun outlaws, fortunately for the Hollywood drug store cowboys in their pretty scarfs, were dead these many years out yonder in Boot Hill Cemetery, with their boots on. For the premiere, which was attended by three governors and most of the State of Kansas, Warner Brothers sent a special train called the Dodge City Special, full of actors, cowboys, newspaper boys and girls, and photographers. And that's how Mr. Flynn and I happened to meet in Dodge City—which was the last place I ever expected to meet Mr. Flynn. There wasn't a ski slope, a white sail, or a broad "a" for thousands of miles.

Now a movie star has got to have stamina—oh, let's get down to earth and call it guts—to face personal appearances in a fan-jammed place like Dodge City, and I thought that Errol Flynn would probably take one look at those thousands of eager faces at the railroad station and refuse to risk his precious neck out on the platform. But I am delighted to report that I had Errol Flynn down all wrong. Not once during the whole trip did he hide away in his drawing-room like a spoiled temperamental star. Not once did he run out on a fan. If any man, woman, or child in Dodge City who wanted to see Errol Flynn, talk to Errol Flynn, or get an autograph from Errol Flynn during the twenty-four hours he was there missed out on it, I can assure you it was not Errol's fault. He was all over the place, like a dust storm. Stuffed shirt, my eye! Social snob, both my eyes! In a leather shirt and tight (*Please turn to page 74*)

"Let Me Take



Jack clowns as he takes Lucille Ball's picture, top. Above, Mrs. Jack Haley. Left, Haley son and heir when a baby. Below, "before and after" views of the Haleys' lake-side country home, on beautiful Lake Makopee.

JACK HALEY hates to be separated from his miniature camera.

"Whenever you haven't a camera with you that's the time the best shots appear," he insists. So he carries his in his pocket, unless he is in a picture when it usually lies around the set waiting for him. "People pick it up and try it out, of course," he admitted. "I ought to appoint a guardian for it, but I forget, and it's surprising how much film gets used up with other people's experiments."

"We have more shots of total strangers than any one else in Hollywood," laughed Mrs. Haley, who was busily going through yards of negative looking for her husband's best efforts. "Look, on this roll there aren't more than eight out of thirty-six taken by Jack!"

Jack grinned. Oh well, he thought it was probably good business for the Eastman Company. "I'm the biggest builder-upper of their business you ever met," he boasted. "All my friends have cameras—why



Your Picture!"

By Ruth Tildesley

Because I taught them to like them and how to use them."

"Jack got the camera bug when Jackie was born," put in Mrs. Haley. "Jackie's five and a half now, so that's how long he's been clicking shutters. When I told him the news, he rushed right out and bought a home movie outfit, and when we came out of the hospital, there was Jack standing on the hospital steps, grinding away like a newsreel expert!"

"I take the kid's picture with that outfit every three months," said Jack. "It's fun to watch him grow. I take other kids' pictures, too. I *like* kids! I just walk around in the park where the kids play, or in our garden or our friends' gardens. Kids don't notice what older people do. They're too busy about their own business."

"The other fathers and mothers didn't notice what he was doing, either," beamed Mrs. Haley. "They just thought Jack was a little cracked on the subject, maybe, but they'd overlook it. Then one night Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen and George Burns were over here for dinner. After we had eaten, Jack said: 'How about showing you folks some home movies?'

"They all cried: 'No! I should say not! We work in pictures all day, why should we look at some amateur's efforts in the evening?'

"That was that. But a little later on, Jack said: 'Look, I've got some horse races on this reel and I'd like to show them to you so you can tell me if you think I've got something. It won't take long.'

"They gave in and prepared to be bored. Instead of horse races, he showed them pictures of their own kids—swell pictures, doing all sorts of natural things, fussing at their nurses, getting their three-cornered pants fixed, standing on their heads, bumping their noses, running away—all the cute baby tricks parents love. They couldn't get enough of the show. They didn't want to see our kid, of course, but they were all over the place when it came to seeing their own!"

Jack grinned again and popped his enormous eyes. "And the next day," he related, solemnly, "Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen, hand in hand, went out and bought themselves complete movie outfits so they could take pictures themselves. That's the way it is with all our friends—once they see what I can do with a lens and a shutter, they are sure they can do much better if they only try!"

After Jack had had his movie outfit for a while, he began to realize that something was missing.

"He got such cute shots of Jackie, but he couldn't carry them around with him and he couldn't show people unless he set up the projector and (*Please turn to page 80*)

Now where have we heard those words before? Jack Haley says 'em here and makes you like it



Top left, cherished family snapshot showing theatre billing with Haleys' name in lights. Above, Jack, Jr., as a cowboy. Left, with a playmate.



Family abode in Beverly Hills, left, taken by Jack. Right, Haley, Jr., gets off a gag and his father photographed it. Above, pride and joy of Mr. and Mrs. Haley greets son and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Wallis (Louise Fazenda). Right above, Jack, Jr., when very young.



Here's

Hollywood

**By
Weston
East**

Who can blame 20th Century-Fox Studios for making big plans for Mary Healy? They have hopes of building her up into a brunette Alice Faye. Right: Mary putting over one of her numbers in "Second Fiddle." Below, Sonja Henie and Ty Power romancing again, but only for a scene in "Second Fiddle." Lower right, Rudy Vallee, who's also one of the stars of the film, with Miss Healy.

THAT very charming secretary who presides over Irene Dunne's professional and personal details is no ordinary person. She is none other than Ann Harding's sister and she possesses a great deal of American beauty and poise. She reports that Ann is genuinely happy with her second husband. (He's a symphony orchestra conductor.) The Harding career isn't over, incidentally—it's just temporarily stymied. And Ann doesn't care. She can always return to the stage, if the movies are ornery.



MELVYN DOUGLAS' birthday was a big event, for everyone but Melvyn Douglas. Joan Blondell staged a party for him on the set, but he'd eaten so much lunch he couldn't eat any of the birthday cake she'd brought. He bought himself a new car, but when he thought he'd take a two-minute spin in it between shots he discovered his wife was hi-ho and away in it. His director, Al Hall, gave him a bicycle, but his son was riding it when Melvyn decided to settle on less impressive transportation. To top it off, his wife gave a surprise dinner party for him and all the guests were there and had a wonderful time. Melvyn had to work out on location shots that night, and stepped into his own home on the stroke of midnight. That's a stellar birthday for you, that's Hollywood.





Wide World

When Doug Fairbanks, Jr., married the lovely Mrs. Mary Lee Epling Hartford, his dad, the Senior Fairbanks, was best man. It's the second marriage for both. Young Doug's first was Joan Crawford

JOAN CRAWFORD believes a brand-new color can give a disappointed woman new inspiration. Everything's mauve with her today, unless it's lipstick red. Her new ensembles, her living-room, and her brand-new set dressing-room. There's a story to her new portable dressing-room, by the way. Until this last month she had clung to the one Doug, Jr., gave her years ago when they were first married; she steadfastly declined to accept one of the streamlined affairs Metro dealt out to its other stars. But the other day she decided to sweep a little wider, so she gave the old faithful to Bennett, her chauffeur, to give to his Boy Scout troupe. Always partial to blue heretofore, Joan ordered the new room she got from the studio decorated in mauve.

MADELEINE CARROLL has rented Bebe Daniels' beach house on the ocean front at Santa Monica, and redecorated it in nautical fashion. But the more interesting news about Madeleine's home life is the fact that she now owns a beautiful chateau twenty-three miles from Paris. Add this to a dignified estate in England, a villa in Northern Italy, a flat in Mayfair, and a castle (literally) in Spain and it's no wonder she rents while in Hollywood working. She's having some improvements made on her chateau, gets photographic reports. She's told the Little Sisters of the Poor, a charitable organization, that they can use her chateau for emergency purposes while she isn't there.

ALL that chizzy-chazzying about Alice Faye and Tony Martin can subside, because it may be a matter of adjustment but it's still love. Tony sacrificed \$5,000, no less, to spend a week with Alice when she went East on that recent vacation of hers. He was supposed to be doing his act in a Buffalo theatre the one week she had free to be with him. He cancelled it and they hit for a quiet mountain resort to be together again, away from it all. Alice's sea voyage through the Panama Canal toned her up—she was all tired out when she finished her last picture.

TYRONE POWER paid \$75,000 for the house he bought for himself and Anna-bella, and this little inside fact is one more proof of his love for the blonde who out-distanced all the other would-be Mrs. T. P.'s. Claudette Colbert was one of the first to entertain for the newlyweds. Tyrone says he's lost all interest in going to night clubs now that he's found what he was stepping out looking for.

NOTHING is so strange as a movie career, and Ann Sothern is the illustration for this month. She decided she needed better rôles, so she turned down another contract which would have carried her along in comedies with Gene Raymond. Then she didn't work for a good long spell. Now she's got a lead at 20th Century-Fox, and she didn't have one day off when she skipped over there from M-G-M. The other example to make you wonder—on second thought two cases speak louder than one—is the equally weird fate of John Beal. A year ago under long-term contract to M-G-M, and wanted simultaneously by Paramount and Columbia, John was fulfilling the promise evident when he made his movie bow with Helen Hayes. All of a sudden his luck switched. So he decided to return to the theatre. He found the perfect play, in his opinion. Opening night on Broadway the sound track, which was the unique device high-spotting his drama, went appallingly blooey. "This can't happen to me, not on the first night, not here in the Empire Theatre!" John groaned. But it did happen, and his play flopped. He did another unfortunate stage show. Recently he was back in Hollywood for a couple of parts, and he was discouraged. An accomplished, earnest young actor, why wouldn't he be? Ann Sothern and her band-leader husband Roger Pryor have finally bought themselves a home, in Beverly, though Roger will still be away a great deal of the time. The Beals look forward to that—Helen Craig (Mrs. Beal) is an exotic actress who is making a place for herself on the stage. Some day both couples won't have to be separated so much; being apart as much as they are together hasn't dimmed their love.

WHAT do you think of that streamline job Binnie Barnes has done on herself? She effected a come-back by being her own witty self on the screen, and she was so amusing her buxomness was acceptable. But once re-established, Binnie dieted away twenty pounds and now she is really a sight for bored eyes. Her whole life has taken on a new lift since her first career (she began in England and fizzled at Universal) and her first marriage (to Samuel Josephs, London book-seller) have become memories. Zanuck is co-starring her with Warner Baxter next. Moss Hart, the clever playwright, rushes her madly whenever she tears East for a frolic. Binnie swears, however, that she won't marry him. Nor will she re-marry her good friend Samuel Josephs, who has come all the way from London to visit her once more.

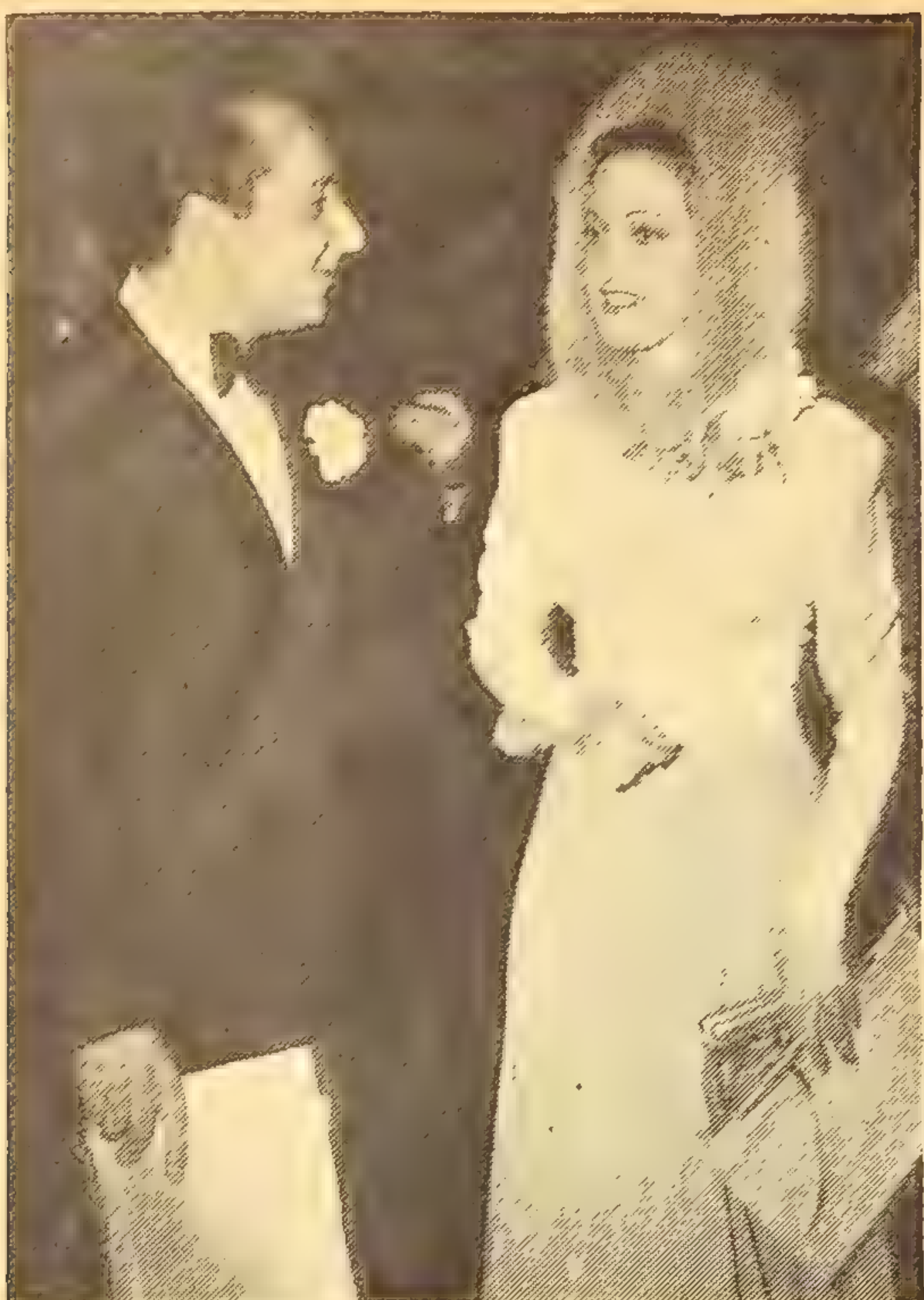
IT WAS a real fight Glenda Farrell put up before leaving Hollywood. They wanted her to re-sign for more "Torchy Blanes." She felt the success of the series proved they deserved more time and money spent on them, and a change of directors occasionally. Further, she believed she'd been working long enough to get a raise. When it was maintaining the status quo or else, Glenda chose the or else. She's touring in "Stage Door" in the East, and romancing with a radio executive whenever she gets into New York. It's the first time she's been on the stage in seven years.

JOAN BENNETT just can't decide whether to go on being brunette and Hedy Lamarrish or whether she should preserve the bloneness that built her up. Connie Bennett, who always has opinions, and whose opinion in this instance is really worth something since she has studied skin tones for her cosmetic business, says Joan should remain fair. "Black hair is incongruous with her blonde complexion!" But Walter Wanger, Joan's boss, fancies her as a second Hedy, and so far he's had the last word. Joan's romance with Wanger has apparently simmered into a less flaming attachment for she has been dating that good-looking actor, Lee Bowman, besides Walter.



White Sulphur News Bureau

As soon as Alice Faye completed her rôle in "Rose of Washington Square," she rushed East to join husband Tony Martin. That ought to prove something and put a stop to the separation rumors. They're shown attending one of the sporting events.



Len Weissman photos

Dorothy Lamour, recently divorced from bandleader Herbie Kay, was joshed by Wynn Rocamora, above, when she wore a fur-edged hood at opening.

JITTERBUGS may be passé in your circle, but among Hollywood's smart younger set they're still the ultimate. When Jane Withers stepped into adolescence by throwing her first dancing party the guests came in weird costumes but they ended up in a jam session that Benny Goodman would gasp at. Number One Jitterbug—honestly!—was none other than Freddie Bartholomew. He also won the prize for wearing the funniest get-up; he arrived as a football hero, very much the worse for a big game. Jane has lost twelve pounds and is practically a streamlined siren now. Jackie Searle, her childhood admirer, showed up—all six feet of him. Mickey Rooney had to perform at a benefit, so he sent Jane a beautiful box of long-stemmed red roses. It was the first time any young man ever displayed such a grand touch, Jane confessed. When the gang was too exhausted to "jit" any longer, Jane introduced a balloon dance. Not a World's Fair brand, but the kind where each couple pulls a balloon around delicately until the surviving balloon-dancers get a prize. Next morning a number of the dainty little knick-knacks in the Withers' living-room were broken. Jane's ma charged it up to wear and tear, in a new column in her expense book.

YOU'D think Hollywood folk would be pretty fed up on love, what with the marital mortality rate, but love can't be downed here so long as it's going strong. While Cary Grant was working on the Columbia lot studio employees were treated to the sight of Phyllis Brooks patiently parking in their entrance lobby, waiting for Cary. (Now she's returning from England where she went to do her first picture since her 20th Century-Fox contract expired.) Same setting, different principals at Columbia this past month. Stanwyck and Taylor starring, in the flesh. Robert called every night to take Barbara home, in his station-wagon. He fared better than Phyllis, however; he only waited in the lobby, with the public, a few times. As soon as Barbara heard he was there she insisted on his coming right in to her set. Columbia's feminine contingent watched him closely, and the general consensus was: "Just darling!" Taylor-allergics, take that!

WHEN Dorothy Lamour's husband sued her for divorce a Hollywood newsboy screamed the extra on the boulevard to the tune of: "Dot's in the doghouse! Dot's in the doghouse!" The finis to this love affair has left Dorothy pretty stern on the subject of men. She adored Herbie Kay. It was her success that separated them; yet it was Herbie who insisted on her accepting the opportunity Hollywood offered her. She hoped until the very end that they could make a go of it. And as if this crack-up wasn't enough, she's had to further pay for her success by going about accompanied by husky bodyguards. She received threatening letters and she has been scared to death.

DOES Nancy Kelly feel like a fool! She installed herself in a Beverly Hills home suitable to a new star. She had herself one of those mystery romances, and her coyness about her New York admirer was heaping Hollywood glamor on her. Then came the rude awakening. She was the last one to know that she was making some extra money by taking in washing! This strange chapter in her life leaked out when her mother became a little bored with the incessant phone calls for the maid they'd dismissed some six weeks past. Nancy had an unlisted number, and finally Mrs. K. asked a particularly demanding voice what went on. The Kellys learned that their former maid had been doing outside laundry on the side; in fact, Nancy's private number had been given to the customers, who called it whenever they wanted clothes picked up or delivered. It could only happen in Hollywood!

SHE'S the girl nobody knows, but, a gorgeous brunette, always assured, she has been sweetheart, sister, and fiancée to many of Hollywood's greatest stars. Millions of people have seen her in films and still no one on the Columbia lot even knows her name. She is—a girl in a silver frame, who, as a portrait, has so far been a significant face in fifty-six successive movies. The sentimental prop boys keep her in a special niche in the prop department!



Douglas Montgomery and Paulette Goddard find Hollywood premieres lots of fun if this jolly picture means anything.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN personally calls for Paulette Goddard at six every evening when her day's acting for Paramount is done. . . . Eleanor Powell never got to college herself, but she'll be a dancing co-ed in the new dancie she's starting soon. . . . Most important studio alliance of the year to date is the Warner-Samuel Goldwyn star-trading pact. . . . Carole Lombard decided to do star in another picture immediately instead of taking time off to honeymoon with Clark Gable. . . . Both Joan Crawford and W. C. Fields will appear in New York plays this coming fall. . . . Marlene Dietrich has been a personal if not a professional success in Hollywood this year; Leslie Howard vows all she needs is a break and he hopes he can give her one more chance. . . . Rudy Vallee settled down to Marjorie Weaver when he was sure she didn't have serious intentions.



Producer Jack Warner, extreme right, smiles as Dolores Del Rio, Gilbert Roland, Cedric Gibbons, heap praises on "Juarez," which they have just previewed.



Those doting fathers—Edgar Bergen and Walt Disney—discuss their "offsprings," Charlie McCarthy and Mickey Mouse.

THOSE movie wives who mourn their difficulties might well profit by the behavior of Fred MacMurray's missus. Lillian MacMurray is a beautiful brunette who could shed plenty of screen glamor if Fred would let her. Instead she enjoys Hollywood tremendously; because, first, Fred can be trusted, and, secondly, she's not dumb. She started to study the piano a year ago, and now she plays Chopin. She designs most of her clothes, superbly. She not only runs the MacMurray home with super-smoothness, but she is currently taking both tennis and swimming lessons. They bought an acre adjoining their lot and she's planted it in flowers and built a conservatory and she will enter her best blooms in the Los Angeles flower show. Lillian is an ideal companion. She has sense enough to let him go fishing with the boys when he wants to rough it.

REMEMBER Elissa Landi? One of the most cultured women to ever attain stardom, she is now about to try her luck on Broadway again in a play she has written herself. . . . Those insiders who say the trouble with Hedy is that she can't read her dialog as well as she can look it will find Hedy speaking Chinese when Taylor begins taming her in their new picture. . . . Lupe Velez got up from an interrupted siesta the other afternoon to chase away the kids who were roller skating in front of her house, but instead of driving them away she joined them when she noticed one had a pair of skates that fit her. . . . Martha Raye got that glamor notion when she inherited Marlene Dietrich's mirrored dressing-room at Paramount. . . . Robert Cummings has celebrated his revival with a bright yellow car and a monkey, worn on his shoulder when he goes shopping. . . . Adrienne Ames, who once was news when she was the glamorous wife of a millionaire, got into print to the extent of two lines when she confessed she was reducing by cutting the lawn in her yard. . . . Jon Hall, who's been a star without a picture for too long, has been fighting a suit in his spare time—the dramatic teacher who was hired by his father to give him pointers claims he was promised \$100 a week after Jon began to earn \$200 a week or more. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are cooking up a drive through Canada next month, and Jeanette deserves a rest after her strenuous three months' tour even if she vows it was so exhilarating she doesn't feel tired at all. . . . The reason Gail Patrick made personal appearances when the Hollywood Baseball Club went north to play is simple: her husband Bob Cobb is one of the principal owners of the club. . . . Basil Rathbone now takes his movie camera to his own parties and gets you as you enter his front door—so everyone's on his or her best angle when the butler receives. . . . Anita Louise is full of infinite variety—she has Spartan nerve enough to dive into a cold swimming pool for a healthy dip before breakfast, and then she turned up at one of the recent Hollywood parties in an evening gown that had twenty yards of tulle in the skirt!



Photos by Len Weissman

Husband Anatole Litvak had to come out from behind Miriam Hopkins' new off-the-face hat for the cameraman when they attended a preview together.

LONG ranked among the exceedingly difficult because she couldn't be bothered with interviews, Miriam Hopkins has reformed noticeably. Today she is actually paying out her own money for a private press agent, whose duty it is to rustle up Those Who Were Sublimely Snubbed. The snubbees point out that the gal hadn't worked for more than a year and during that time the clamor for tid-bits slid appallingly. However, the temperamental Hopkins has hardly been idle while maneuvering to revive her career. Her marriage to director Anatole Litvak has been a stormy one. They're still together, though. It's typical, this inside item on Miriam: in these last two years she's had three different houses, and her first act in each was to install expensive new drapes throughout. She no sooner got the drapes she wanted up in the first two homes than she was anxious to move because she couldn't stand 'em! She's stayed quite a spell in the former John Gilbert-Virginia Bruce mansion. The handloomed surrealistic hangings she selected may be one of the reasons. They bring out the best in her, it seems.

DID you ever think of Jane Bryan as a sophisticate? Well, Bette Davis, no less, is the authority for this cataloging. She confides, "Jane is not only a true sophisticate, but she could be glamorous in pictures if they'd give her the clothes and the photography that makes you that way." Would-be boy-friends who have been brushing up on excessively obvious chatter can profit by this clue and be intelligent and informed when they get an opportunity to date Jane!

HEDY LAMARR does not sleep with a pistol on the nightstand beside her bed, as a columnist reported. But she does have the biggest Great Dane in Hollywood as her home bodyguard, and it is a present from her new husband, Gene Markey. The house where Gene took his gorgeous bride is not one of those elegant affairs. There is no swimming pool, no tennis court. In fact, there isn't a playroom—which is something Hedy had when she was renting her own home. There isn't even a guestroom—Mr. M. doesn't see much point in company hanging around, and do you blame him?



Seeing "Uncle" Carl Laemmle at a Hollywood event seems like old times. Charles Boyer, Annabella, and Laemmle add inscriptions to tableau for new theatre.



Hollywood Pavement

Continued from page 27

"Sure you have. I will see to that."

"Oh?"

"Where I'm staying."

"But I—I divorced you."

"Tell me something new. Still," tossing her a key, "you needn't get the jitters. I, significantly, 'have two rooms—and a couch in each—see?' He gave her the address. 'You'll have to hoof it. Haven't enough to buy you a taxi, and the street cars don't run that way. There's stuff in the pantry—in case you're hungry.'"

"Hungry? I haven't had a bite since last night."

"Help yourself to what you find." He turned to attend to a customer; added over his shoulder: "Be seeing you, kid."

She walked away; and the customer winked at Lester Donnelly. "That dame," he announced, "packs a whole lot of it. What about slipping me her telephone number?"

"What about a sock in the nose, punk?"

She had supper ready when he got home. He ate; made grumbling comment: "You never *could* cook."

"And you always kicked!"

"Mighty seldom. After all—and thank God!—you didn't cook often. Didn't have to. In those days I had a chef. Could have had half a dozen if I'd felt like it." He lit a cigarette. "Say—remember Ito, my Jap skillet-juggler? And that swell supper he fixed for us over at my Long Island place? First supper you and I had. Iced turtle soup—and chicken with an elegant gravy—and buckets of champagne. Remember?"

"I'd prefer not to think of it," she replied bitterly.

But she did think of it. Indeed, she thought of it frequently; recalled that August evening when she had faced him in his office on Forty-fourth Street—and he had pulled at his limp collar, had said to her: "It's nice and cool over to my place at Bayside. What about it, kid?"

The scene came back to her as if it had happened yesterday—no!—were happening today. She saw herself as the Gwen Mapleson of those days. So young. Dreaming of fame, the stage, in terms of high romance. And she saw Lester Donnelly of those days. Young, too. Tough East-side Irish. Not much education. But already the wonderboy of Broadway who had battled his way to the front, as playwright, director, producer. Taking New York as his theme. Always New York. Its sidewalks and gutters. Its broad comedy. Its stark drama. A realist—that's what he was—a realist,

straight through. A realist too, in life. He knew what he wanted of life. Took it with the power of his two hands. Hands that were large, hairy, muscular, intensely masculine—the finger of his left playing with the top of the gold fountain pen that protruded from his breast pocket.

Lester Donnelly—she considered, looking at him, then looking beyond him, through the window, at the stammering lights of Broadway—had signed many a theatrical contract with that pen. And she thought of Mignon Lafarge—and of the spiced, gliding tittle-tattle around the stage doors, the property rooms, the white-tiled dairy lunches about Forty-second.

Well—what of it? Mignon Lafarge had stepped with seven-league boots from a tiny speaking bit to a stellar rôle. Over yonder, at the corner of Thirty-Ninth, her name jutted out from the pinchback Venetian stucco of the Coliseum Theatre in a huge, electric signboard, blue, green, scarlet, hiccupping through the sooty dusk, leering, rather tragic—and successful. Mignon had talent. True. But her own talent was greater. Mignon was pretty. But she herself was prettier. And there was still this same Lester Donnelly who—she smiled wryly at her own pun—could make an actress in more ways than one; who repeated now: "What about it, kid?"

She did not reply. He opened the door. They left the office; went out on the street where his roadster was parked at

Swing drummer Gene Krupa gives Una Merkel "six easy lessons" on how it's done. Left, first he shows his pupil how to hold the brushes, above; next step is to bang away, in rhythm of course, while tapping the bass drum with foot.

the curb. There was not a breath of air. Even now, close to midnight, heat waves were still surging up from the spongy asphalt.

"Cool over on Long Island." He said as he slid behind the wheel of the car. "Coming, kid?"

She hesitated; he continued, insistent: "You phoned me!"

"I know."

Half an hour earlier, she had called him up. "Vanderbilt 3-7339? May I speak to Mr. Donnelly?"

"This is Donnelly. Oh," he had recognized her voice immediately—"hullo, Miss Mapleson! Thought over what I told you this morning? That's the baby doll! Come around to my office."

Rapidly she had changed her dress; then, on the upper landing, had stopped for a second, leaning over the baluster. There had been a little draft rising from below, a faint whir of air. But it had been thick with the gluey odors of the cheap theatrical boardinghouse drifting from the basement kitchen: sour milk, greasy coffee, mushy berries. Too, voices had brushed up—querulous, petulant. Rose O'Halloran,

The swing maestro tells Una to go to it, and try letting her hands fly over traps and drums. She proceeds to get sticks and brushes mixed up. "You're strictly off the cob," cries Gene, pulling out his hair. "Why you couldn't even ring doorbells that way."





Above, he goes into one of his "sending" spasms. Now Gene's in the groove! "Must I wear that expression, too?" asks Una. Right, he puts his arms around her (oh, oh, at last a break for Krupa) and shows her how to hold the drumsticks.

the "heavy" from the burlesque, had bawled out the landlady who had given her measure for full measure. On the floor below, the married Thespians, who were always behind with the rent, had been indulging in their nightly, conjugal row. She remembered what Lester Donnelly had said to her that morning: "What experience have you had?"

"A year in stock. A year on the road—Number Two companies."

"Ingénue, I guess?"

"Yes, sir."

"Broadway?"

"Last year. A bit. In 'Roulette.'"

"I recall. Flop. And since then?"

"Nothing. I've looked everywhere. But—" A pause. She had exclaimed, with a rush, a throwing-to-the-wind of restraint. "I need a job, Mr. Donnelly! I need it—oh—so badly!"

"That's what they all say." He had lit a cigarette; had continued slowly: "There's my new play. Starting rehearsals next month. It's sure-fire. Calling it 'New York Pavement.' And there's a part I might give you. Only—"

"Only what?" she had asked eagerly.

"It isn't ingénue bilge. It's emotional. Honest-to-God passion—see?"

"Even so—I know I can do it!"

Almost arrogantly she had said it. For, at the root of her brain, was the conviction that she had supreme ability, that sooner or later, given the right entering wedge, she could make theatrical history. There was about her—and, for a season or two, Broadway came to acknowledge it—a sort of vibrant vivacity, a deep response to everything that was going on about her, which, translated into stage technique, meant acting, real acting. And, underlying this vivacity, was there a selfishness that, though at times curiously passive, was none the less puissant, was destined to be both her triumph and her cross, since, for the sake of her ambition, she was willing to sacrifice everything, everybody, including herself?

She had stared at Lester Donnelly with shining eyes; had repeated: "I know I can do it! I'm sure of it."

"I'm not."

"Try me out—please—and—"

"I'm wise to the theatrical game," he had interrupted. "It's hoke—most of it. But there's one thing where hoke doesn't go. Know what it is?"

"Well?"

"Passion. To put passion across, you've got to feel it."

"Naturally. And, as an actress, I can—"

"Bunk! Feel it yourself, I mean. Away

from the stage. In your own soul and body. You can't fake it. You've got to know what it is." He had smiled a lop-sided smile. "Get the idea?"

She had not replied; and, after a while, he had added: "That's off my chest, kid. And now—I've a raft of work to do. Think it over. I'll be here till midnight. Give me a ring—if you want that part."

Her brain in a daze, yet perhaps already subconsciously resolved, she had left, had gone down into Broadway—gaunt and glaring in the August sun—showing a mawkish, tawdry face through the gossamer veil of heat and dust.

So, that night, she had telephoned to him; and he had just reminded her of it: "You phoned me!"

All at once she acted as she had known straight along she would. She stepped into the car. He drove swiftly; and, presently, they were across the bridge. Steadily it became cooler. Over her shoulder she could see the lights of the city winking and threatening. Heat back yonder—despair—failure. And what she was after was success and fame. For this she was ready to—what were the trite, melodramatic old words?—oh yes—to pay the price.

She sobbed; a little in shame, a little in self-pity, and a little—perhaps—theatrically.

"What's biting you?" he inquired, without looking up.

She sobbed more loudly—and he stopped the car. He put an arm about her waist, fondled her throat. She edged away from him; and he exclaimed: "Say—you carry on as if this was the first time you—"

"It—" in a slurred, wiped-over contralto—"it is."

"For cryin' out loud—you mean you're—?"

Her tears were an affirmative answer; and he whistled softly.

"Okay," he announced suddenly. "I'll go the whole hog. I'll marry you—if that's how it is." He stepped on the gas; swerved the car away from the main road. "I know a Holy John the other side of Douglaston who'll marry us."

An hour later, man and wife, they were off again toward Bayside. Another fifteen minutes—and a glitter of silver and white and pale-gold, the ocean rising to the moon's beckoning finger; then a shadowy outline pierced with lemon, where lights gleamed behind windows.

"That's one on me," he remarked with a laugh.

"What is?"

"I thought, back at the office, I'd picked me a swell little week-end dame—and here I'm coming home with a wife." He paused; demanded rather severely: "Why, if you're so straight, were you willing to—?"



Finally the star pupil begins to see the light and "goes into the groove." "That's the way to do it! You're a real hep-cat now and plenty solid," smiles Gene, who is proud of his pupil. "Very, very simple. I knew I could do it all the time," says Una.

"I'm ambitious." Her voice was hard.

"You mean—no other reason?"

"What other reason can there be?"

"Perhaps—oh—you kind of liked me—"

She was silent. He swung the machine to the left. The shadowy outline sharpened to the silhouette of a house.

"Here's your new home, Mrs. D." He brought the car to a stop. "Listen!" as he helped her down. "I guess you're sore at me, the way I—well—tried to take advantage of you. And yet—you know—I fell for you, like a ton of bricks, the second I saw you. And—say—you won't be sorry. I'll have you the greatest little actress on Broadway." He ran up the porch steps. The door was opened by a smiling, diminutive Japanese. "I've got me a wife, Ito. Fix us a wedding supper—and put plenty of champagne on ice."

Champagne it was. And, over the rim of her glass, Gwen looked at Lester and considered how she had detested him before; detested him more now that he had made her his wife. "Getting late," he suggested.

She followed him upstairs. And, at that moment, as she thought of him, of herself, instinctively the artist in her rose to the surface. Passion—Lester had told her—could not be faked. Already she was beginning to feel it: a searing passion of hatred against this man who was opening the bedroom door. Already—always the actress—she was beginning to dissect her own emotions as they surged through her soul. And out of this hate, using it to help her with the portrayal of a like hate on the stage, she succeeded phenomenally two months later, when she played the part of *Annie Wilson* in Lester's drama "New York Pavement." Chiefly in that famous scene where *Annie Wilson* comes face to face with her former lover—her sudden, blistering outburst—the quick, staccato curtain—and, to use Walter Winchell's glowing tribute in the morning paper: "Orchids to Gwen. To the new Goddess who has come amongst the Saints of Broadway."

The play could have run a year. But Lester closed it shortly after Christmas. "You've made a hit in a melodrama," he explained to her. "Now, before the public makes up its fool mind that all you can do is the sultry stuff, I'll launch you in a comedy. It'll be a wow. And so'll you be a wow—if you mind me. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise—?"

"You'll flop! I'm not saying you aren't gifted. But you've a hell of a lot to learn—and I'm the boy to teach you."

She did not argue. She admitted to herself that he was right. But—she thought—after a while she would know everything he had to give. And then—

"Something else!" he went on, as if reading her thoughts. "You'll never be able to stand on your own."

"Oh?"

"Not quite on your own. Because you're an actress. And every actress has to strut her stuff—for somebody."

"Of course. For the public."

"No. For one human being. I happen to be that one human being in your case—see?"

She hid a smile. He said: "I've finished the first act of my new play. I'll start rehearsing you in it tomorrow."

He was not an easy taskmaster. He would rehearse her till three or four in the morning, on the drafty, empty stage or in the town apartment which he had taken, making her go over the same scene, the same lines, the same stage "business," for the hundredth time, until she could have screamed with rage and fatigue. When she objected, protested, cried, he would tell her: "Didn't I promise to make you great? I'll keep my promise. Now then—cue! 'George, let me tell you—' Cue! Snap into it!"



"Family Reunion" offers chance to see them together again, if you liked them in "Four Daughters." Lola and Rosemary Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Gale Page, Priscilla Lane.

She was furious. She clenched her fists—and obeyed. She thought of the time when he would have taught her all that he had to teach; when she would be able to stand on her own two feet; would leave him flat. Revenge! But—she reflected, almost in the same breath—would it be revenge? Why, he wouldn't give a damn if she walked out of his life. She meant nothing to him—nothing, at least, that any other pretty young girl couldn't supply. And he'd find such another quickly enough. Some little actress. He was a realist, hard-boiled, with no sentimental fringes. There was not a single chink in his armor which a shaft could penetrate.

And then, suddenly, one evening, she discovered that there was a chink. It happened while they were in the apartment, rehearsing a scene in the second act of his new play. "The Approximate Spinster" he had called it.

"You're a lousy actress," he yelled at her. "You aren't supposed to be the sort of dried-up New England maiden-lady who suffers from moral chilblains and constipated desires. This dame—the way I wrote her—is a mighty funny proposition. She's got to have enthusiasm and strength and passion. But enthusiasm without warmth—strength without energy—passion without love. See what I mean?"

Her lips curled. "Passion without love," she echoed. "You know all about that, don't you?"

He had been sitting in the shadow-blotted corner of the room. Now he rose; loomed up, in the yellow circle of the ceiling-lamp—tall, swarthy, saturnine. He stared at her for a long time, without speaking, a frown wrinkling his forehead. "Think so?" he retorted finally.

"Know so!"

"Well—there's one hell of a lot you *don't* know—about *me*." He crossed over and came nearer to her.

"Listen, Gwen—"

"Yes?"

"Remember last August? when we . . . ?"

"Of course I remember. How," ironically, "can I forget our wedding night?"

"Will you let me finish! Told you last August—didn't I?—that I'd fallen for you like a ton of bricks?"

"You were always so romantic, Lester! It's your chief charm."

"Romantic—my foot! The truth is never romantic. And the truth is that I—" He slurred; was silent. She smiled triumphantly. For, right then, straight through his clumsy words, his clumsy pauses, she had perceived how it was with him; had looked deep down into his twisted, dark-smouldering soul; had discovered that—oh yes!—he loved her, really loved her.

Had he fallen in love with her on that sweltering August night in his office? Or had love come to him later, gradually, in the months of their marriage? It did not matter. Nothing mattered except the fact of his love—the fact, too, that, at this moment, she was tasting the first sweet fruit of revenge. She yawned. "Let's go on with the rehearsal," she drawled.

"Forget the rehearsal! There's a couple of things I want to tell you."

"About—?"

"You—and me—and life."

"Life," she announced, picking up the typewritten play sheets, "is for the stage, for acting—not for living."

"That's a damned good line," he exclaimed. "Maybe I'll use it in the third act—just before the curtain. Thanks a million, kid."

He laughed. But she noticed the expression of pain that flitted across his face. Again she tasted the sweet fruit of revenge; and, before the year was out, tasted it to the full. By this time she was positive that he loved her—madly. By this time she was positive, furthermore, that he had nothing else to teach her. "The Approximate Spinster" had been launched and achieved a great success, the lion's share of the acclaim going not to Lester, the writer and producer, but to her; and Alexander Woollcott had said of her: "There has been no such acting on the American stage since the days of the immortal Mrs. Fiske. Acting, it is, conceived and executed with a perfect sense

effect and perfect mastery over her emotion, Miss Mapleson, at moments, rises to Olympian heights."

At the end of the Broadway season, the play had been booked for a long Chicago run. She was there now, while Lester had remained in New York, busy on a new drama for her; and, one night, she sent him a telegram. It was short and pithy: "Am bringing suit for divorce hope you won't mind (signed) Gwen."

His reply was just as pithy: "That's jake by me go to it kid. (signed) Lester."

But, on that evening, he walked over to the Shepherds' Club on Forty-Fourth Street. He went to the small upstairs room; called to the steward: "Rye straight! Get a move on!"

It was after Lester's tenth rye straight that an actor, who had looked in on him a few seconds earlier, gave a start as he heard a sound of crashing glass followed by a terrible, shivering howl like a caged tiger's. He sighed; turned to an English colleague and remarked: "Lester Donnelly's back at the stuff."

"What?"
"Booze. Liquor. The flowing bowl."
"Oh—did he ever?"
"Didn't he, though! Used to have the prettiest thirst in Christendom. Swore off. Wonder what got him going on the stuff again."

The end, drab, prosy, came early the next season. It had been discounted beforehand and did not cause more than a passing ripple of sensation. There were just a few lines in the morning papers that Lester Donnelly had been declared bankrupt; a columnist's ghoulish, malicious and quite truthful comment anent his rise and fall and disappearance from New York; and, about four weeks later, the philosophic musings of the grizzled old doorman at Donnelly's Theatre, recently rechristened The Atheneum.

"Sure," he said to a reporter, "Donnelly never could stand the hard stuff. No, sir! He was never the one to stand it. They come and go—on Broadway. Hey? Miss Mapleson? I'll find out if she can see you."

So, the next day, there was in an interview with Miss Gwen Mapleson: "who, in the future, is going to produce her own plays and, doubtless, will brilliantly make the grade."

A wrong prophecy, as it turned out. Her first play failed—at least financially. She had chosen it herself and wrongly chosen. It was one of those wire-drawn, social dramas which, the backwash of an attenuated Ibsenism and top-heavy with a mass of coiling, involute psychology, appealed only to the class that is referred to on Broadway as the "carriage trade" and to the apostles of Washington Square culture.

Though it was not box office, it had a certain artistic success, while her second venture had not even that. It closed within a week; and, to show the reason, we might quote what Clara Bullitt, the famous retired tragedienne, said to Norman Grier who, thirty years earlier, had been her leading man. "The play wasn't bad," she told him. "But there's an unfathomable something missing in the Mapleson girl. Something—oh—"

"You mean clear enunciation—that sort of thing?"

"No. Something negative. May I be illogical?"

"Rather, old dear. You're a woman—aren't you?"

"Thank God! You see—I mean—Gwen Mapleson isn't sure of herself. And, knowing that she isn't, she's *too* sure behind the footlights. She—oh—acts for herself, for her own applause. Not for people. What she needs is—somebody." Clara Bullitt smiled. "As I've always needed you, darling!"

That's what, if much more brutally, Sid Wolsky, the old-time producer, said to Gwen when she came to him, asking for a loan, since she had spent all her own money.

"I've a new play, Mr. Wolsky," she began. "I need twenty thousand dollars to put it on."

"Nothing doing, sweetheart."

"It's a peach of a play." She gave him

the title. "It ran for a year in London."

"I know."

"Then—why won't you?"

"Don't feel like it."

"I'll give you a fair cut. Forty percent."

"Wouldn't do it for ninety. Not with you playing the lead."

"What's that?" She jumped up.

"Somebody had to tell you—and I guess I'm elected, sweetheart." He lit a fat, scarlet-and-gold-banded cigar. "You can't act for nuts—leastways not without Lester Donnelly showing you how, pulling the strings."

White with rage, she left Sid Wolsky's office. She called on other producers—to be told the same thing; politely and roundabout by some, crudely to the point by others.

Could they be right? Could it be true that Lester? No, no! It was just that she had had a couple of flops; that luck was dead against her. Could happen to anybody.

What she did not realize was that, while she had this golden vivacity, this deep response to everything which was going on about her, her selfishness stood in her way; forced her to take in without giving out, so that she was unable to project the result of her observations across the footlights. For she studied people with her brain, not with her emotional impulse. Nor did she know that, in the past, it was Lester who had supplied the emotional impulse—though it had been one of hate.

This hate grew, in retrospect, as she recognized her inability to raise the money. Of course parts were offered her. Ingénue parts—since she was young and exceedingly pretty. But she turned them down. She would not play second fiddle. She was a star; had tasted the heady wine of adulation.

She sold her jewels—jewels that Lester had given her—to pay for her living expenses; and, finally, at her rope's end, she thought of Hollywood. Thought of it with a certain derision. Hollywood! The screen! Wooden posturings! Jerking, uninspired marionettes!

Still—Hollywood it would have to be. She'd sign a fat contract. She'd live simply and save like mad. Presently she'd return to New York—with a wad. She'd go straight back on the legitimate stage. And then she'd show Sid Wolsky! She'd show the carping critics! She'd show all Broadway—and Flatbush and Brooklyn, too!

So, with her last few hundred dollars, she went to the Coast, put up at a small Vine Street hotel. And she discovered, in the course of the first three months, that, though Hollywood did remember—and extravagantly pay for—the successes of the Great White Way, it also remembered—and most decidedly refused to pay for—its failures. That's what she was!—one of the failures—in spite of her youth, her beauty, her former triumphs. And Hollywood demonstrated its contempt for those who had fallen by the wayside with a chilly, sadistic cruelty that was alien to the sloppy, kindly, live-and-let-live philosophy of Broadway.

Broadway—loyal to those who had once amused it—would not have let her starve; had, at least, offered her ingénue parts. Hollywood offered her nothing; did not give a tinker's curse whether she lived or died. She was not even permitted to present her case in person to producer or director; was turned over to youthful assistants, recently promoted from the rank of office-boy, who would yawn in her face and tell her: "See the Central Casting people. They are the guys who do all the hiring of the extras."

Only once was she granted an interview with a producer: Sam Kerkovitz of the



Co-stars of "The Old Maid," Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, with George Brent, wearing quaint costumes of the 70's, the period in which the picture is laid.

Colossal-O'Shea Corporation. She wrote him a letter in which she explained what she was after, and he made a date with her by return mail. A few years earlier, he had been the assistant stage manager at the first play which Lester had written for her. She recalled him as young, thin, shy, bespectacled—and so terribly serious and so esthetic, always poring over high-brow books behind the wings.

She found him in a cigar-flavored office whose decorations were more Spanish than anything that had ever come out of Spain. Spanish, also, was his lately discovered ancestry—indeed, he dropped hints here and there that his real name was Manuel de Cercovici. He was still thin and bespectacled. But he was no longer either shy or esthetic. Gross he seemed to her, physically as well as spiritually; surfeited with success. He did not get up when she entered, nor did he invite her to take a seat.

"What," he inquired, "can I do for you, Miss Mapleson?"

"I—why—I wrote you at length. I am anxious to get into the motion picture business and—"

"That's so," he interrupted. "You did write me. Well—not a chance for you with this outfit. Mind closing the door as you go out?"

"You—" she stared at him in utter amazement—"you mean?"

"What I said."

"Then why—" she stammered—"why did you ask me to come here?"

"I'll tell you." He smiled. "Remember once, during the run of 'New York Pavement,' when you blew me up because I'd forgotten some stage prop or other? Called me—" he flushed at the recollection—"a dumb little kike?"

"I—oh—I'd forgotten!"

"I haven't. Still, I feel sorry for you. You look sort of seedy. Here—catch!" And he opened a swollen wallet, took out a hundred-dollar bill and tossed it on the desk.

She left it there. And, almost, half an hour later, she wished that she had pocketed both her pride and his money. For, when she returned to her hotel and demanded her key, the desk clerk shook his head.

"Two weeks' credit," he informed her, "is our maximum. Rule of the house."

"But—my things—all my clothes—"

"Will be perfectly safe here—until you've settled your little bill!"

That's what had happened to her earlier in the day. She had gone for an aimless stroll down Sunset Boulevard. She had been hungry, in despair, not knowing where to turn or what to do next. And then she had run across Lester Donnelly. She had given him, in the last half hour, a sketchy resume of her life since their divorce; and he commented again, as he had this afternoon in front of his newsstand: "Started on your own—and flopped on your own—eh?"

She did not reply; exclaimed after a while: "That Sid Wolsky! The nerve of him! Telling me I can't act—not for—oh—not for nuts!"

"I guess the old bozo exaggerated a little."

"A—little?"

"Okay, kid. A whole lot. You've got ability. Sure. Only—mentioned it once, didn't I?—every actress has to strut her stuff—for somebody."

"I know!" she cut in impatiently, angrily. "For you! That's just what Sid told me—and Max Gordon—and George Cohan—and—"

"Must be something to it—since all Broadway agrees."

"Oh—shut up!"

He grinned. He went to the kitchenette and busied himself over the gas stove.

"Got to brew me some fresh java. That stuff you perpetrated tasted like hog-wash. I like decent coffee. That's one thing Ito could make to perfection."

"I don't want to be reminded of Ito."

"Nor, for that matter, do I."

The coffee came to a boil. He had a cup. So did she. He offered cigarettes. "Smoke?"

"Thanks."

He fumbled about for matches; found none. She opened her purse and took out a lighter. He looked at it closely. It was a beautiful platinum one, exquisitely chiseled and set with three small, perfect emeralds.

"Isn't that the gadget you admired in Tiffany's window—the day before you went to Chicago?"

"Yes—" rather grumpily.

"The last present I gave you—eh?" He paused. "I thought you'd sold all your jewels."

"Not this one. You see—" clumsily, searching for words—"lighters come in handy. One forgets matches. Can't find them—as you did just now. You—you know how it is."

"Sure—" slowly—"Of course I know how it is."

She looked away from him. "Stuffy in here," she remarked.

"Go for a little walk? There's a park not far off."

They found it; found a bench; sat down. It was very dark.

"Life," he said suddenly, "is a lousy mess."

"Don't I know it!"

"I wasn't speaking of your life. I was speaking of mine. Here, these last six months or so, I've been quite happy and contented—selling newspapers—being a nobody—getting my nose full whenever I had the dough. And now you've got to come butting in!"

"I didn't look for you!"

"You found me! Same thing. And now it's up to me to get back into harness. I've got to swear off liquor and start to write plays—produce them—star you in them—"

"Got to?" She flared up. "I don't see why."

"You were my wife once, weren't you? Can't afford to have a failure for—oh—former wife." He took out a cigarette; borrowed her lighter. He flicked the little wheel; and, momentarily, in the ruddy spurt of the flame, his face stood out tense, sharply drawn. "And the worst of it is that it can't be Broadway. Not right away. I'll have to start you here—in Hollywood—on the screen."

"Why?"

"Because Hollywood has treated you shabby, gave you the runaround. Well—" he laughed rather wildly—"I'll show 'em. I still know how to write, how to produce and direct. I could do it for Broadway—and I can do it for this measly dump. And I'll make you act—for me!"

"Oh no!"

"Oh yes! You'll do what I tell you. You'll be a star—and with the biggest outfit in Hollywood—the Colossal-O'Shea Corporation. Just wait till we flash our first electric signboard on Hollywood Boulevard." He gesticulated; declaimed loudly: "*Lester Donnelly presents Gwen Mapleson in—*"

"Aren't you forgetting one thing?" she interrupted.

"What?"

"You're a failure yourself—and Hollywood has no use for failures. Won't give them a second chance. So how are you going to—"

"I know how." Again he laughed, not wildly, but triumphantly. "I've figured it all out. Listen, kid—"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN AUGUST]

Errol Flynn

Continued from page 63

pants of the period (the clothes he wore in the picture) Errol chummed with the fans from morning to night, just as if they were all old buddies of his—and loved it. Where I ever got the idea that he isn't one of the people, I don't know. Why, he gabbed and dished with the Press, made pretty talk to the Kansas girls, swapped yarns with the Governors, and was the Man of the Hour in Dodge City. I wonder if the Gables, the Taylors, the Eddys, the Montgomerys, the Cagneys, and the Boyers could have put up with Errol's routine and come out of it as gay and chipper as he did?

Look it over, boys. He was up that morning at 6:30 so he could take a canter on his new black horse, which is his most treasured possession, and which was brought along for him to ride in the parade and rodeo. But if he was up early, the fans had made it even earlier. So instead of a canter across



Bob Watson plays pud to Lionel Barrymore's GRAMP in "On Borrowed Time."

the plains he posed for candid camera pictures, signed autographs, and told the kids about Hollywood. At ten o'clock he was "officially" received by the mayor of the town and had to make three different speeches. More autographs, more handshakes, more candid cameras. At noon he walked over to the leading hotel where he had luncheon with the Governor of Kansas and five hundred guests. Then for an hour he rode his horse in the parade that wound round the streets of Dodge City, out to Boot Hill Cemetery, back to notorious Front Street. From there on to the Fair Grounds where he took part in the rodeo by giving an exhibition ride, and made a Kansas bride the most thrilled girl in the world by acting as her husband's best man in the wedding ceremony. After he kissed the bride, he wouldn't forget that, he had to dash to the local radio station to take part in a national broadcast which described the gay doings in historic Dodge City.

Was Mr. Flynn beginning to get a bit tired? Was he kind of hoping for a cold shower and a glass of beer? Was he getting a little surly? After all he is one of the leading stars in Hollywood, and doesn't have to put up with any of that pushing around! But not Errol Flynn. From the broadcast, with kids scrambling all over him, he went to the chuckwagon dinner and made a speech that had the Kansans cheering. By then it was time for the premiere, so with only a few moments off to wash up and comb back his hair, Errol was once more out in the mobs on his way to make three personal appearances at the three theatres which were showing "Dodge City."

At midnight he begged one of the public-men with him to take him to some quiet

out on the outskirts of the town for a cup of coffee and a bite to eat. It seems that in the excitement he had failed to eat all day. They chose a hamburger joint in a quiet street and Errol settled down at a table in the corner and stretched out his long legs. "Boy, am I tired," he sighed. "Bring on some hamburgers!" But Dodge City didn't expect to let Errol out of anything. Hardly had he buried his face in a hamburger with his eyes closed when a big colored mammy behind the counter shouted at the top of her lungs, "Lawd bless mah soul, if there ain't that great actor Mistuh Errol Flynn! Ladies and gentlemen, Mistuh Errol Flynn!" Well, the boys and girls who were hanging around the joint gave a western yell for Mr. Flynn, and the next thing he knew he was being pushed up on the counter where he honored Mammy and her guests not only with a speech but threw in a couple of cowboy songs. Say, I'm all worn out just telling about it. Think how Errol must have felt. But a little thing like being worn to a frazzle didn't upset Errol at all. He found a couple of old guys there who had been



Loretta Young, whose hats are always smart, wearing a bonnet-shaped one.

early settlers in Dodge City and though every bone in his body was screaming for Errol sat there for hours, feet on table, hair hanging down over one eye, and whined about the Old West. I've discovered that to be the most typical of the Flynn traits—when he gets to chewing the rag with people he's interested in he loses all sense of time. That's the reason you never know in Hollywood whether Errol is going to arrive two minutes late for an appointment or two days late. It just depends on the people he's found to gab with.

One time he found an old sea captain in a mangy little restaurant down on the waterfront and he and the captain discussed little-known islands in the South Seas for nearly forty-eight hours. Errol returned to the studio, blithely announced that he wasn't going to make his next picture, that he was leaving for the South Seas immediately. Fortunately for his studio, Errol can usually be made to change his mind when his first enthusiasm wears off. On one of his pictures production was held up for several days while Errol discussed buried gold with a half-cracked desert rat.

White tie and tails or smelly leather jacket Errol, I found out on that famous Kansas clambake, is much more "of the earth earthy" than any of those muchly publicized homespun philosophers. Errol has more real understanding of people in his little finger than they have in their entire bombastic bodies. His simplicity, unlike theirs, isn't an act. It's the real thing. He practices, what they preach (for money).

Well, bless mah soul, how Ah do go on about Mistuh Errol Flynn! Folks'll be suspectin' Ah's crazy about him. (Don't tell him or there'll be a hair-pulling match.

What Loretta Young Tells Her Kid Sister

Continued from page 25

of gorgeous clothes, and a big car, and boy-friends being bowled over by the dozens. She doesn't see that it sums up differently. I have all the clothes I want, yes. I have a town car, and I have had my romantic moments, but it isn't long after you've been working in pictures until you understand that, mostly, it's the work that is important. Luxuries won't thrill you permanently. The fame part is flattering, but as soon as you look about you understand how precarious and how temporary success in Hollywood is. But if she really loves to act, as I do, she'll not regret her step."

I said, recalling how hectic Loretta's own life had become when she walked so confidently into the dangers and complications that make up a Hollywood life, recalling how genuinely devoted to Georgie she has always been, "Then what *are* you advising her to do, and *not* to do? Surely she can profit by your experience." And I was thinking of how Loretta, thrust into the spotlight prematurely, had fallen in love with a good-looking actor, when they were cast opposite one another. She was seventeen by then, and the airplane elopement seemed the only answer. Her mother's heart very nearly broke at that impulsiveness. And I thought of how, after a year of desperately attempting to patch romance with stern realities, Loretta had gotten her divorce and had rejoined her family and built this home for them. I remembered those months when she was ill from overwork, from overstrain.

"But she can't profit very much from my experience," replied Loretta. That is one of those splendid, impossible theories. You can pay attention to good and bad examples, but every girl has to learn for herself—from her own choice. I don't want her to make the mistakes I made, so I'll tell her about them as she matures and is apt to meet the same situations. If I'd listened to the excellent advice I received I'd have saved myself so many unhappy times. But I didn't, I was headstrong, and I won't forget that.

"So how then," asked Loretta, "can I honestly expect her to follow any system I could map out for her? Why, she's so much like I was! I try to be as sympathetic as I can. I'm emotional myself, I've acquired some logic through the growing-up process; but I still don't like to be bossed. I still have to be influenced subtly. I try to remember this is true of Georgie, too. But first, she is not my child and I have no real jurisdiction over her. She's mama's child, and mama is a very wise and firm mother. I'm not the one to decide when she will have dates and with whom, any more than I was the one to decide on whether she could try pictures. I can only tell her things I've found out, things which may benefit her. I don't give her speeches on how to distinguish the glitter from the phony in Hollywood, for she would be bored, at her age. She'll discover what is sincerely worthwhile as soon as she begins to work steadily. She'll discover for herself how much pure luck counts in Hollywood, a pretty frightening discovery. She'll learn that being an actress means having your heart hammered, that she'll pay back for her 'glory,' her glamor, her big salary. Everybody she'll touch will be front page, which isn't at all what you want when the papers begin distorting facts. Yet she will meet brilliant people. It's too hard a fight for what you get out of it, for most girls. I

happened to stand it, find the work and the money worth the drawbacks. Because I have a family I adore, and enough friends.

"Georgie will have to learn for herself that the only way to rise above bad pictures is to just weather them. She'll be typed, maybe. She'll have to do fourteen pictures in a year as I did, maybe. She'll have to battle through confusion and doubt and learn to trust her intuition, as I did. And none of us here at home, even though we love her, can do this for her. If she is temporarily carried away with her illusions of prominence, as I'm afraid I was once, I'll do what my older sisters did to me: I came home, elegantly, to bump into a tremendous gold star pasted on the door to my bedroom. Each member of the family greeted me with, 'Welcome home, Star!' Yes," she laughed, "that cure worked! You don't grow spoiled when you have a family with a sense of humor, so I don't believe Georgie will go snob on us.

"I felt I wasn't beginning to live until I was working, standing on my own. Evidently Georgie feels this way, too. I didn't encourage her to; I had three sound reasons why I didn't want her to go into pictures at her age, even though I did begin a year younger myself. First, I can foresee the criticism she'll have to take, and it's tougher when you are young and so terribly sensitive. By choosing Hollywood she is letting herself in for cruel jabs. She's already had a faint taste; she asked me not to send the big car to school for her. They make wisecracks because I am her sister! If she climbs in Hollywood she'll be envied, and this will be far worse than bridge-table chatter. This kind of gossip we get here can menace both our reputations as women and our careers, and it is so unfair because an actress cannot strike back at either the vague scandal-mongers or the professional gossipers. Then, there is no need for Georgie to go to work yet. I planned to send her to college. I'd promised her a trip to Europe afterwards. If she were older when she began here she would have had years of fun without any extraordinary responsibilities, without any of the disillusionments you rate when you jump into competition with adults who suppose you can watch out for yourself. She would have had an easier adjustment to the way life is. I don't mean to be cynical; I'm not! I believe, absolutely, that we all eventually get just what we deserve. But we have to protect ourselves in certain environments, against certain sorts of people, particularly when we come up against competition as fierce as it is in Hollywood. And then," added Loretta, "I don't think pictures are as easy for an untrained novice as when I began. I don't think she needs stage training; too many of us got along without it. But today Hollywood is no longer a lark. Today it is big business, and an actress must know exactly how to play her rôle. Georgie will have to study extra hard.

"She splurged with her first pay-check. But I wasn't surprised. The excitement in a contract comes from the acting they let you do, not from the money you receive. Anyway, money doesn't mean a thing to her. She's been raised in the lap of luxury. I wasn't, though. Still, money has only meant comfort and security to me. I've never felt splashy with it. Mama has always handled our expenses and investments. One of mama's favorite tales is about how, after I'd been working for six months, I came to her so upset. 'I have to have some money,' I cried, 'but you mustn't ask me why. I just have to have it!' She replied, 'Why, all right; how much do you want?' I braced myself, and proclaimed, 'Three dollars!' I guess I'd borrowed some change and had to repay



Jane Withers and George Ernest in a scene from "Boy Friend." Have you noticed that Jane's losing that little-girl look and becoming a streamlined siren? She lost twelve pounds.

it." Georgie spent her first week's salary on three imported handkerchiefs for Loretta, on a fine dress for Judy, Loretta's adopted baby daughter, and then shot \$25 on perfume for their mother.

After Georgie completed her bit with the Durbin troupe, astute David Selznick approached Loretta. "I think she is a bet," he declared. "I want to put her under long-term contract. I probably won't cast her in anything until she's older, but I want to have her tied up for then."

Knowing Georgie could be under no fairer employer, Loretta acceded to his offer. Georgie had romantically whipped up the name 'Ann Royal' while with Deanna, but when she saw Loretta relishing she gladly resumed her sister's well-known last name. As a fan, Georgie had singled out Selznick, even idolized Mrs. Selznick, because of his carefully produced pictures. "So I told David," confessed Loretta, "what an effect he could have on her, how she worshipped his ability." Selznick since has loaned Georgie out once, to 20th Century-Fox to play Loretta's young sister in "Alexander Graham Bell." Then came the first career crisis! He considered her for the rôle of *Scarlett O'Hara's* young sister in "Gone With the Wind."

A week elapsed after Loretta heard the rôle had gone to someone else. "But I didn't hear it from Georgie; she hadn't said a word to me about it. I sensed how disappointed she must be. It must be very serious, I thought. Then something perfectly wonderful happened, something that has never happened to me all the time I've been in pictures. David Selznick wrote her a personal note explaining why she hadn't gotten that coveted rôle. He said it was from no disability on her part, but simply because she was taller than Vivian Leigh. 'But your height is no handicap for you,' he wrote. 'It only makes you lovelier to look at.' That was fine of him! I always had to read that someone else got the rôle I wanted, in the papers, and no one ever softened the blow.

"I saw Georgie attempting to write a letter soon after. I oversaw that she had begun: 'Dear Mr. Selznick.' I asked David if he received any reply from her; he said no. When I questioned her, she said she'd started a thank-you letter, but had torn it up because he was such a busy man he'd think her silly. I told her that everyone, no matter how busy, likes to be thanked. So she sat down and wrote another letter.

"Georgie is unsure of herself, as you'd imagine. But how unsure I was. I remember when I'd come within three blocks of the studio and have such a sinking feeling. I was doing my best, but it wasn't good enough. Now I realize fright is always due to nervousness.

"I've told Georgie always to be considerate of the hairdressers and wardrobe

people, to the cameramen and the electricians and the prop boys. It is so bad to ever be rude. I had the same crew for the past five years at 20th, worked with them constantly. They knew what I could do as well as I did, if I was up to par in each scene. I relied on them. And when I walked onto a set in the morning there was a warm, friendly feeling; I knew they were all my friends. When I decided to free-lance they all collected in my dressing-room and it was knowing I wouldn't be working with them that made me sad. My, how I'll miss that faithful gang! They like you or they don't, and they make no bones about it. I have to begin over again, with new crews now, and there is always animosity towards an actress they don't know, as I've told Georgie. They watch everything you do, and you can't turn on a routine cheerfulness because they can get it if you're faking. It is important to me," Loretta emphasized, "to work in a friendly atmosphere. I can't act, for instance, if the director doesn't like me. Luckily, only once has that happened. I've told her of that episode.

"You see," vowed Loretta, "you have to treat people differently. I don't like to fight, but there are those whom you have to squelch first or they'll have no respect for you at all. With others you look for the cause of their dislike for you. You may annoy them because you aren't doing your job correctly, or perhaps they don't like the way you do your hair. When I made my first talkie I not only was worried stiff about my voice, but I had an awful experience with a director. He just plain didn't like me, for no reason. He showed his dislike consistently and loudly and embarrassingly. Whatever I did was wrong. 'Do it again!' he'd shout at me. I'd grow completely flustered, and ask, 'But what's wrong? What do you want me to do instead?' You could hear pins drop on that set. 'I don't know what's the matter with you!' he'd roar. 'You're an actress. Do it right!' Everyone else on the set said not to mind him, but I'd come home and cry every night. Finally they reached my big scene in the picture. I had to cry hysterically. I had worked like a Trojan, but nothing was right. How I dreaded that day! And just as I suspected, he hit a new high in meanness. He made me do that hysterical scene over and over, sixteen times! He had a cane and at last he threw it down in a rage and yelled, 'Whoever told you you could act? You can't even pick up your feet!'

"Well," said Loretta, "at that I broke. For the only time I flew off the handle on a set. 'Whoever told you you were a director?' I shouted back at him. 'If you knew how to direct a mouse you wouldn't treat me this way! I never want to see you again, or your picture!' I went to my dressing-room and fell apart. I cried for hours. Then I came home, resolved that

was the end. Production did stop for three days. Then the producers, who were always kind to me, came to the house to inquire why I'd walked out. I told them. In my stupidity I announced I wouldn't return and finish the picture unless that director wrote me a letter of apology. It was stupid, you see, for I should never have put anyone on such a spot. You arouse hate if you humble people.

"I went back to work next day, I was so gracious, because he had penned me the note of apology, beginning it, 'Dear darling.' Three magazines, incidentally, gave me their award for the prize performance of the year on that picture. After the final shot he invited me to tea; my naïveté had won him! 'I don't know why I wrote you such a letter,' he began to say, 'for I admire you, and I'm sorry for my behavior.' I didn't realize, until he told me, that he had been sarcastic in his letter. In my sheer ignorance all I'd seen in his glowing words had been humility! But he would have killed my spirit if I hadn't reacted as I did, and Georgie may encounter just such problems. I was so emotionally disturbed I didn't care if I never appeared in another picture, and I might have ruined my future by my anger, too. So I've advised Georgie, 'When you feel you are not receiving the right direction, go to the director's office, quietly, and explain yourself. Don't get into a fight on the set. You have the privilege of some temperament, or else you wouldn't want to get up there and make all those faces for a camera; but be diplomatic. When you have to make a stand, do so calmly. It will be just as effective, and far safer.

"I won't let Georgie wear my clothes even if they do fit," said Loretta. "She'd look absurd in them. I won't loan her my furs now. She's too young."

I interrupted with, "What about make-up advice?"

"I've kept her from plucking her eye brows so far," she laughed. "Like all young girls, she wants to wear more make-up than she should. I certainly am not 'gilding' her. I tell her she doesn't need any make-up in the daytime, except lip stick if she's away from school. And if ever catch her made up ridiculously, believe me I'll be sure to make her wash her face!

"I was going dancing at her age, wearing high heels, and I was positive a man had to have chiseled features and be a smooth dancer. I grew up. Georgie will too. Now she has dates, but not unchaperoned. Either there are three or four couples, or my secretary or aunt goes along. She has ten or twelve girls and boys up here on week-end nights; they dance over at the bath house.

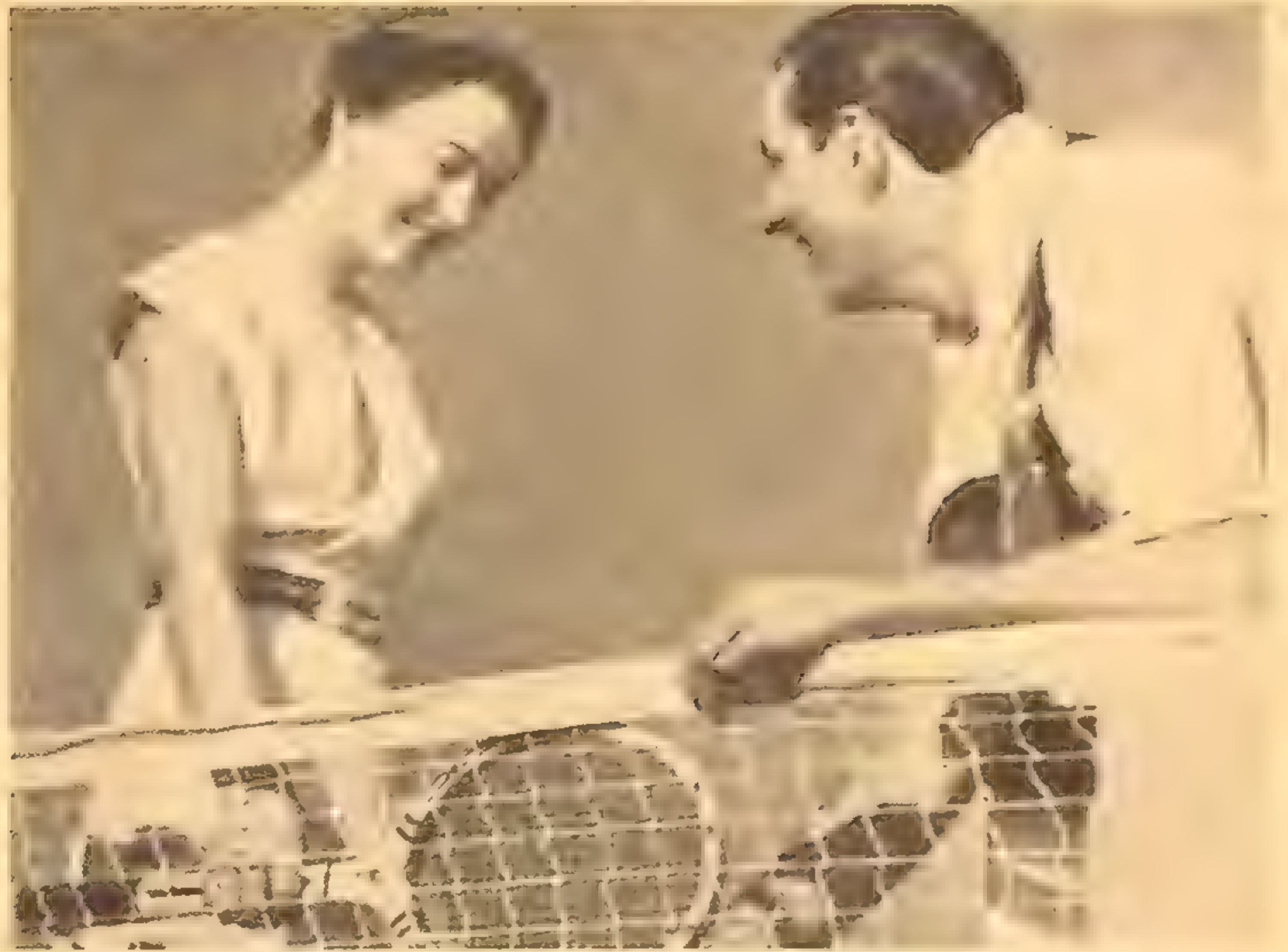
"The other night," smiled Loretta, "I had a date myself. We were going to see a last show and it was about 10:15. Two boys, about eighteen, rang the doorbell. I answered. 'Where's Georgie?' they inquired. 'We ran out of gas, and we were just passing by, and we thought she could help us.' This was a week night, and Georgie was in bed. 'What do you want her to do, get up and push you to a gas station?' I said. 'This is no time to be calling on a young lady!' We found the car was closer to the nearest gas station than it was to the house." Loretta is already beginning to put Georgie's too forward admirers right!

"I made a mistake when I married Loretta added seriously. "I wouldn't dream of attempting to use my influence when Georgie falls in love, though. Mama is logical and a reasoning woman and Georgie is her child. If she listens to mama's good judgment she'll never have experience the futility I felt when I stumbled upon the fact that romance and lasting love were two different things."

THEY *All Agree* ON TODAY'S NEW SKIN CARE



In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll, has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"



Montreal—The Hon. Ann Shaughnessy, daughter of the late Lord Shaughnessy. With English and American sportswomen, she cheers the new skin care—"skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream.



British and American Sportswomen CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*



Titled English Horsewoman—The Lady Cynthia Williams, daughter of the Earl of Guilford, often visits America—one of many British peeresses who praise the new skin care.



In Canada—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. " 'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"



A Roosevelt smiles from the spring-board! The former Anne Clark says: "Now that it's known 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health, it's great to have it in Pond's."



It's American to skate! Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington, often joins her friends at a private rink. She has always used Pond's to give make-up that **winning sparkle.**



In Britain, in Canada and in the United States, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Let the Stars Reveal Your Destiny

Continued from page 31

will attract the greatest happiness in love and marriage. Olivia further lives up to the Cancer character by being creative and artistic. Her chart also shows she will have a chance to either study music or to sing on the screen in the future.

Charles Laughton, that delightful rogue of the screen, is another Cancer-born star. Mr. Laughton's chart reveals that he will make several more pictures in England, and that he will have an opportunity to come to America again in two years' time to make other pictures. Lupe Velez, born on July 18th, is another Cancer type whose chart reflects the turbulence in love that has caused disturbances to so many people born in this Sign. Her marriage to Johnny Weissmuller ended because they were born under incompatible Signs. In reading Lupe several years ago, I was able to predict that separation. Then, last of all, there is Irene Dunne, born on July 14th, who has been able to avoid the heartaches that often come to this Sign, for Irene's marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin has been a notable success. Her chart reveals that she will continue on the screen for some time to come.

It can be seen by peering into the future for these screen favorites born in the Sign of Cancer, that there are really many startling changes in the coming months. If YOU were born in this Sign, get ready for immediate action, for you will have changes in the home, in business, and even in finances. If you are planning a romantic change at the present time, it might prove helpful to know which Signs in the Zodiac are considered the most compatible for Cancer-born. These are the Signs that are suitable for friendship, romance or marriage. Pisces, February 19 to March 20. (Franchot Tone is typical of this Sign.) Scorpio, October 23 to November 22, with John Boles and Hedy Lamarr as outstanding examples. Libra, September 23 to October 22, (Carole Lombard and Janet Gaynor are Libra-born.) Or Capricorn, December 22 to January 19. (Ray Milland and Kay Francis are Capricorn types.)

WHAT DOES THIS MONTH HOLD FOR YOU?

Naturally, for each and every person, no matter when the birthdate, there is a different fortune indicated by the planets for this month. Do the stars show a change in YOUR romantic destiny? Will you have good luck in your affairs? Will finances be better, and what about matters of health, travel, and business? The indications in the stars point out the mile-stones of life and we need but tune our ears to the higher cosmic radiations of the planets to learn how to chart our future destinies. Consult the section below that contains your birthdate, and let the information there help guide you to happiness and fulfillment.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

Be cautious during the first week of this month. Do not make changes in business without first being certain of another position. Finances will be better in the latter part of the month. A new romance may develop with someone you have just met and you may seriously consider marriage in the coming months. If married, do not act in haste if disturbances exist, as Mars is somewhat afflicted, and may cause you to act rashly. Good days for business, romance, travel, health: the 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 28th and 30th. Most of this month is favorable, but on adverse days beware of taking chances, and avoid extravagances or hasty action. The month ends on a more optimistic note and your

chances for financial betterment are vastly improved over what they were last month. Business may pick up, too.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

Venus, the planet ruling love brings you a decision that you may have to make in the love life at this time. A romance of long-standing may end in marriage for the planets favor home and romantic activities for the Taurus-born this month. Outstanding events in the social life may occur on the 4th, 15th, or 21st. The month is excellent for promotion, advertising, dealings with publishers, printers, authors and creative artists in all fields. Push all ideas of a creative nature, and attend to business, for the month may reveal hidden opportunities that could bring you a step closer to fame and fortune. The aspects are good for short or long journeys by land, also for changes in residence. The good days for promoting all personal affairs and business ventures are: 3rd, 6th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 16th, 19th, 23rd and 27th. The other days are not adverse, but merely neutral.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

Domestic upheavals may exist for many married Gemini-born this month unless extreme caution is used in the domestic relations. A strained and tense condition is being created this month by the ruling planet Mercury. However, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, so avoid all arguments or controversies that threaten to become bitter, and watch the tongue and temper. The romantic situation should remain about the same, although the duality of this Sign inclines to two romances with indecision ruling the month. Finances are steadier, with a chance to make a change in business that would appear beneficial. The good days are: 1st, 4th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 17th, 22nd, 24th, 28th and 30th. The other days are not especially active, so seek relaxation and rest, and avoid overdoing or worrying this month.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

To what we have already said about Cancer for this month, we may add that the various changes shown by your ruling planet the Moon, are in the nature of startling and radical departure from the ordinary routine of your life. You may find yourself moving to another location, in another city. A new position may be sought out with profit to yourself and your future. The aspects this month favor new romance, or the culmination of a long-standing romance. Good for marriage but not for separations. Those Cancer-born who have not found happiness in marriage should wait a little longer before taking steps to correct this condition.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

This romantic Sign of Leo, ruling the entertainment world and the public, comes into high favor at this time. The cosmic radiations are agreeable for any and all financial ventures, the bigger the better, for nothing can hold you back if you act in unison with your planetary indications. This is Robert Taylor's birth Sign; also Norma Shearer's and Myrna Loy's, as well as about forty other big screen stars. It is one of the Signs that is forging ahead rapidly toward a great goal, so get in line with the energy released by your star and carry your plans through to pronounced success this month! Romance is favored, also travel, and plans for a marriage in the near future. The adverse days are few this month: the 2nd, 15th, 17th, and 28th. All other days are favorable for routine affairs.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

This month may tend to tear up certain long-standing conditions in your life, will really all be for the best. Prepare to make mental adjustments to this situation for your ruler, Mercury brings restlessness to the mind and a changing scene in departments of your life. Good for sign papers, real estate, literary or musical activities, also secretarial work. Money may come from some unexpected source. Advancement or promotion is favored in business. Prepare for a change in the home, the degree depending on whether you are here or not. Romantically you are in line for change and an opportunity may come to you at this time to make that change possible.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

This month is excellent for most Libra-born. It is Janet Gaynor's birth Sign, the romantic fulfillment that came to her only a few months ago is evidence that most Libra-born will have ample romantic opportunity this year to find happiness in love. You may settle down more than you have in the past year, for your ruler planet, Venus, also rules love, and gives you the dynamic energy and attractiveness at this time that is sure to attract on more interested parties. Finances may be unsettled, but they are improving steadily. This month favors activities in cosmetic, restaurants, office work, designing, or interior decorating. Also rules over activities of teachers and actors, or those in the entertainment world. The adverse days are: 1st, 4th, 8th, 18th, and 30th. The other days favor business, romance, travel, and health.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio


The activity of Mars during this month may cause you to act without first thinking out every move. You may be restless and anxious to make a change under these vibrations, and the month is one that holds promise of unusual conditions for promoting your own interests. It favors selling, promoting products, also publications, advertising, writing, or other contacts with those in the literary world. A good time to step out into business for yourself if you have saved enough money. You should take a definite step toward independence and freedom, for financial worries and have taxed your energies lately. Romantically no change is advised unless a situation becomes intolerable. The best days for seeking advancement are: 2nd, 6th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 23rd, 27th, and 30th.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius


The ruling planet for your Sign is Jupiter, ruler of money and business, and this month you are under benefic rays that should bring you close to the attainment of your goal in money matters. A sudden unexpected source may be revealed that will profit you financially. Good for investments in stocks and bonds, real estate, safe business venture, but avoid partnerships. Splendid musical and artistic vibrations come to this Sign this month. Romantically you are not under pressure and have plenty of time to seek happiness in romance in the future. Reserve your decision regarding any present romantic marriage that may exist in your life, for this month does not favor radical change in affairs of the heart. There are no particularly adverse days this month.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn


The slightly adverse affliction of Saturn that you may have felt disturbing you is due to pass out of your life this month. Look for a change in business that will materially benefit you after the fifteenth. The sudden upheaval in the careers of Capricorn-born screen stars, is an indication



ALL WOMEN
WANT **LOVE**,
DON'T THEY?




THEN WHY DO SO
MANY OF THEM
RISK LOSING THE
CHARM OF CLEAR
SMOOTH **SKIN**?




YOU CAN'T BE
ATTRACTIVE
WITHOUT IT—

JOAN BLONDELL


STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES'
"Good Girls go to Paris"




SCREEN STARS
DON'T RISK
COSMETIC SKIN




I ALWAYS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
BECAUSE IT HAS
ACTIVE LATHER



IT'S THE SIMPLEST
THING IN THE WORLD
TO REMOVE COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY WITH—
LUX SOAP



DON'T RISK
THE CHOKED PORES
THAT CAUSE **COSMETIC**
SKIN—THIS **ACTIVE**
LATHER HELPS KEEP
SKIN **SMOOTH**



HERE'S MY
BEAUTY ADVICE. USE
COSMETICS BUT USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY!



LUX
TOILET SOAP

Clever girls
follow Hollywood's
tip—they use all the cosmetics
they wish, but they use the soap
with **ACTIVE** lather to remove
thoroughly stale cosmetics, dust
and dirt. It's foolish to let pores
become choked—cause the dull-
ness, tiny blemishes, enlarged
pores that mean Cosmetic Skin.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Look for the
"FINGERNAIL"
 bottle cap!
DURA-GLOSS
 Nail Polish



This Patented Cap
 Shows Actual
 Color You'll Get

Select your nail polish **this way**—and get the exact color you want! Just look at the "fingernail" (patented) on the Dura-Gloss bottle-cap—it's coated with the actual polish that's in that bottle—the color is the same as it will look **on your own fingernails** when dry and glossy! Don't be misled by the low price—compare Dura-Gloss with polishes costing up to \$1. See how long it stays lustrous on your nails, how easily it "goes on," how fashion-right the colors are! Hundreds of thousands of women have switched to Dura-Gloss. Try it! At cosmetic counters, 10c. Also a 25c Professional package.

Lorr DURA-GLOSS
 LABORATORIES
 PATERSON, N. J.

tion of the good things the planets hold this year for this Sign. Those two stars are Anita Louise and Lew Ayres. This month may mark your transition from hardship and worry to a cycle of financial betterment and romantic happiness and the following days are excellent for you: the 1st, 5th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 22nd, 25th, 28th and 30th. The adverse days must be watched closely, so as to avoid haste, excitement, or overwork.

January 20 to February 18—Aquarius

Your ruling planet now favors new ventures, radical departures from the old order. Make the most of the co-operation you will have from your stars at this time. Good for inventions, musical or creative activities, also for all matters pertaining to real estate or investments. Social contacts are favored, and one or more people may come into your life who may radically influence your future. Romantically you may be somewhat unsettled and not quite sure of your affections for the one you love. After the 15th of the month you may safely seek new romance if you so wish, or make changes in the home. The adverse days are: 1st, 5th, 8th, 16th, 18th, and 26th. The other days are excellent for all departments of life.

February 19 to March 20—Pisces

This month starts under some rather restless vibrations released by the planets. There may be some uncertainty in finances, and a debt that must be cleared up shortly. If possible to make a change in your business do so, for the stars favor it at the present time. There may be travel in connection with business this month, or short trips by land. Do not plan on investments that take a long time to mature, for at present the stars demand quick action that will bring prompt returns. The radiations of the love planet Venus may bring temptations in romance that could alter your entire destiny. The chances are that you have come under some negative influence in love during the past few months. If you are anxious to change that unfortunate situation, now is the time to take action. A good month for signing a lease, or contract for services, also for carrying through any plans for insurance, wills, or other public or legal transactions. The following days are adverse: the 3rd, 7th, 14th, 17th, 19th, and 27th. The rest of the days in the month are all favorable, and you may act with confidence and courage in everything you do.

Different Astrology Reading for Each Sign

In the condensed advice given here for each Sign of the Zodiac, it is impossible to give a thorough and complete character analysis of each and every Sign, and as there is a different reading for each Sign, it is necessary for YOU to consult your particular astrology reading for your Sign.

Let Me Take Your Picture

Continued from page 65

ran a lot of other film to get to the stuff he wanted," explained Jack's better-half. "The answer to that was a still camera. Jack's a fool for buying American. You know, live in this country, work in this country, why not buy in it? He hunted everywhere for a good American camera and finally bought two—an Argus and a Contax.

"Nice little cameras," commented Jack, who seems to like to have his wife do his talking.

"Jack's theory," went on that pretty blonde, "is that no really good picture can

be made when the subject gets posed ready for it. If he can't get out of it, he'll pose people but if he seems to click the shutter, there's no film in the camera. else he just pretends to click. When he says: 'All over!' and the subject relaxes he really shoots. Or else he'll say: 'Grab a comb and get some of that fuzz off your eyes!' and shoot while the subject is anxiously fussing with her hair. Sometimes, he stops a girl who is trying to pose pretty for her picture and says: 'What's wrong with your stocking? It looks as if the seam is around to the front.' Then when she stoops down to fix it, he snaps the shutter. If it's a man, he may pretend there's a spot on his glasses so he will squint to see it, too, or maybe ask what that's hanging down behind, and snap the picture while the poor fellow is squirming around to look.

On the set, he loves to creep up on the low actors and shoot when they fall asleep or yawn or something.

Here's a shot of director Mal St. Clair rubbing his nose—and here's one of Eugene Pallette asleep."

"Kids are the best subjects, though," said Jack. "They are so unself-conscious. Here's Jackie in a towel, just out of the swimming pool, and here he is playing on a deck chair. This is Hal Wallis' son, Brent, get acquainted with Jackie. And this is Jackie done up in his nightie putting on a gag for a little girl friend, taken back east. And here's a tea party with the two little girls and their dolls was an experiment against the sun. And this is Jackie when he was a little. Such fun to have old shots of him," said Mrs. Haley. "Do you remember, Jack, when we used to think baby Jackie was perfectly beautiful? We could hardly turn our eyes off him when he was a baby. But when we throw the old pictures on the screen or look at these snaps we see quite often he was really plain and and then almost ugly. But always adorable of course."

"What do you mean 'ugly'? How could you say that?" demanded Jack. "The baby is 'quaint'!"

"Here's a picture where he's really lovely," said Mrs. Haley, ignoring the objection. "Jackie in his little automobile. Now that picture has everything—composition, personality, balance—all the cameramen use! Jack likes shadows—dark all cameramen? Here's a shot of Jackie in his cowboy outfit, complete with all the shadows!"

"And here's one of Mrs. Haley, taken on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, with her hair blowing," added the comedian.

"That's all right, darling. Look at that one I took of you, fast asleep on the set, and this one of you getting grim at the radio broadcast," she beamed.

"This is a shot taken through the slot box of our radio program in rehearsal," said Jack. "It was taken through glass, hence the spots."

Jack's other hobby is fixing up old houses. "We bought a house back east when it was a wreck—and I don't mean quaint," Jack extended a shot showing a lumber-laden house set amid wintry trees. "Here it is after we renovated it. You hardly tell it's the same place. The work of it is, we haven't had a chance to live in it for more than a few days since we got it fixed over."

If he were asked for advice to amateur cameramen, Jack believes he'd tell them to get human interest into their pictures, if possible. "The house hobby is different, even that has something of what I mean because it shows what can be done. Here's a shot of the first time our new set were in lights—Haley and McFadden!"

Summer Time Is Beauty Time

Continued from page 60

It brings up a disturbing hip situation with many, whereby the hips look too wide in comparison with the narrow shoulders. Extending shoulder width, hips naturally look in better proportion, or if they're normal, slimmer and more willowy—something most of us pray for. Wide shoulders, narrow hips—a fashion silhouette you can dress to fine advantage—and the marks also of the good manly physique, in case you've noticed.

Perc thinks that archery and rope skipping are good shoulder developers. Archery is definitely good sport, recognized in many college curriculum. A tip for popularity, too. Set up an archery target if you have yard or lawn, and all the desirables will be tripping to your steps. Not an extensive venture, either. Rope skipping is an exactly good sport, but it's good fun and very good for your figure. Swimming exercises and lengthens muscles, and is especially recommended for the slim-of-chest-d-leg girls, and is a splendid conditioner for all. The games you play with your hands and arms bring up a problem, and Perc says that if you play constantly from one side, that side gets fuller development, that your figure is not symmetrical. Gale has schooled herself so well, to avoid this, that she can play tennis equally well from either side. I don't know what to suggest for you golfers, but for clutched bag carriers and eternal shoppers, shift that burden whenever you think of it, if you don't want one drooping shoulder.

Sun, as you know, is nature's great medicine for many things, and now is your



Greer Garson, lovely English girl who plays MRS. CHIPS, Robert Donat's wife, in film "Goodbye Mr. Chips."

chance to store up on Vitamin D, though science has come to the aid of many for a good year-around supply in the vitamin concentrates now available to all. However, there is a disfiguring and most painful penalty for too much sun, in the form of sunburn. Sunburn preventives are constantly improving in their efficacy to screen out the actinic or burning rays and give you all the good effects, minus burn. There are many excellent creams and oils for this purpose. With the advent of every new style, comes a new beauty problem, it seems, as exemplified by the extremely high-on-head hair of last season. The two-piece swim or play suits—bra and shorts—are great favorites. So don't forget to anoint well with sunburn preventive that newly exposed area of diaphragm or midriff, if you don't want a fine burn. This tender, usually protected skin will be super-sensitive, as well as thighs, which, generally speaking, are not

on parade. You can get a terrific burn here, which means you may not even be able to don your clothes. If you do get burned, then treat this burn as you would one from usual heat or fire. In case no other remedy is at hand, equal portions of water and vinegar make a good soother.

Perspiration gets many girls down, yet this is a function of every normal human, from queen to ditch-digger. As you know, it's a form of body elimination and nature's way of regulating body temperature. The solution is to use a good deodorant or non-perspirant, according to need. There are too many excellent products to mention, but you'll find a good one in your favorite form, liquid, cream, powder, or saturated pads. The use of such a preparation should be as routine as brushing your teeth. If your feet perspire excessively, use your preparation on soles and between toes, to keep a damp, stained stocking from showing in your cut-out sandals.

For sanitary protection, let me suggest some of the tampon-type products. They have the approval of physicians, and many will find them the new answer to an old problem, especially in warm weather. They are small and neat enough to be carried unobtrusively in your hand-bag, too.

NEW BEAUTY FOR LEGS!

Do you like to try the new? Then send for our beauty bulletin. It tells you how to get our gift-of-the-month, a liquid make-up for legs—or face. For sports, vacation, dancing, go stockingless but make your legs glamorous. Bulletin contains general beauty, fashion and etiquette tips, also. Yours, for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



I WANT A MAN!

WHY LIBBIE!
WHAT A
THING TO
SAY!

BUT IT'S TRUE,
GRANNIE! I WANT
A MAN TO ASK ME
TO MARRY HIM--
AND NO ONE EVEN
GIVES ME A RUSH!

WELL, HONEY, MAYBE I KNOW THE
REASON FOR THAT! AND IF YOU'LL
TAKE YOUR GRANNIE'S ADVICE,
YOU'LL--WELL--YOU'LL GO SEE YOUR
DENTIST ABOUT
YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH
COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD
PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA
AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T
CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL
PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE
ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND
THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH
...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

YOU'RE A BOY AFTER MY OWN
HEART, TOM--AND I'M MIGHTY GLAD
THAT LIBBIE'S MADE UP HER MIND
TO MARRY YOU!

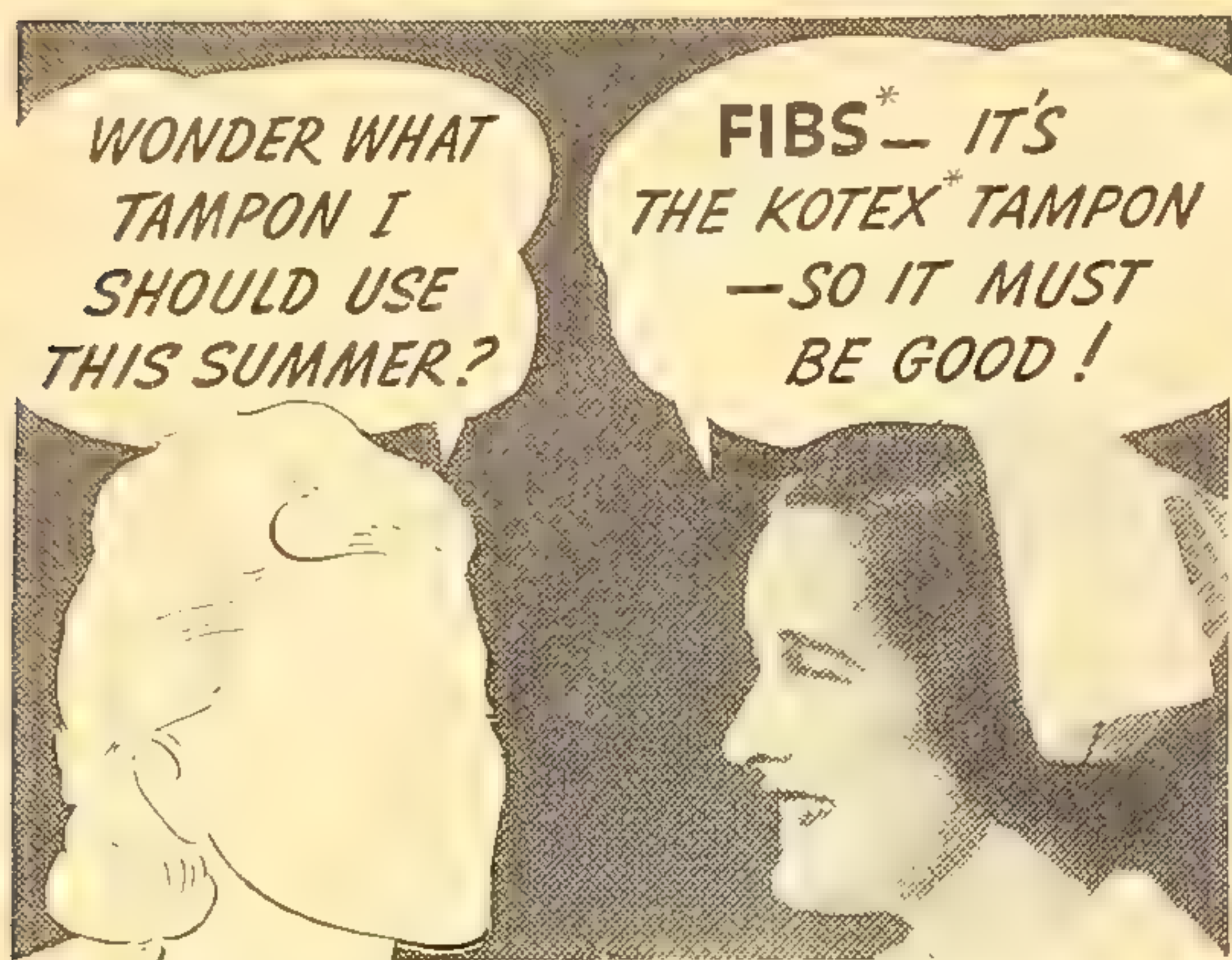
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER
SPARKLING SMILE!



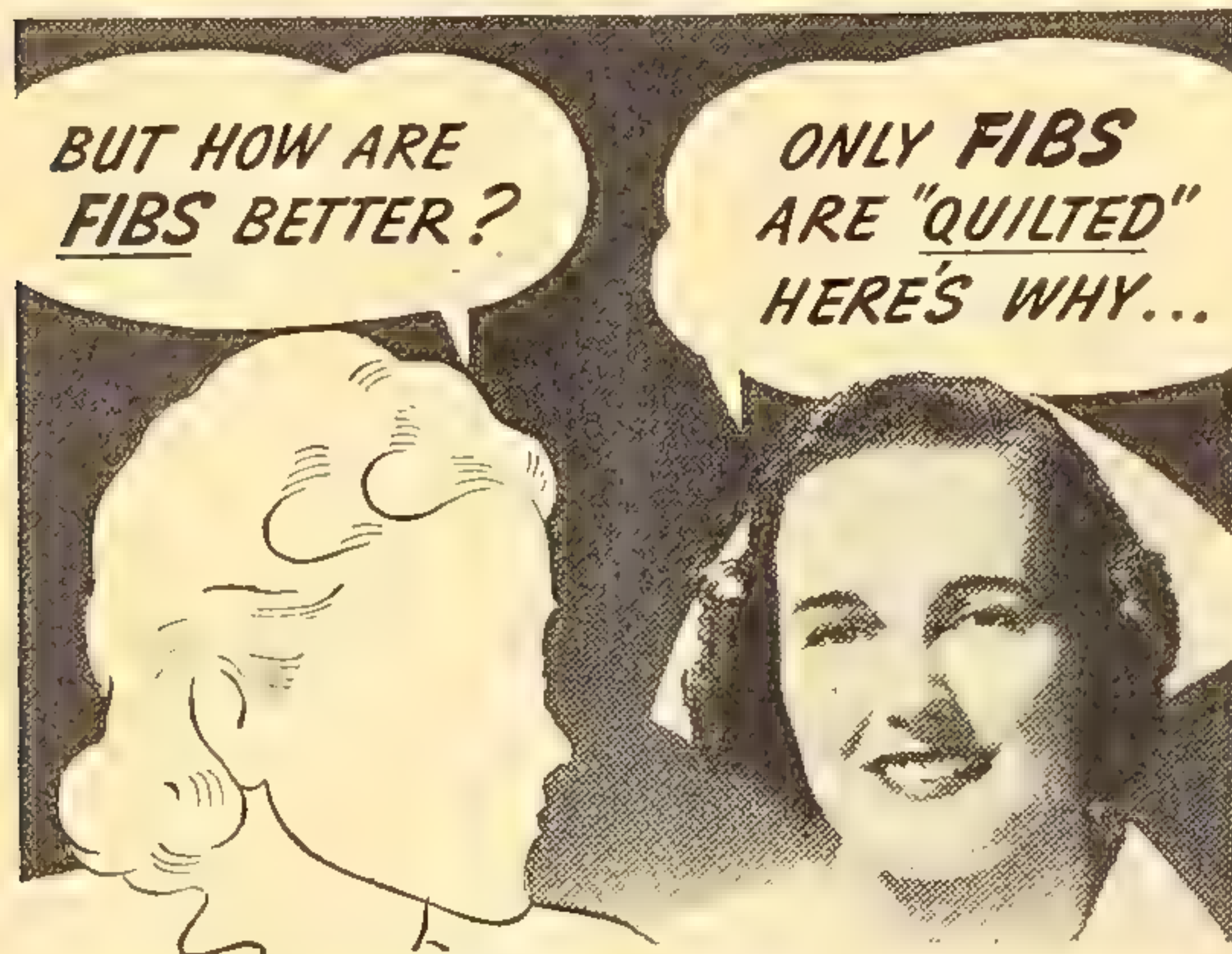
BAD BREATH KEEPS
ROMANCE AWAY--
PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S
TWICE A DAY!



Put Yourself in this Picture



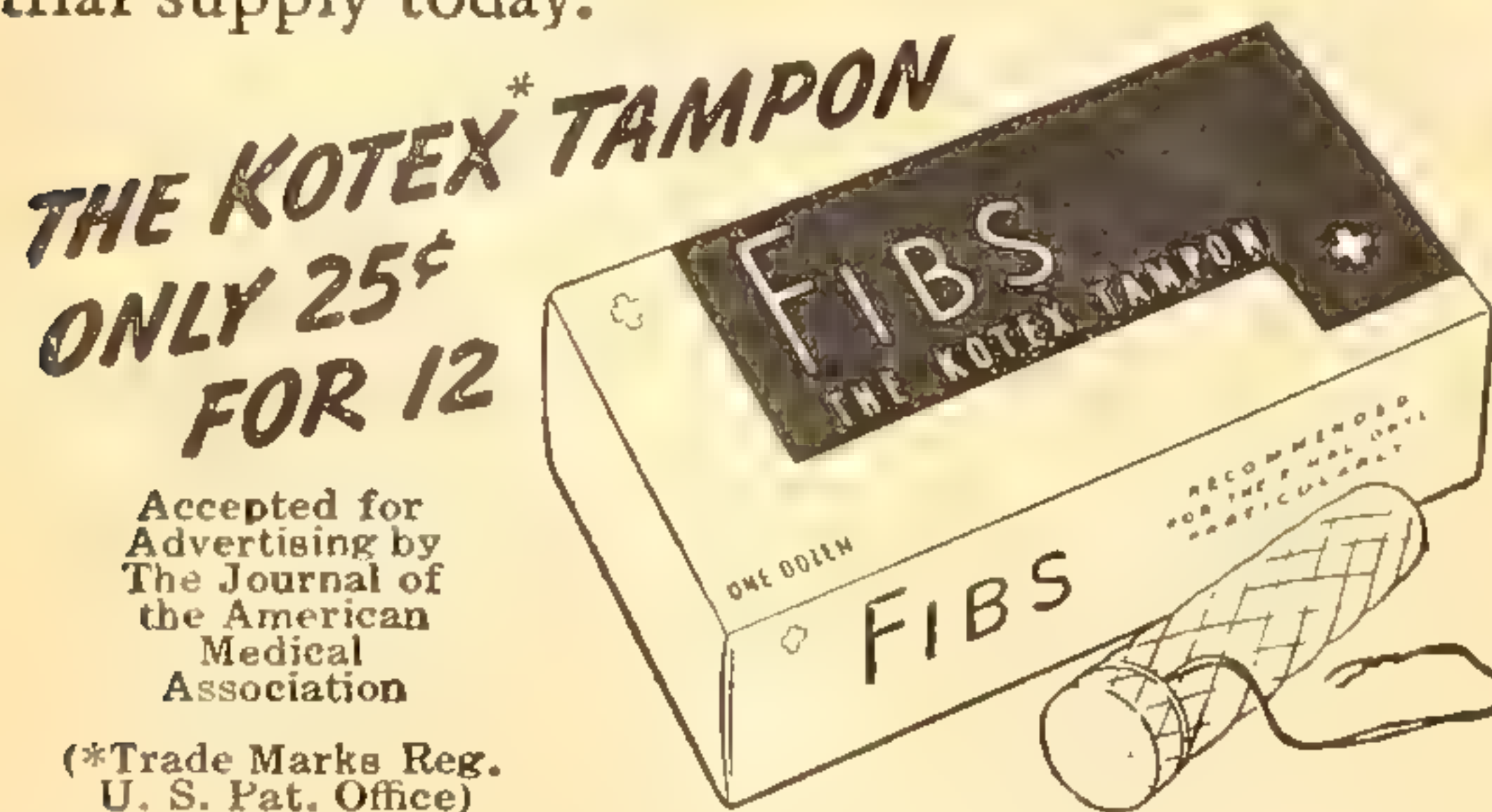
Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.



Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!



This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.



FIBS—Room 1430, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name

Address

City State

Yours for Lovelines

Words for the Summer Girls, who would make this the season of Romance and Glamor in their lives!



A Tangee lipstick for your "little girl" or "gypsy" mood.

TANGEE Natural and Tangee Theatrical lipstick give you a complete lipstick "wardrobe," in perfect harmony with Summer's high fashions. For "little girl" moods, when you would look so young, and pretty, use Tangee Natural, that your favorite. This, as you know, magically blends to your own coloring, leaving your shade in rose pink, flattering with pastels, romantic hats, and frills. Theatrical is for your "gypsy" moments, a real red, shade, dashing with brilliant colors and vivid mood. Both lipsticks are waterproof, permanent, and have a cream base to keep lips soft and young-looking. Tangee lipstick has companions in matching rose Tangee face powder, in five shades, also possessing that rare quality of blending individually to your skin, leaving a soft and radiant under-glow.



The Dura-Gloss nail cap bottle—a sure test for color.

OPPOSITE, you see a prize-winning bottle, unique for convenience and accuracy in choosing your correct shade of nail polish. This is Dura-Gloss, a fine, easy-to-apply and enduring polish, with superb lustre, hence its name. A new way to choose polish, for that nail on the top, colored with contents of the bottle, permits no error in judgment. Merely place that nail cap next to your finger for true life effect. Dura-Gloss comes in a wide variety of colors, one for every skin, costume, make-up, mood—however you like to choose your finger embellishment. The very modest price of Dura-Gloss permits a number of tones for all. For sale in many of the chain stores.

HERE'S a note for your next shopping tour—"Try Teel." Teel is a very new liquid dentifrice, and you will love what it does for your smile. A few drops on your toothbrush, a pleasant taste, a rich foam from a new patented dental cleansing ingredient, very penetrating for crevices. Then a sweet, refreshed mouth; clean, bright, sparkling teeth!



A challenge to romance is Bourjois' very new Mais Oui.

MAIS OUI perfume by Bourjois (pronounced "May We" and meaning "But Yes") is Mais Oui is heady and flirtatious in the Continental manner. Mais Oui is slightly naughty, but with class and style. It is as glamorous as Paris, with a light touch, ideal for Summer. It is particularly gay, feminine and appealing, both in fragrance and that masterpiece of a bottle, collared with a vibrant blue, and cerise ribbon. Mais Oui comes in four sizes in department and drug stores, and more good news is that the price does not hurt. Mais Oui perfume has equally gay and beguiling companions in eau de toilette, talcum, bath powder, face powder, rouge and lipstick. Here are beauty cocktails for you and your lovely Summer costumes.



For daytime perfuming, try Houbigant's Honeysuckle.

HOUBIGANT'S Honeysuckle toiletries have made history! And honeysuckle is fast becoming a great favorite in this country. You will understand, when you test this haunting reminder of romantic moonlight and soft Summer nights. Shown, are lovely aids to daytime perfuming—eau de toilette for the skin, to be used after bath or at any time for refreshment and fragrance, a dusting powder and a talc. For the more important occasions in your life, there is also a honeysuckle perfume, C. M.

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 61 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Glamor Bag by Morris White Mfg. Co., Inc., New York City.

Wm. Filene Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.
Bonwit Teller, New York City.
Saks-34th Street, New York City.
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Ore.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.
Famous Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Frock by Mayflower Dress Co., Inc., New York City.

Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Conrad's, Boston, Mass.
Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago, Ill.
The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Daniels & Fisher, Denver, Colo.
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee, Wis.
R. H. Macy & Co., New York City.
George Allen, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
Lansburgh & Bro., Washington, D. C.

Walk-Over Lido sandal by Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

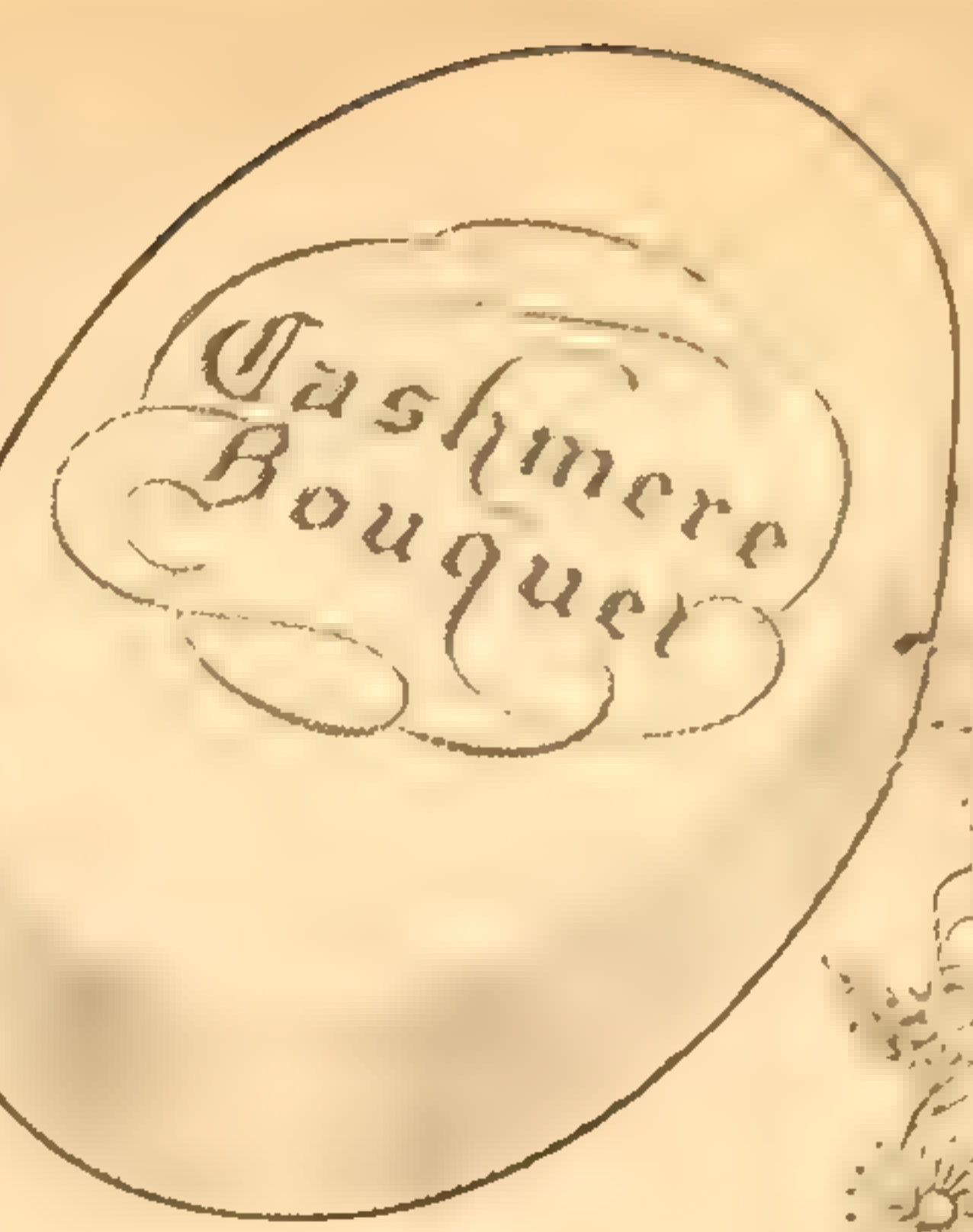
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Harrisburg, Pa.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Indianapolis, Ind.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Madison, Wis.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Memphis, Tenn.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Milwaukee, Wis.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, New York City.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Oshkosh, Wis.
Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas.
W. C. Stripling Co., Fort Worth, Texas.
Ralph Rupley, Houston, Texas.
Gochaux's, New Orleans, La.
Peyton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Fay-Miss Brassiere by Fay-Miss Brassiere Co., New York City.

Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore, Md.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Worth, Hartford, Conn.
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Arnold Constable & Co., New York City.
Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Kaufmann's Dept. Store, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass.
Lansburgh & Bro., Washington, D. C.



Nice Girls guard against
body odor with this
lovely perfumed soap!



**BEFORE YOU SEE
HIM TONIGHT**

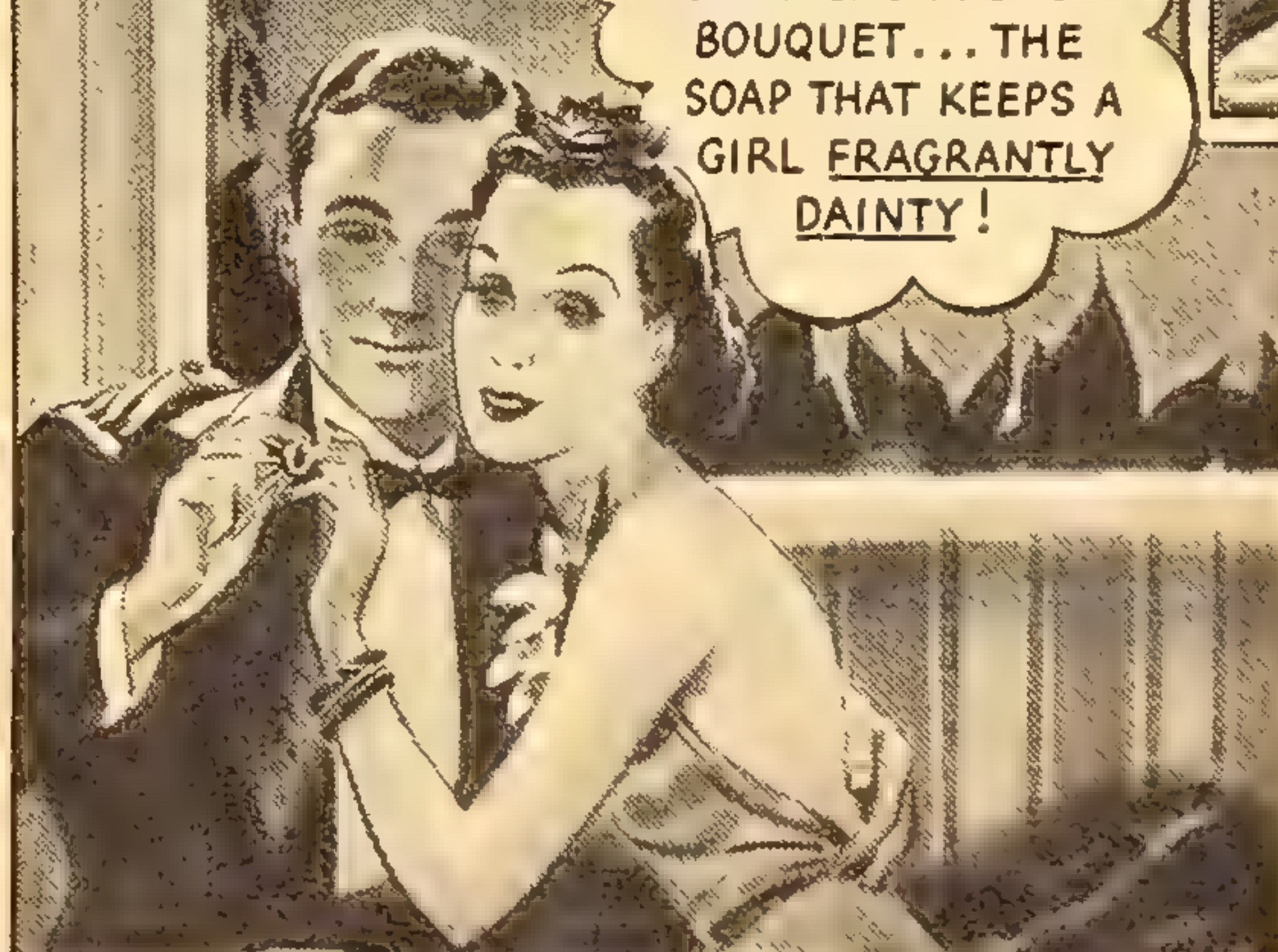
**BE SURE TO BATHE WITH
THIS LOVELY PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**

ANY GIRL WHO WANTS TO FIND HER
BIG MOMENT OUGHT TO GUARD
HER DAININESS WITH CASHMERE
BOUQUET SOAP! ITS RICH,
DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES
EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR.
AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH,
ITS LINGERING PERFUME KEEPS
YOU SO ALLURING!

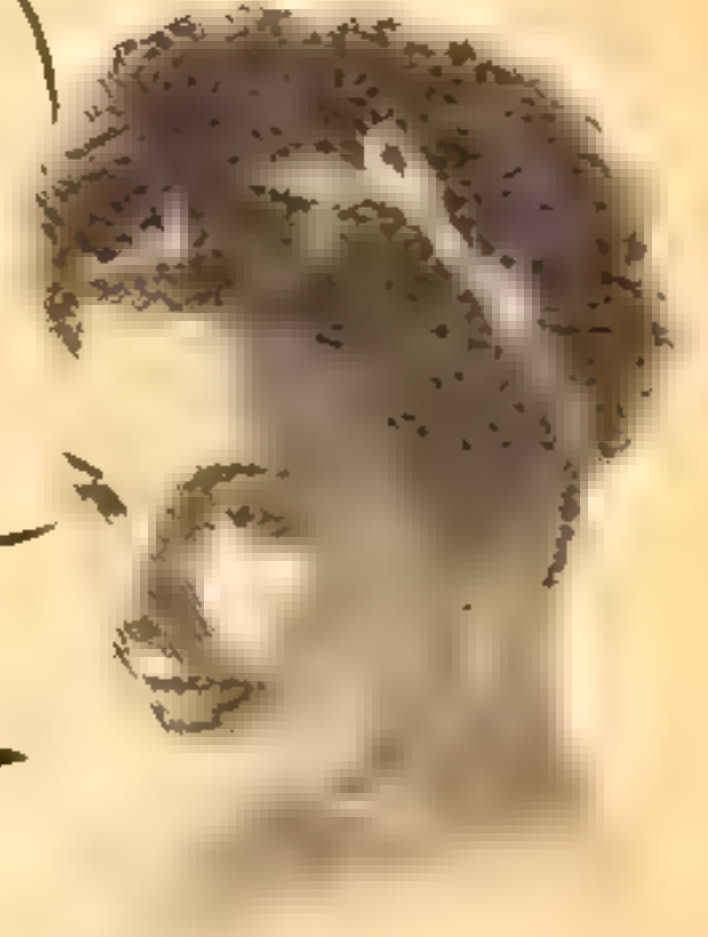


AND THERE'S SOMETHING
ABOUT YOU SO UTTERLY SWEET
... HOW COULD I HELP
LOVING YOU?

IT WAS A
LUCKY DAY FOR
ME WHEN I LEARNED
ABOUT CASHMERE
BOUQUET... THE
SOAP THAT KEEPS A
GIRL FRAGRANTLY
DAINTY!



I USE THIS PURE,
CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR
MY COMPLEXION, TOO!
ITS GENTLE, CARESSING
LATHER REMOVES DIRT
AND COSMETICS SO
THOROUGHLY,
LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH
AND RADIANT!



Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department
and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP

WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

Will Deanna Marry an Older Man?

Continued from page 29



Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin...you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc today!

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.



still grant our sons greater latitude than our daughters. Jane and Shirley grew up in the movies, their social life conditioned by that fact. Shirley found her playmates among the children of her mother's friends, Jane among those in her Sunday school class and those she worked with. Neither has ever known that sharp break between one set of circumstances and another that Deanna had to adjust herself to. At thirteen she was cut off from her school world and plunged into a new life that claimed all her energies. She had young people at the house now and then, she attended an occasional boy-and-girl party. But the natural fellowship of the ice-cream parlor and the skating-rink, when she was just one of a crowd, disappeared, never to return. According to the news story aforementioned, studio executives denied any romantic attachment between Deanna and young Mr. Paul. He takes her about, it was said, because her parents and guardians believe she should be properly escorted. If it is so that Deanna has taken to frequenting the haunts of the sophisticated, then we can only note that Mrs. Durbin's ideas as to what is right for a seventeen-year-old must have undergone a violent reversal.

Your own daughter is a busy enough person with just her school routine. Deanna must go to school, make movies, take singing lessons, practice, and sleep nine hours a night. There hasn't been much time left for cultivating young friends. And even at the parties she did attend, she was regarded with a certain sense of awe. Her voice sets her apart, as any special gift sets people apart in any walk of life. Even at Mrs. Astorbilt's, guests will nudge each other and murmur when a person of repute enters the room. Young people are still more susceptible to that form of hero-worship. A boy who might grab another girl and whirl her blithely round the room would approach Deanna timidly, with an air of deference. She's been too much of a child to feel any exaltation in her power. She felt only discomfort in being stuck on top of a pedestal. It worked the other way too. She has inherited the British reserve of her parents. Except with people whom she knows well, she doesn't do much talking. The lingo that passes currently for conversation among Hollywood's younger set is so much Greek to Deanna. Even if she understood it, she wouldn't use it, because it doesn't come naturally to her and she's much too ingenuous to play a part. She has no gift for the casual banter, half-derisive, half-affectionate, adopted by the modern young thing in his or her relation to the opposite sex. This makes for a lack of ease on both sides. She may be conscious of the element of pose inseparable from the antics of the teens. If she were older, she'd smile at it. Lacking the perspective which the years bring, she can only turn with relief to the elders whose ways are her ways, who understand her, who aren't dazzled by her.

Most of her leisure has been spent with her father and mother. Her adored sister Edith is her senior by thirteen years. She has always been Deanna's idol and confidant. Pouring her heart out to Edith, benefitting by the older girl's experience, she has naturally absorbed something of her maturity of outlook. Edith's husband, Clarence Heckman, is a man of humor and charm. You'd hardly recognize the quiet girl of the studios in the Deanna who likes to engage in verbal sparring with her brother-in-law. She sharpens her own wit against the grindstone of his. She talks his language much more readily

than she does that of her masculine contemporaries. She asks no greater treat than to spend a holiday with "Deedee and Clarency," as she calls them. She'd forego a party of her own any day to be with them. In many respects a child, she is in other ways more mature than most girls of her age. She reads more, she is more reflective, she has more dignity. It seems unlikely that the average boy, with his callowness and inexperience, could easily win her. For Deanna would have to be won in every sense of the word. Her complete trust would have to be captured, and she doesn't give her trust readily. She would make no advances. She would have to be wooed gently and with comprehension. A well-meaning boy might unwittingly offend the sensitiveness which a man's finesse would know how to deal with. A boy's half-formed mind—still seeking its own answers to life—might leave unsatisfied the intellectual strivings which a man's cultivation could turn into fruitful channels. A boy's bungling and stammering way with love, however endearing, might be less likely than a man's tenderness to stir the emotions that run quietly but deep.

Deanna's own hopes for the future form another element in the picture. When she first began to study singing, a career in the movies never entered her head. Though she was too young and too modest for more than childish dreaming, those dreams wove themselves around opera and a place among the songbirds of the Metropolitan Opera. Now she is more reluctant than ever to give voice to such aspirations. She thinks it would be presumptuous even to mention them. Her very reluctance, however, indicates how dearly she still cherishes her dream. Her passionate absorption in the study of music proves it. André de Segurola, her teacher, sees no reason why she shouldn't reach the proud goal of all American singers. We have it from no less an authority than Lily Pons that, if a singer marries and the marriage is to be successful, her husband must be a man who understands and can help her with her music. She made the statement after she had married Kostelanetz, the ideal husband from that point of view. Singers can't all marry famous orchestra leaders. But imagine Deanna a singer, with all that a singer's life entails—the demands on her time, the sacrifice of personal to professional interests, the necessity for constant travel. Imagine her married to a boy, with his own way in the world still to make. Imagine the interminable partings, the brief reunions, the few points of contact, the absence of that companionship in great things and small which alone makes for growth of understanding and welds two people together through memories and emotions shared. It would be a marriage on the surface only, and surface marriages don't work.

More than most girls of her age, Deanna has been exposed to the charm of older men. She's worked with them and opposite them. She wouldn't be the normal seventeen-year-old she is, if—consciously or otherwise—she hadn't become aware of them. Henry Koster, who has directed three of her pictures, Joe Pasternak, who has produced them all, are both Europeans—witty, original, sophisticated. They have made her laugh, taught her to act, led her from her little-girl world into the wider, more glittering world of the artist. To them she's a child. Schnitz, Koster calls her. And because she claps her hands in delight at sight of a Bohemian costume in Pasternak's office, he buys her one.

But she's a person as well, whose intelligence they respect. While she has been their pupil, she has also been their comrade. She has listened to brilliant discussions on the technique of acting, till at last she's jumped up and cried in despair: "How can I learn to be that kind of actress?" They've pulled her down, chuckling, "You're not so bad, Schnix!" She has listened to stories of their work abroad, glimpsing horizons the more alluring because so different from anything she has known. They stimulate her mind and her imagination. She may still be interested in discussing football scores with Johnny Doakes, but the two interests lie on different planes, and there's no question as to which is the more engrossing.

In a sense, all her films have been love stories—with older men as the objectives of her love. In the first, she wound herself busily round Charlie Winninger's heartstrings, till nothing else much mattered to that gentleman. The second was another father-and-daughter romance, she and Menjou all in all to each other. The scene where she sang in the boarding house parlor—her eyes pleading with him to be happy, his striving to mask his despair and answer her plea—was as affecting as any romantic episode we've ever witnessed. In the third she courted and won Herbert Marshall—in perfect innocence, to be sure, yet through her innocence she all but got him to sit up and wag his tail. In the fourth, it was she who fell in love—got a crush, if you prefer. But a comment of Melvyn Douglas's on that picture may prove illuminating. He thought it ended on a sour note. He thought the child should have been allowed to keep her illusions. "It didn't ring either true or sweet to me," he said, "having the kid think the guy was a heel. I'd have cured her some other way. And I'd have left the man wondering whether

the story might not have ended differently, if she'd been just five years older."

In other words, Douglas reckoned with the possibility that the girl portrayed by Deanna might have felt for a man much older than herself the stirring of something that could have flowered into love. Yet surely *Alice* in the story had less provocation than Deanna herself. *Alice* was the center of a large circle of young friends, she had the devotion of their leader, youthful interests in common with them, nothing to distract her from those interests. She wasn't a movie star with a job that involved playing opposite such men as Marshall and Douglas and Boyer, who have set older and wiser feminine heads twittering.

Now we're not hinting at any such nonsense as that Deanna has fallen or is

likely to fall in love with one of her leading men! Other stars might profit by her attitude of professional impersonality. But she does come into daily contact with them. She does have the opportunity of contrasting their urbanity and poise with the burblings of green youth. She can't help noting their quality, even if it doesn't make her heart beat any faster. Will the time come when the sum of all those observations will weigh down the balance against the more obvious and less polished charm of some youngster? We're not issuing a statement. We're propounding a theory. If we're wrong, if Deanna walks up the aisle some day in shimmering glory on the arm of a husky collegiate (or elopes with Vaughn Paul), we'll eat our speculations and be happy to drink a toast to the bride and the man she has chosen.

Winners of Deanna Durbin Contest

Here are the happy winners of SCREENLAND's Deanna Durbin Contest, which appeared in April:

First Prize:
MISS LILLIAN PODOLAK,
Chicago, Ill.

Second Prize:
MISS LOUISE O'BRIEN,
Nashville, Tenn.

Third Prize:
MISS DOLORES NEVILLE,
Baltimore, Md.

Fourth Prize:
MISS AGNES ROTHMAN,
Woodbridge, Conn.

Fifth Prize:
MISS JANE CULP,
Schellsburg, Pa.

Three Sixth Prizes:
MISS MARIAN STEVENSON,
Kansas City, Mo.
MISS HARRIET A. McNAIR,
Lake Worth, Fla.
MISS NATALIE HARTIG,
Evansville, Ind.

Four Seventh Prizes:
MISS JOYCE RINKS,
Birmingham, Ala.
MISS LOUISE PARSONS,
Seattle, Wash.
MISS EILEEN LEVY,
San Francisco, Calif.
MISS PATRICIA CARROLL,
City Island, New York.



**"YES! CLEANLINESS
IS JUST THE NOUN,
THAT BEST DESCRIBES
YOUR FLAVOR-TOWN"**

"Spic and span," people say when they first visit Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.). "What flavor and quality," you'll say when you try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. Six varieties. Refreshing and restful.



Beech-Nut Gum
One of America's GOOD habits

GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. And if you drive, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



How do they do it? Here's the Hollywood Secret

Screen stars must be *always* active. They can't afford to have "calendar days." Production can't be held up—the show must go on. One scene, a sheer and clinging evening gown; the next, a modern swim suit!



Obviously, their secret must be theirs alone! Holly-Pax, the revolutionary new mode of sanitary protection was developed in answer to screen stars' demand for such a product. A tampon of surgical cotton used internally, Holly-Pax eliminates pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't show—even in a swim suit. Its comfort is amazing—no chafing, no binding.



And — due to its method of absorption, no odor can form! Think what peace of mind this alone will bring! Ask for Holly-Pax at drug, department and ten cent stores. A large package of ten costs only 20 cents; the package of four, 10 cents; truly an economical form of protection.



holly-Pax

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

20c for
package
of ten



HOLLY-PAX (S79)
Palm Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax in plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Why Florence Rice Never Married Until Now

Continued from page 34

young. And being in love. Hollywood naturally supposed their marriage was in the offing.

Typical of young love, neither stopped to consider if there were obstacles to their marriage. One of the first to present itself was the difference in religion. Phil's meant everything to him. Florence was equally profound, but in a better position to transfer her beliefs. As long as she was sincere in the sacredness of religious faith, Florence felt she was doing the right thing. So she took Phil's religion.

No one person or one particular thing is to blame for the eventual failure of their romance to survive. Being of an extremely sensitive nature, Phil was concerned with everyone close to him. He had certain family obligations. Florence admired him for doing his duty. Phil wanted to travel. He wanted to try the stage. He had worked hard to deserve his career. Now he wanted to get something out of it. Being ambitious and intelligent, he felt he could become a better actor with the additional stage experience. At times it seemed to Florence as if there were some invisible force keeping them apart. Something was always happening to postpone their plans. It was just a series of personal demands on Phil's time. Phil wanted to please everyone around him. In trying to do it, somehow he and Florence never quite seemed to get together. When she was at last forced to admit that the odds were against them, Florence went back to New York. There were no hard feelings. Their goodbye was painful to both.

"That break made me go to work," Florence reminisces. "I could think of only one thing. Work must come first. Phil and I would continue to be good friends. But in work I would find a new and lasting happiness. I knew it would be a long time—if ever—that I could feel the same way again. So that's why it's been hard for me to become too seriously interested in anyone. I decided that once hurt, I never wanted to be hurt that way again. Or hurt anyone else. My career began to show signs of life again. I didn't want anything to spoil it."

Florence kept her promise to herself. After her hit in the New York production of "She Loves Me Not," Hollywood offered a tempting contract. Much time had elapsed. Letters had flown back and forth. Phil seemed as attentive as ever. Florence felt perhaps it had all been her fault. Perhaps if Phil still wanted it, they should give it another chance. Florence decided to try.

But back in Hollywood Florence dis-

covered the breach was wider than ever. Naturally, Phil expected to continue where they left off. Before, she had devoted all her time, thoughts, emotions to their romance. Now she had a career. Then that self-protective instinct crept in. Florence didn't want to be hurt again. Phil remained as sweet and attentive, as only he could be. But he still had his responsibilities to others. It seemed that Florence always had to be at the studio, when she wanted to be with Phil. Interference poured in from both sides.

Phil's contract came up for renewal. The studio pleaded with him to re-sign. But he was determined to leave Hollywood behind him for a while. He wanted to travel. At the time I was working in the same studio. Phil stopped in to say goodbye. I hated to see him go. I knew I was going to miss his impromptu visits. Phil was the most appreciative of any actor on the lot. His conversations were intelligent, amusing, witty. Yet there was a certain sadness in his gaiety too. Those who knew Phil were constantly impressed by his tolerance and understanding of people and their problems.

Long after Phil went to Europe, I met Florence Rice at John Beal's party. The occasion was to celebrate the renewal of a deep friendship that started when they played in "She Loves Me Not." Hollywood, the great melting pot, had brought them together again. John introduced me to Florence. When she discovered I shared her admiration for Phil, we sat in the corner and talked about him for hours. She was happy for Phil, that he was getting a change. She hoped with all her heart, that he was leaving behind him any heartaches of the past.

They continued to exchange letters. They poured out their future plans, their hopes, their fears. Then one day Phil's letters stopped. Florence, thinking he might be very busy, continued to write just the same. Her letters were returned unopened. Finally, it seemed that Phil had completely gone out of her life.

Several months later I met Phil Holmes while driving down Sunset Boulevard. We pulled over to the curb and talked. His greeting was enthusiastic. I had never seen him looking better in his life. When I told him about Florence's letters, he was amazed. Through some error they had never been forwarded to him, as they should have been. He was deeply sorry, but there was nothing to be done now. Too much time had elapsed. Too many things had happened.

Last summer Phil came again to Hollywood. His first date was with Florence. I happened to be at the Trocadero and saw them there dancing. As I watched them it seemed so right that it should be together. They seemed so happy. As if they had never been apart. Phil whispered in the orchestra leader's ear. He played *Auf Weidersen*, their original theme song and favorite.

Phil has never married. He seems to prefer doing radio and stage work in the east, pictures in Europe and visiting Hollywood occasionally. Recently he completed an exciting tour in "Golden Boy." Hollywood producers have asked him to return. There is much demand for his talents. But for once Phil is being selfish and doing what makes him happiest.

Hollywood has watched Florence blossom in her career. In romance too they have seen changes. But none of them ever serious. For a while it was Michael Bartlett. There were Baron Barnekow (now seen with Kay Francis), handsome Tom Rutherford, a young New York actor, Tom Neal who hails from radio, and then—Robert Wilcox!



Newlyweds-at-home. Settled down to the serious business of being Mr. and Mrs., are Robert Wilcox and Florence Rice, in their Venice, California home.

"I'm the little woman who used to take a soap box and expound on marriage," says the happy bride. "I've believed that two people must know each other for at least two years, before they should even *think* about anything as serious as marriage. I've believed too, that it can't be *real* love, unless that thing hits hard the very first time two people set eyes on each other. Is my face red?"

"My friend, Sylvan Simon, who directed 'Kid From Texas,' used to sort of sponsor my dates. Each time he'd say, 'Just wait, you haven't met Robert Wilcox.' When Bob came over to work on that picture, Sylvan introduced us. We started going together. But I went with others too. Even when I began to want Bob along on other dates, it didn't occur to me that I was falling in love with him. The others had made plans for that trip to Honolulu. I had to make retakes at the last moment. I had my bags packed and my ticket purchased. Fifteen minutes before I had to leave my house to catch the boat, the studio gave me their okay. The rest just seemed to happen. Actually I had known Bob Wilcox six weeks. We both seemed to laugh at the same things, like the same books, the same people, and feel generally the same way about life. It seemed as if I had always known I was going to say yes—when Bob asked me."

As a matter of record, there was a youthful marriage for Florence. It happened when she was still in her early 'teens, one of those rushed-into things that ended abruptly and uneventfully. Her marriage to Robert Wilcox is the real thing. They took the boat over to Kanehoe Bay to buy their license. Both being slightly old-fashioned about marriage, they purchased two plain gold wedding bands. It was a double-ring ceremony. Judge P. Kellert, who has been marrying people for years, was so touched

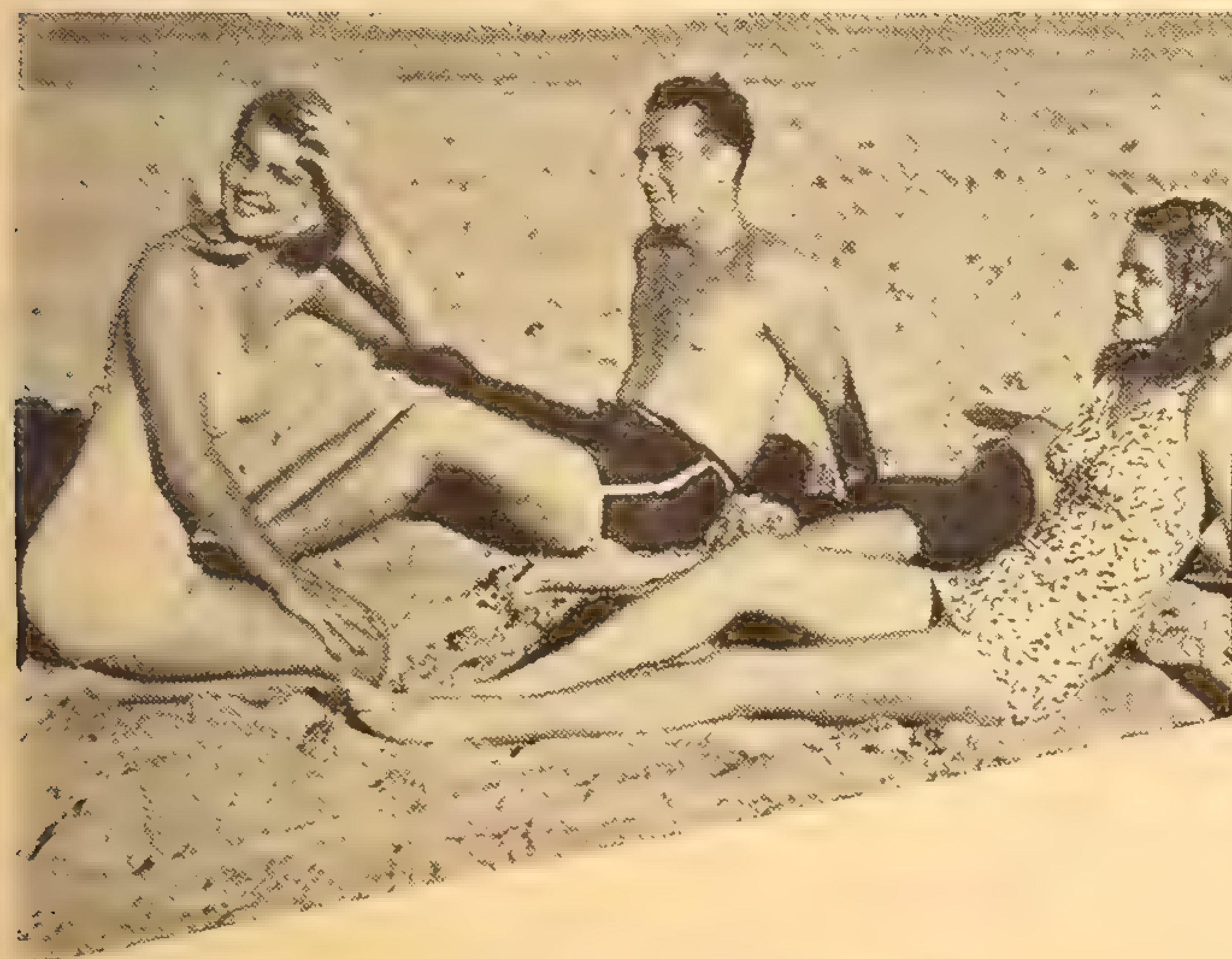
Honeymooners
Florence Rice
and Robert Wilcox
enjoying cool
drinks on beach
in Honolulu.



by the beauty of their romance he cried throughout the ceremony. Against an altar of purple orchids Florence and Bob became man and wife. The bride wore a simple sport dress and flat-heeled shoes. Her last pair of stockings "went" on the boat. There wasn't even time to buy a new pair for her wedding. The Honolulu-legendary Duke Kahanamoku gave away the bride. The guests included the Jimmy Ellisons, Bill Henry's delightful "Ma" Henry (who adopted Duke as their foster son), Grandma Henry and their hosts. The entire thing had all been planned and arranged the night before.

A maritime strike gave the young couple an extra honeymoon week in Honolulu. Then they returned to Hollywood and the serious business of being Mr. and Mrs.

Wilcox. Florence is all set at M-G-M. Bob has exciting things ahead. Originally he was seen in Buffalo stock. He went there after working at the Pasadena Community Theatre and trying to crash the movies. He was seen by a talent scout and sent to Universal. Now he is free of that contract, after playing fifteen leads in their Class B product. Once upon a time he was in love and engaged to Joy Hodges. She went east and after ten months' absence, their love cooled. M-G-M wanted to borrow him once for a lead with Joan Crawford. Universal refused to let him go. Three years later he got to M-G-M. He *didn't* play a lead with Joan. But he did meet the girl of his heart, who is content to play leads with him for the rest of their lives. Hollywood wishes them much happiness.



SKIN SMOOTH IN SPITE OF SUN AND WIND

I'VE ALWAYS
DEPENDED ON POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
FOR SMOOTHING AWAY
LITTLE ROUGHNESSES.
I'M DELIGHTED
THAT NOW IT HAS
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IN IT

NOW EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN THIS SWELL POWDER BASE*

Women who are careful of their make-up are always eager to hear about the extra "skin-vitamin" that comes in a famous powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Skin that lacks Vitamin A becomes rough and dry. But when this "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's before powder and overnight to help supply this important vitamin for your skin. Same jars, labels, prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method. Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company



Mrs. William Rhineland Stewart

Smart young society favorite, always seen in fashionable places. She goes hatless throughout the active outdoor season—winters in Palm Beach.

HOW ATTRACTIVE ARE *You* ON THE BEACH?



SKINNY?

HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS
GAIN NATURALLY
ALLURING CURVES



Posed by
professional
models

Thin, Tired, Nervous People Often Gain 10 to 25 Pounds, NEW PEP—QUICK

HERE'S the best news ever told for many of the thousands of skinny, tired, washed-out men and women who are almost ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit—people who can hardly eat, sleep or work—people who are so weak and weedy-looking, so nervous and cranky they've almost lost all friends.

Now many of them can easily gain naturally attractive pounds, normal health, pep and popularity in a few weeks—by simply taking these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets.

And it's easy to understand. Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin, run-down and nervous simply because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you can get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And the improvement they make in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands have gained 10 to 25 pounds of naturally good-looking flesh in just a few weeks. Their tired feeling and nervousness seem to have just flown away. They're full of pep, look like new persons, and are more popular and happy in every way.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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The Devine Andy

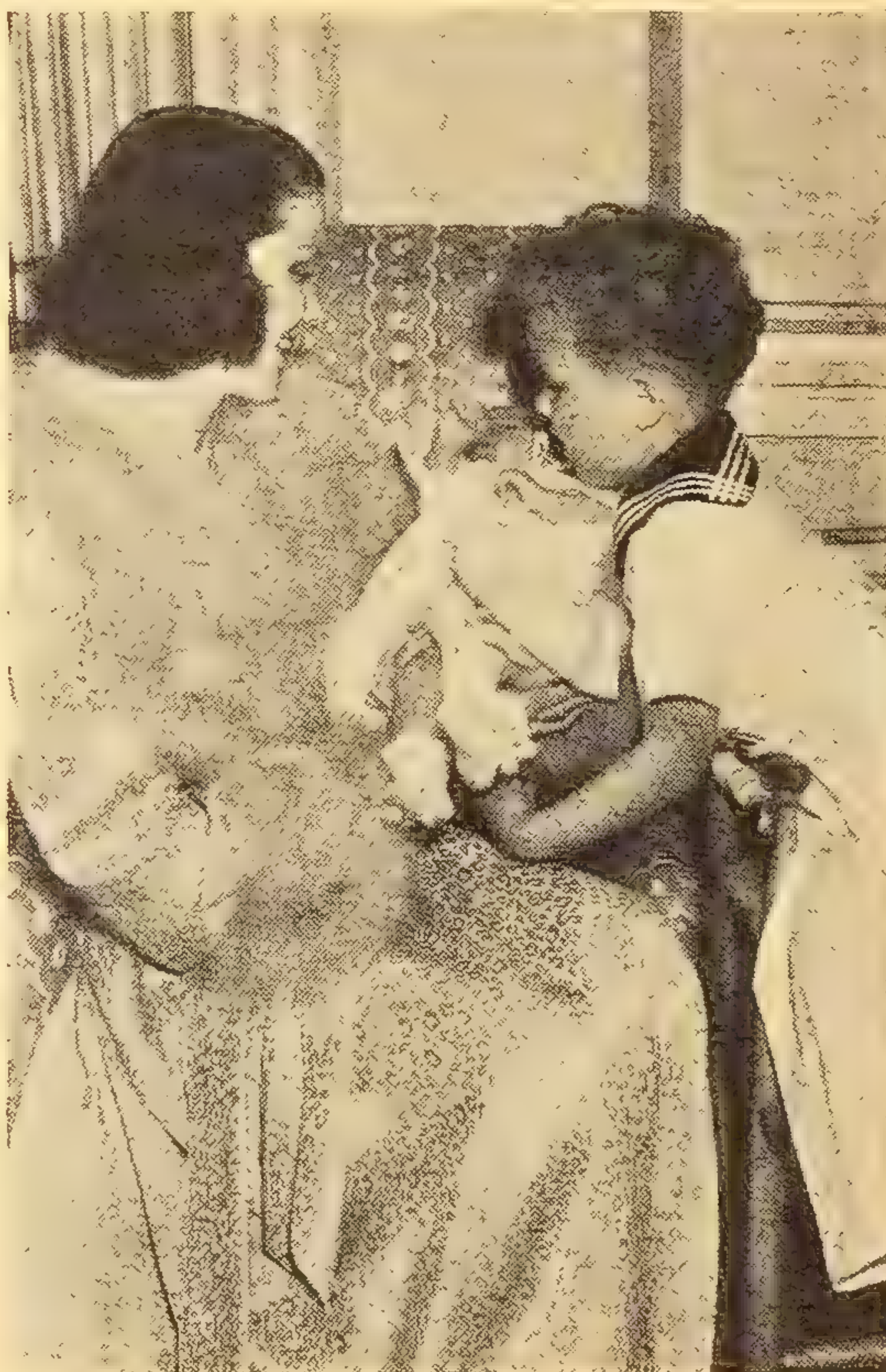
Continued from page 51

troubles, Dick." And then he showed me a side of himself I had never dreamed existed. Dick and Joby came in finally. Instantly Andy was back in character while I was trying in a flustered way to collect myself.

It wasn't until long after that that I discovered other important things about Andy. His greatest terror: he's afraid of being laughed at. And, because of this, he'll never become confidential if there is more than one person present. No matter how well he may know the both of you, although he may become serious he doesn't become confidential. And no matter how well he knows you, even though there may be no one within miles of the two of you, it's only on rare occasions he speaks of the things that are close to him. Chaplin may yearn to do *Hamlet*. Lloyd may long to don the make-up of *Cyrano*. Friends may sympathize with their ambitions. Andy takes no chances. He is a comic and he knows it. He's grateful that he can make people laugh and collect for it. He realizes that people, meeting him casually, expect him to be the same offscreen as on and he tries to live up to their expectations.

There is an old saying, "Nobody loves a fat man." Andy paraphrases it and says, "Nobody loves a comic." People expect comics to be funny. He knows you can't unburden yourself with strangers—it would only bewilder them. If he was funny with them and, later, they started comparing notes with someone who knows him well—someone with whom he had once become confidential and let his hair down—it would confuse them. So he remains a comic. But the same problems confront a comic—the same longings for adventure and romance stir within his breast as in the breasts of the Gables, Taylors, and Powers.

Andy couldn't have been more than sixteen when he left home one summer and ended up in Ketchikan, Alaska, with no money but plenty of self-assurance and a healthy appetite. He postponed a few meals



Baby Dennis, Andy Devine's son, poses for his first picture with mother and his very proud big brother, Tad.

and then, when there seemed no end to his period of fasting, he heard of a Swedish fishing smack anchored off the coast. "I put some snuff under my lip as I had heard Swedes do," Andy chuckled, "adopted a Swedish accent—or, at least that's what I thought it was—and went out there to get work. It took them about half a minute to find out this pan of mine is Irish and not Swedish, so they laughed at me and kicked me off the boat. I ate—somehow—and finally got back home. I went back to school and played football. If Southwestern had heard of me they'd never have bothered with Gaylon Smith. Then my father died and I left school."

What prompted him to head for California even he doesn't remember—but presently he found himself in Hollywood. "I was sailing down Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon," he recalls, "all dolled up in my football jersey when some guy pointed his finger at me and said, 'You're the guy. Come on!' I hadn't anything better to do so I went and next thing I knew I was playing in 'The Collegians' out at Universal. I made about \$100 or \$150 a month while it lasted. That was plenty because I'm not the romantic type and I didn't need any clothes. Then talkies came in and they quit making 'The Collegians' and that old problem of eating cropped up again." He grinned reminiscently and continued: "I started doing extra work when I could find any—but there wasn't much. After starving intermittently for a year, Universal gave me a couple of small parts in their serials and I managed to eke out an existence. But the serials ran only a few weeks and my shirt was sticking out again."

It was during this time that Andy told me one of the things I have since learned is more revealing of his character than a year's acquaintance with him—one of the things he has never before told for publication. One day he had covered every studio—major and minor. As he trudged his weary way homeward that night—still jobless—he determined to commit suicide. But the thought of the disgrace it would be to his family worried him. He won't do anything that will work a hardship on anyone or bring them unhappiness. Then he remembered a little gas stove in his apartment. The tube that connected it with the gas jet was always slipping off. Andy thought if he undressed himself, got into bed, pulled the tube off and turned on the gas people would think it had slipped off while he was asleep and he had accidentally been asphyxiated.

He reached home so tired he could hardly drag one foot after the other. The electricity had long since been cut off. As he opened the door he saw a slip of paper lying in the darkness on the floor. He picked it up and struck a match. It was a polite note from the gas company to the effect that they had been regretfully compelled to turn off the gas until such time as he could pay his bill! "I finally came to the conclusion," he went on, "that the good Lord hadn't intended me to be an actor so I started turning an honest penny wherever I could. I became manager of a miniature golf course. Then I started fooling around with wrestling." He smiled wryly. "I never lost my amateur standing but I remember wrestling at a couple of bouts for the benefit of the unemployed when I was so hungry myself I could hardly stand up on the mat."

It was after that that Andy became a lifeguard. One day he pulled seven or eight people out of a rip tide who would undoubtedly have drowned if he hadn't reached them. I kidded him about it when I heard of it. "Have you got a Carnegie medal to prove it?" I demanded. "Naw," he retorted disdainfully. "You can't buy beans with those things!"

Then he received a call to test for "The

Spirit of Notre Dame" and got the afternoon off, never dreaming that anything would come of it. So, instead of taking the test seriously, he clowning all through it. That seemed to be what the director wanted, because he got the part. His interpretation of *Truckhorse Johnson* is still spoken of in hushed tones when actors start discussing really fine performances by comedians.

Thus Andy came into his own. He got a contract with Universal as a result of his work in that picture and it has been fairly smooth sailing ever since. Fairly smooth, that is, so far as drawing a regular salary check is concerned. But a year or two ago he seemed to have struck a snag. He worked steadily—but he wasn't getting anywhere. Then Jack Benny used him in a radio broadcast and his stock went booming. An advertising agency found a sponsor who offered to star Andy in his own show. Andy said no. "Jack gave me a break when I needed it and as long as he wants me I'll stick with him." As the star of his own show he could get several times what Benny pays him. But that doesn't worry Andy. A pal did him a favor and he won't forget it. His cracked, "Hi, Buck" will remain a fixture on the Benny broadcast and, if you've noticed, Andy is the only one in the cast who never cracks wise at Jack's expense.

It is part of the Hollywood credo that actors are kind to their families. It's got so now that if they aren't, the families haul them into court. But in days gone by it wasn't always so. One of the most illuminating sidelights on Andy's character, I discovered quite by accident. It was shortly after he had completed "The Spirit of Notre Dame" he received word his mother was incurably ill. He flew home to spend a few days with her. His brother was doing well in business but she had always worried over Andy. The day before he arrived his brother had taken her out of the hospital to see "The Spirit of Notre Dame." As Andy sat with his mother day after day, she took his hand once and looked at him out of tear-dimmed eyes. "I can die happy now, son," she whispered. "Your brother is a success and you have a wonderful future."

The next day he received a summons from Universal and had to leave her and fly back to Hollywood to start work on a new picture. "Can you imagine how I felt working on that picture?" he said to me. "Practically all the scenes were laid in a hospital and there I was, knowing my own mother was in one and would never come out of it alive. I nearly went crazy. Then, the day before Christmas, my brother wired me she had passed on. I suppose it sounds heartless to say it, but that was the nicest Christmas present I could have had. I knew she was out of her misery and she had died with the belief that both her boys were successes."

As far as I know Andy has never loved but one girl. And that one is the girl he married. Her name was Dorothy House. "Dogey" her friends call her. She is pretty as a picture but she has a level head on her shoulders with it all. They have two children and live on a twelve-acre ranch. The house was decorated by Dogey without benefit of an interior decorator and it is one of the prettiest places in the picture colony. They raise practically all their own food. They cure their own hams and bacon and their friends never lack for either of these commodities. To see Andy on the rare days when he is free from the studio, putting around the garden or barn or conferring with his overseer about the crops, is to get still another slant on him. It all adds up to this: there are few people in Hollywood more deserving of success and fewer still whose success is as unenvied.

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The Romantic Life of Annabella Continued from page 33

children. My parents are not what you call 'modern' people. They are gentlefolk, my parents, with gentle ideas and gallant old ideals, their feet still walk the old pathways. . . . But anyway, I think that is why I like so much to be in the films now. *I can still make-believe!* I like the make-believe much better than the real. Still I am not always sure where the one leaves off and the other begins. When I do know, I am a little sad.

"I had a won-der-ful childhood, won-der-ful! It was a happiness like heaven, my childhood, with laughter all the day as light as feathers floating. There were so many things . . . my father was head of the Boy Scouts in France. Sometimes he took the boys on camping trips and sometimes, when my brothers could not go with him, he took me with him. So that I was a little bit of a sport, liking boy-things, wild like a boy, untamed. When I was with my father, I was like that. But when I was with my mother, I tried to be a little lady."

It was this young divergence, I am sure, which today makes Annabella sometimes like a boy, untamed; sometimes like "a little lady." That split in her so-very-young personality is responsible, I'm sure, for the happy hoyden who curtsies, so to speak, with the quaint grace of the stately minuet. So that Annabella always runs, never walks. She runs across a room with quick strides, with little leaps and bounds. She comes to rest and stays still, with quiet grace and spirited dignity.

"Well, then, sometimes in the garden, we were in a mood to play with dolls, Claude and I," Annabella relates. "Again, we were in the river, we were sea-nymphs. I learned to swim there the same time I learned to walk. When I am now in the water, I am in my element. We played to be Indians. We had a little hut and we were pirates . . . we slept in that garden, under a canopy of little white clouds. . . ."

"My father was the director of a newspaper for boys, *Le Journal des Voyages*. I would always read those papers. I would read the stories about Africa and India, jungles and fjords. And they gave me my taste for wanting to see the world. Sometimes we would place a ladder against the wall and we would look down into other gardens. I would think, then, of *all* the gardens of the world, how some of them are jungles and some of them are the sea, and I would think that I must play in all the gardens of the world one day, yes, *all* of them!"

Annabella relates how that small Zette was very, specially proud of two things: she was as proud as a small Punch because she was born, not at home, in the usual way, at all—no, she was born, unexpectedly, during a visit her mother made to Paris. So that she would boast, inflating her small chest, 'I was born during a visit of my mother to Paris!' She was proud, too, because she was born on the 14th of July, Bastille Day, a date corresponding in the historical significance of France to our own Independence Day, July 4th. And there is that about Annabella which is as independent as the date of her birth; an independence which was, soon now, to take her out of the safe, sunny garden, into places where there were no gardens at all and, certainly, no happiness.

There came the day when *Maman* and *Pere* Charpentier decided that now the children must come out of the garden, must go to school. With a pain which was like their childish fingers squeezing her heart, Mama watched them bicycling off to the little neighboring school-house, Annabella in the lead, dreadfully excited, dreadfully exultant. She knew, the mother, oh, well she

knew, that they were going much farther away than the little school-house. Zette didn't like school. For in school reality impinged its unlikely countenance into fairy land. There were mathematics and the conjugating of Latin verbs; sentences to be parsed until words were no longer bright soap-bubble things but hard little pellets put down, and measurable. In literature, in history and geography, Zette Charpentier was "excellent." For in these subjects she could still "float off"—in the other subjects she was "very, very bad."

And in school, too, the formless desire for a life-time of make-believe took shape and form, had a name, became a possible attainable thing. For—"all the girls in school," says Annabella, "said how they wanted to be in the films. All the time they talked about that and nothing else. Now Lucy was gone for Claude and me. Now Mary Pickford took her place, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge. They were names without bodies, too, you see, realer than the flesh and blood people we knew. They talked all the time how they would be film stars, those girls in school. But *I did not speak*. I was afraid to speak. I had learned that only when you say in words, 'there is no fairy in that flower,' did it happen that—*there was no fairy in that flower*. So I thought that if I should speak out loud, 'I will be a film star,' I would not be a film star, *she would not be there*."

"Every Sunday I was hoping that we would be taken to the cinema in Chantilly. I bought all the cinema magazines. I had a hard time doing that. My mother did not give us any pocket money because we were all the time in the garden and in the garden there is no such thing as money. So, I sold some of my books to the girls in the school to obtain the magazines. I also bought a scrap-book and cut out pictures of Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess and the others and pasted them in. Two pictures cut out little and put in my pocket. One was of Mae Murray, the other of Norma Talmadge. One day in school, while I was doing my physical culture exercises, the locket fell from my blouse and opened and there were revealed, of all things, the pictures of *movie actresses!* The professor in charge, he was corseted in the strict discipline of the French schools and I knew what his horror would be—and then I asked me, sepulchrally and with a kind of a guillotine edge to his voice: 'Who are these—er—ladies, Mademoiselle?'

"'They are my cousins, Monsieur.' I answered him. He was content. His suspicion they rested. He had not been to the 'folly' of the cinema and so he did not recognize its stars. Now we played always at making the movies. We labelled the hen-house the laboratory; the chicken coop we covered with my mother's fine linen sheets and called that the stage. We acted out the cinema plays. I was always playing the heroine. My brother was the director, wearing my father's puttees, like we had seen pictures of Mr. Cecil B. DeMille. He brandish a megaphone and tell us what to do."

In that garden, in more ways than on the soon-to-be career of Annabella was taking form. For her father had a hobby, too. The hobby of taking kodak pictures. And always he was asking the children to pose for him—"that posing and those piano lessons!" groans Annabella, "they were terrible awful things! If they had been the movie pictures—but to stop the games, not move, to be motionless and patient, that was hard!"

But it was, none the less, this bobby her father's which gave the child her first opportunity to be "in the picture." For Pa



Come, come, Bob, we know it's nasty ol' stuff, but how can you hold out against Annabella? Scene from "Bridal Suite," comedy film with Young as a playboy with aversions to matrimony, and the new Mrs. Ty Power as girl he eventually marries.

Charpentier, being a publisher, numbered among his friends many editors, artists, writers who, if not actually engaged in the making of films, were intimately associated with those that were. And on the occasions when he visited his friends in Paris, M. Charpentier would show his friends his pictures. Now and again he would explain, pardonably proud, "And this is my little girl, Suzanne—she wants to be in the films, what do you make of that, ha, ha, for my little girl to be in the films is like a dream for her!" and then he would go on showing his pictures, the one of the poplar tree with the cloud nesting in its hair, the one of the hen, defiant, and the current bush. But on one such day, the man who looked at the picture of the little girl who wanted to be in the films, paused right there. He looked up at last, and said, "Why not let this child try, Monsieur Charpentier? I know a director at the Ballincourt Studio in Joinville. He is now casting a picture. Why not send your little girl to see him? How old is she, your little girl?"

"She is sixteen," said the father of the soon-to-be Annabella, "yes, maybe you are right. Maybe she should try. Maybe then she will be quiet."

"When my father told me," sighs Annabella, "I knew such happiness then as I knew when I was Jacques . . . when Lucy lunched with me . . . it was just like that, only more. . . . So here was my opportunity and—I nearly spoiled it! I did not look sixteen and I was afraid for that. Norma Talmadge did not look like me, long hair, face without paint, little-girl dresses on me. So on my way to Paris I stop at the house of a school-friend who is older than I and I borrow her clothes. I spent all my money on all the make-up in the world. When the director looked at me, his eyebrows rose up in a pained fashion. But I think, he must have seen the little girl under the feathers and the paint. Anyway, he told me about the part. I was to play a little girl of fifteen, he said. I was disappointed that I was not to be so-

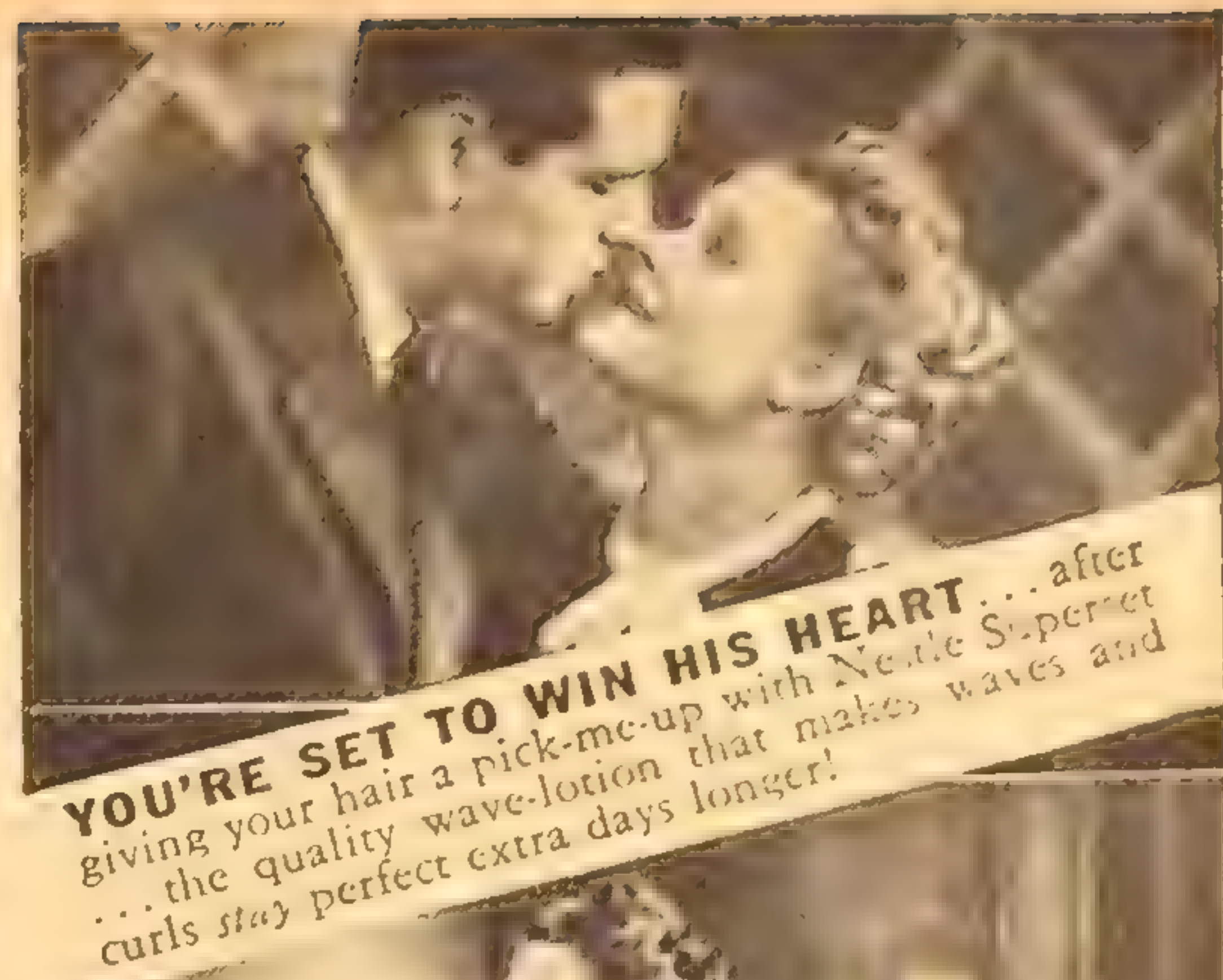
phisticated and wear long, black gloves and long, black lace stockings. I, who had not ever cared for my clothes!

"But when I start to work, I love it! It was my world again, the world of make-believe. We went to Corsica, while we made that picture. It was my first time away from home, without my parents. A friend of my mother's went with me, for the chaperone. But still I was, in a way, alone. I was, now, in another garden. . . .

"So I finished in that picture. And then—and then they patted my shoulder, very sweetly, the kind of being kind that is stabbing like a knife—and they said to me, and their voices were like my funeral knells—'all right, now, petite Mademoiselle, you can go home.' I went home like I was going to Siberia, like going into exile. When I got home I was a stranger in the house. They did not understand. My father thought it was another game for me, like playing in the garden, that little bit of being in a film. My mother and I were not friends now. We did not talk any more. I did not like my parents. I did not think they liked me. I had never before met with lack of understanding. It was like a poison in me. I was so very depressed, so very sad. I wanted to die. . . . I wanted to die. . . .

"There are some parts of your life which you like to forget because you didn't like yourself at that period. That part of my life I like to forget, never to think of it any more. . . . Well, I did not die, I am now happy to say! This is what I did instead—I ran away. I ran away to Paris. Those were the black hours of my life, two years of black hours."

Now Annabella, gay child, was gay no longer. Now she was morose. She was sullen. Now she was saying, "This will never end, this pain. . . ." She was knowing the long, long pain of Youth. She would not go back to school. What had she to do with school now, with school-girls and their chatter? She was alone, set apart, different. She wanted only to go back to Paris, to try again for the films. This her parents



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would not permit her to do. She took no interest in the activities of young people of her age. She was much too young and much too old. And because of this, Life made a catpaw of her, grinning at her struggles and contortions, her little yelps and yowls of pain and fury. She refused to go to parties. She didn't like to dance. She read "everything sad." She waited only for letters to come, for one letter which would say, "Come back to Paris, there is a part for you in a film." The postman would come at eight o'clock in the morning. At six o'clock Annabella would be waiting for him by the gate in the old, stone wall. The postman would have nothing for her. Nothing save pity in his shrewd, old eyes which had seen so many young eyes darken at his empty hands. Then, her face bleak in its youth, she would go to her island and stay there, the day long, finding grim comfort only in the books of those writers who saw the mud, never the stars.

She thought, then, of suicide. She thought of taking poison. She thought of drowning herself in the silvery waters of the river. She thought of jumping out of her bedroom window at night. And then—she ran away, once more. And the two bad years went on. She ran away to Paris. A small income from her grandfather's estate sufficed to keep her housed and fed. She took a little apartment and began to look for work. But there was no work for Annabella. She was the wrong age for films then, neither a child nor an adult. She had no "pull," no influence, and little experience. She gained, in that time, only the knowledge that she had been trying to run away from herself.

"I had no happy girlhood at all," Annabella today, at twenty-five, deplores, "after my too-happy childhood. I was too morbid. I was jealous of the boys and girls who were having good times because I did not know how to have a good time any more. The people I ran around with at that time were not the right kind of people, they had a bad influence on me. I had no happy, young love because it was all too complicated in my heart. I was being the Tragedy Queen. Everything, for me, was for Life or for Death. Oh, it was very bad, that time of my life, very, very bad, in every way.

"I had only one little piece of work—I got the job to play the part of the sister of Charles Boyer in 'Barcarole d'Amour.' We went to Berlin to make that film. The stars rode in the crack train. I rode behind in the 'milk-train.' I had to buy my own dresses. I was to be paid only for the days I worked, and I worked only two days. When I was finished there and was ready to go back to Paris I had only five francs left, which is not fifty cents in American money. The unimportance of me in that film did not help me. I returned with my little store of hope lower than my little store of francs, and with the realization that it is better to dream, however hungrily, than to have a dream come true—shabbily."

And then one day, haunting a studio, like the thin young ghost she was, a young man spoke to her: "I am Rene Clair's assistant. Mr. Clair would like to see you, now, at once." Annabella thought, *I am delirious!*

Annabella didn't walk to the office of Rene Clair. She floated, so she says. But I think she must have run, as she runs now, with the air of one who is forever running toward something, never away from something. Rene Clair received her with enthusiasm, with interest. "Like I was Someone," says Annabella, gratefully. He showed her a script. The title page bore the illumined words, "Le Million." He discussed the script with her, a part in it which was, he said, ideal for her, for her and no one else. Annabella heard his voice as one hears voices when under an anesthetic. She had read of the delusions which plague the

frustrated. *It couldn't be true...* It couldn't really be happening... Rene Clair, the greatest of them all... it couldn't be true because the girls in the office, my goodness they were all *typing*, they all were behaving normally, one girl fussed with her hair another chewed gum... "while the most beautiful thing in the world was happening to me... it was like a pain!"

Rene Clair was asking, "Can you do ballet?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I can!"

"Can you ride a horse?"

"But yes, I am an equestrienne!"

"Can you drive a car?"

"But of course, of course, like a wind"

Rene Clair was saying, "For this picture I should like your hair to be dark."

"Yes, yes, it shall be dark, but at once"

Ten minutes after she left that office, her hair was dyed dark. Within the day she was arranging for ballet lessons, riding instructions, lessons in driving a car. And then began that period of her life called working-like-mad. And then began—happiness again. Claude came to Paris and was like a rushing together again for the two cousins, after that long "absence." Now they talked as they had talked in the garden. Now Annabella had her make-believe again. She "came back to be friends" with her mother, with her father. The hard, dark thing within her dissolved like crystals.

"Le Million" was the beginning for Annabella, and it was the beginning, too, of the name of Annabella. "I took that name because I so loved the 'Annabelle Lee' of Edgar Allen Poe. How many times I read that poem, loving it because it is so sad, would not dare to be 'Annabelle Lee,' but I could be Annabella so that the syllable of the name would sing the same. I had another reason, too. I did not like how they always call an actress by her last name in Europe. Here in America it is Myrna Loy, Bette Davis, and so on. That is nice. In Europe it is Garbo, Dietrich, Rainer, Bernhardt, I do not like that. I did not like to be called 'Charpentier! Charpentier!' So I re-christen myself Annabella."

And Annabella, re-christened and reborn, went from success to success: "Soleil Raffle," "Paris-Mediterranee," "Mademoiselle Josette," "14th of July."

Twentieth Century-Fox sent for her, asked her to come to Hollywood to make the French version of "Caravan." "I was advised to go," says Annabella. "I did not want especially to go. I had not even thought about Hollywood for me. It was not very happy for me, here. I did not speak one word of English. I was lonely. But then I go back to Europe and I make pictures everywhere. In Budapest I make a picture, in Vienna, in England... Then, and this is the most important thing in my whole life—Mr. Bob Kane sent for me and asked me to star in 'Wings of the Morning,' in England. I read the script and oh, I wanted to play that part! It was *me*, I think, I am like that, I am that beautiful girl. But I could not speak English. But tell them I will learn, *right now*. So I went to England and lived in the home of a good doctor and his wife and two daughters who were near my age. I lived three lives. I attended the Berlitz School of Languages. And what I had never had before, I had then—I was always with young girls and young boys. In that time, the only time, I was going dancing and putting on the Thames and to cricket matches and it was very nice. For about three months I forget that I am in pictures. I was just a girl playing in an English garden."

AND THEN ANNABELLA FELL IN LOVE! NEXT MONTH WE WILL TELL YOU OF HER EUROPEAN MARRIAGE, HER RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD, AND THE TRUE HAPPINESS SHE HAS FOUND AS MRS. POWER.

All Honor to the Great Picture "Juarez"

Continued from page 7

the Maximilian campaign. "He was an interesting old gentleman," Muni recalls. His name is Luis Flores Lopez and he lives in a military barrack, on government pension. He told us how Juarez's soldiers fought under command of a young firebrand named Porfirio Diaz, who later was to become President of Mexico. Old Lopez, expert for his years, went through the entire two-year campaign without a gun. A cavalry man (actually a cowboy) his lariat as his only weapon. It was his custom to ride up in the face of the enemy's artillery and with his rope lasso cannons and drag them back to his own lines. His story was corroborated by records. It's a little touch of authenticity that you will see in the film; one of a hundred such touches that resulted from our search for facts."

Hal Wallis, this year's winner of the Halberg award for the most consistent high quality production achievement among Hollywood studio heads, gained as much as Muni from the pre-production trip, but in a way slightly different. Muni was studying Juarez, the man. Wallis, responsible for the entire picture in the final analysis, was studying a country and its people.

"From that experience and that study we built a foundation of fact and feeling that enabled us to get a solid, life-and-blood script and a picture that is one of the best ever produced by Warner Bros.," said Wallis. "We could not have made as fine a picture had we not had the cooperation given us in Mexico. We talked with Juarez's descendants, their families. We had access to all records. That our research might be thorough and without interruption, officials of the National Museum closed the Juarez and Maximilian wings for a day. But we did not confine ourselves to talking with relatives, historians, and museum custodians. We tried to absorb the atmosphere of the country, feel it as it must have been just those comparatively few years ago. I believe we have captured that feeling and spirit in our production—the very heart of a people who have struggled up through oppression for centuries to find and free themselves only during the last century."

Much of Muni's time while in Mexico was given to a study of Juarez, the man, his mannerisms, his habit of thought, of action, every fact about his appearance and posture that could be ferreted out. Formal portraits, photographs and busts were copied and turned over to Perc Westmore of Warner's make-up department. After weeks of work, a special formula of make-up was evolved so that Paul Muni, from physical appearance alone, actually WAS *Don Benito Juarez*. Care precisely similar was given to make-up and dress of all others in the cast: Brian Aherne as golden-whiskered *Maximilian von Habsburg*; Bette Davis as the tragic *Empress Carlota*; Claude Rains as *Napoleon III*; Gale Sondergaard as *Eugenie*; Donald Crisp as *Marechal Bazaine*; John Garfield as *Porfirio Diaz*—through the list of players in the more than fifty important speaking parts.

In assembling the cast, director Dieterle made more than one hundred make-up and wardrobe tests, with camera, seeking the perfect types. Tests of thirty five-year-old lads were made before Dieterle found little Mickey Kuhn to play Augustine Iturbide, whom Maximilian and Carlota adopt. Muni himself made eight tests before he hit upon the precise make-up and costume for his character. Bette Davis, with as many gorgeous gowns to wear, made eighteen tests to please designer Orry-Kelly. "Some of those gowns are breathtaking. And the

jewels!" exclaims Miss Davis. "Orry-Kelly searched the best looms of Europe for the brocades and taffetas he used. The jewels—necklaces, rings, brooches, tiaras, everything—came mostly from the great exporting and importing firms of New York and Paris. Some, once owned and worn by Carlota, came from Mexico originally. Never have I felt so regal."

Forty-five huge sets were built to film the principal scenes of the production, which was before the cameras from November 17, 1938, to February of this year. Largest of these sets, which covers some ten acres of the Warner Bros' ranch near Calabasas, twenty miles from Hollywood, and one which cost \$125,000, is a Mexican city of homes, stores, government buildings, and a cathedral. This, as William Dieterle, cameraman Tony Gaudio, and art director Anton Grot selected hundreds of different camera angles, became in turn Vera Cruz, Matamores, Saltillo, Paseo del Norte, Chapultepec, Verde and La Cruz as the dramatic story followed Juarez's campaign and his exile from the capital during Maximilian's occupancy of the country.

"Juarez" called also for three separate palaces: Maximilian's idyllic castle at Miramar on the Adriatic; Napoleon's regal residence and state chambers in the Tuileries in Paris; the Mexican palace at Chapultepec, overlooking Mexico City as it appeared in 1864 to 1867, period of Maximilian's reign. For this view of Mexico City, with Popocatepetl dominating the Sierra range in the background, Warner's scenic artists painted one of the greatest cycloramas ever done in Hollywood or elsewhere: a vast expanse of canvas curving 170 feet in length and standing 50 feet high. Furnishings for these three huge sets were a problem in themselves. George Hopkins, head set-dresser, went far afield for some of the consoles, council tables, Napoleonic chairs, draperies, and art objects with which the scores of formal rooms are filled. He found a console once owned by Betsy Patterson, who married a Bonaparte, in Philadelphia. A royal coach once owned and ridden in on state occasions by Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria, brother of Maximilian, provided Brian Aherne and Bette Davis with royal transportation.

Accuracy by no means stopped with sets, costumes, make-up and set furnishings. Pat Patterson, studio property man, was on "Juarez" some three months before the picture went into production, assembling the four thousand miscellaneous items required in its filming. Many state papers from Juarez, Abraham Lincoln, Maximilian, Napoleon, Bazaine and others had to be written, done in exact facsimile by a handwriting expert. Leather dispatch cases, with royal crests, had to be tooled and made. Patterson tells of his amusing experience with ten bushels of unshelled peanuts with which he helped "dress" a big street market scene in which 500 Mexican peons, buyers and sellers, appeared. He made the error of buying fresh roasted and tasty goobers. They disappeared within two hours. Next day unroasted nuts appeared on the set.

"Juarez" was completed in 22 reels, twice as long as it is being shown in theatres now. It represents an investment of not quite two million dollars and into it has gone nearly two years of work. Many in Hollywood expect it to be hailed as the greatest picture ever made, for its theme is greater than its cost, greater than the story from history which went into its filming. For, from recent events, its theme is the theme of the problem of the world. "Shall democracy live, or shall it be allowed to vanish from the face of this weary earth?"

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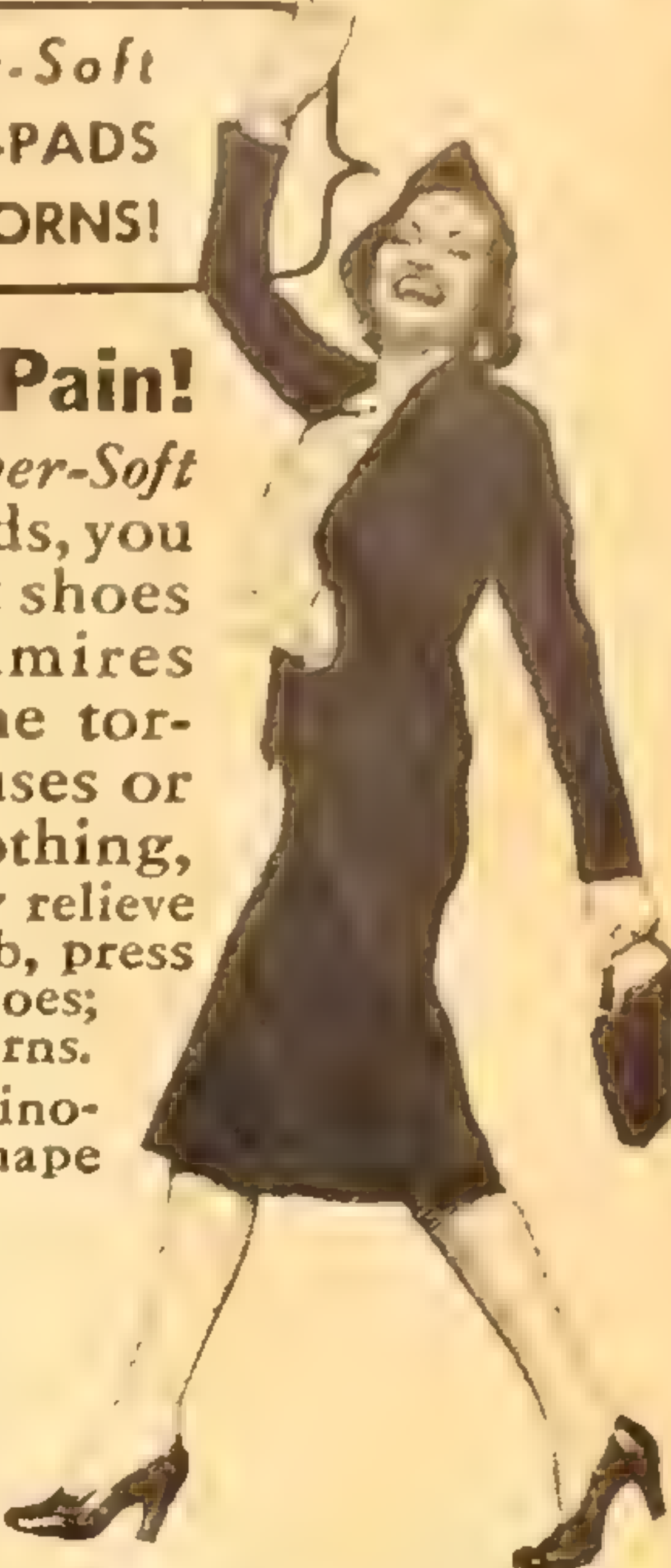
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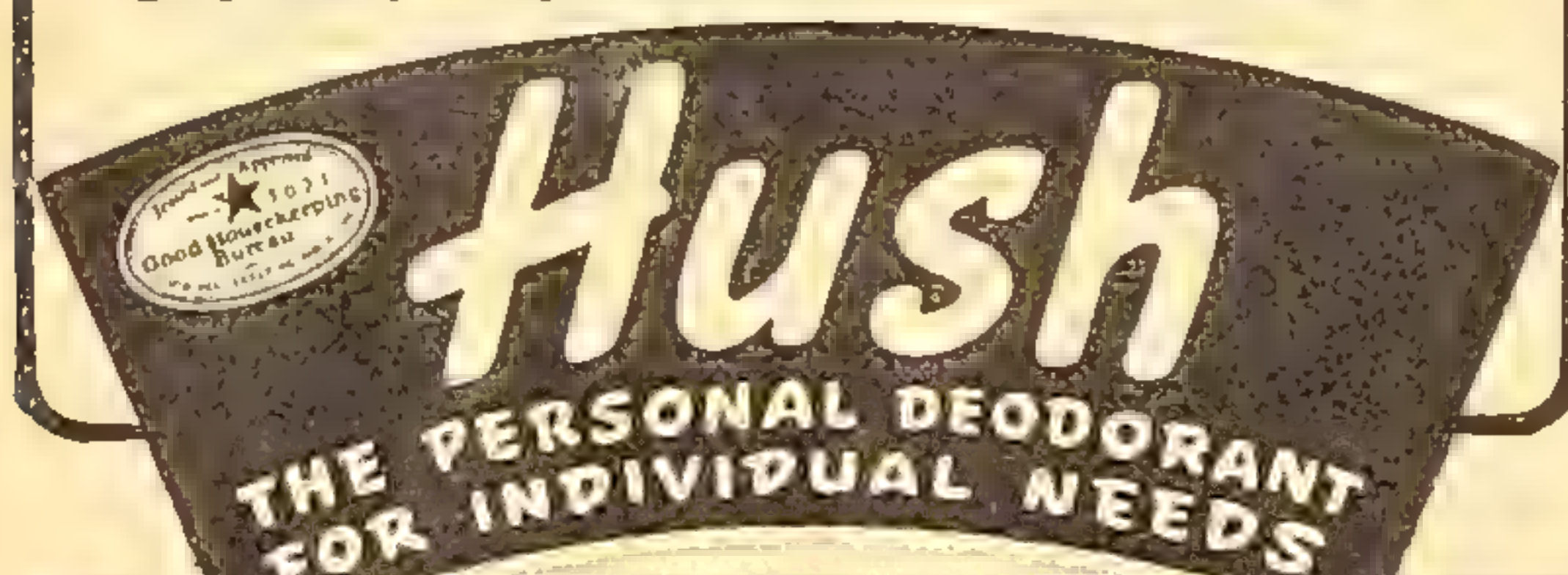
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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

moisture with just a little water. Cook for hours, and serve with only a green salad. Nothing else."

While Schuyler Crail brought his cameras into focus and shot stills of the actress, her admiring husband and son recounted other canapés served in the Venable household.

Slice spiced meat thin, and roll in cornucopias, pierce with a toothpick and stuff the center with *Blue Moon* American Cheese.

Broil sausages and slice off in circles. Place circle on pick between thin cubes of cheese or pickles.

Fry $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of finely chopped bacon until brown and crisp. Pour off one-half the drippings and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raw oysters chopped and cook over hot flame for five minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon horseradish. Spread mixture over crackers—*Crax* Butter Wafers are good for this, and toast lightly before serving.

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup browned and chopped bacon with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter softened with *Hellman's* mayonnaise, spread on crackers or rounds of bread and heat in 400 degrees oven.

"See those lovely old ship's lanterns?" This to me, as we sat sampling canapés under King Neptune. "That's romantic, that is. When I met Reg, he was in the navy, commanding a destroyer. We had such marvelous times on board—moonlight on deck, or mist coming up over the rail—dancing, walking—oh, I'll never forget it! So when I was doing this room, I thought the climax would be some ship's lanterns, and I poked around until I found those two in a little shop. Well, one day, one of Reg's shipmates was here.

"Where did you get those lanterns?" he cried. "I've been looking everywhere for something like that. Do you know they came from the old destroyer Reg used to command? I want a souvenir of that ship, too!"

"Now, isn't that romantic—the old ship's lanterns that looked down on our courtship looking down on our home?"

"Come upstairs, Reggie, and be photographed with Miss Bainter, like a lamb." We all trailed upstairs to the living room, where Fay's "Oscar" sits triumphantly on the mantelpiece, next to an autographed photograph of the President of the United States. On another wall is "Miss Bainter," a large portrait painted by Robert Henri when the actress was playing in "The Willow Tree."

"When I first saw this portrait, after I'd posed every day for three months, I was terribly disappointed," she confessed, "I called her 'a cold fish,' but now I think

she's beautiful. I wanted to own her for long time, but didn't feel I could afford. So Reg, the darling, surprised me by buying it for Christmas!"

"Mother," said young Reg, standing straight and fair beneath "Miss Bainter," "I'm going to be an actor."

"Darling, no! Acting is all right girls—"

"Girls couldn't get very far acting without men."

"Very true. But I thought you were going to be a lawyer."

"I've had my whims, yes. But now going to be an actor. I think I'll skip college—it's a waste of time. I'll start summer!"

"But why not be a newspaperman? That's a career more fascinating than acting."

He kissed her, lightly, and smiled with an attractive smile. He's going to be an actor.

"That's settled," said his mother, fully, "Did I tell you what a charming plan this is for youngsters? When I was making 'Mother Carey's Chickens,' I asked Jack Moran to come down whenever he liked. One day in he walked, his arms filled with flowers, trailing six kids! We were tling in, and my cook worried about what to feed them. But at noon, off they went to buy hot dogs!"

"Well, boys are hungry at noon, so consulted together and the cook made a big salad and sandwiches and sent out ice cream."

"Ever try that California Salad with avocado, grapefruit and cucumbers? always a hit."

CALIFORNIA LUNCHEON SALAD

- 3 medium sized avocados
- 1 cup shrimps or flaked crab meat
- 1 cup grapefruit sections, cut in pieces
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cucumbers, diced
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup celery, finely cut
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup French dressing

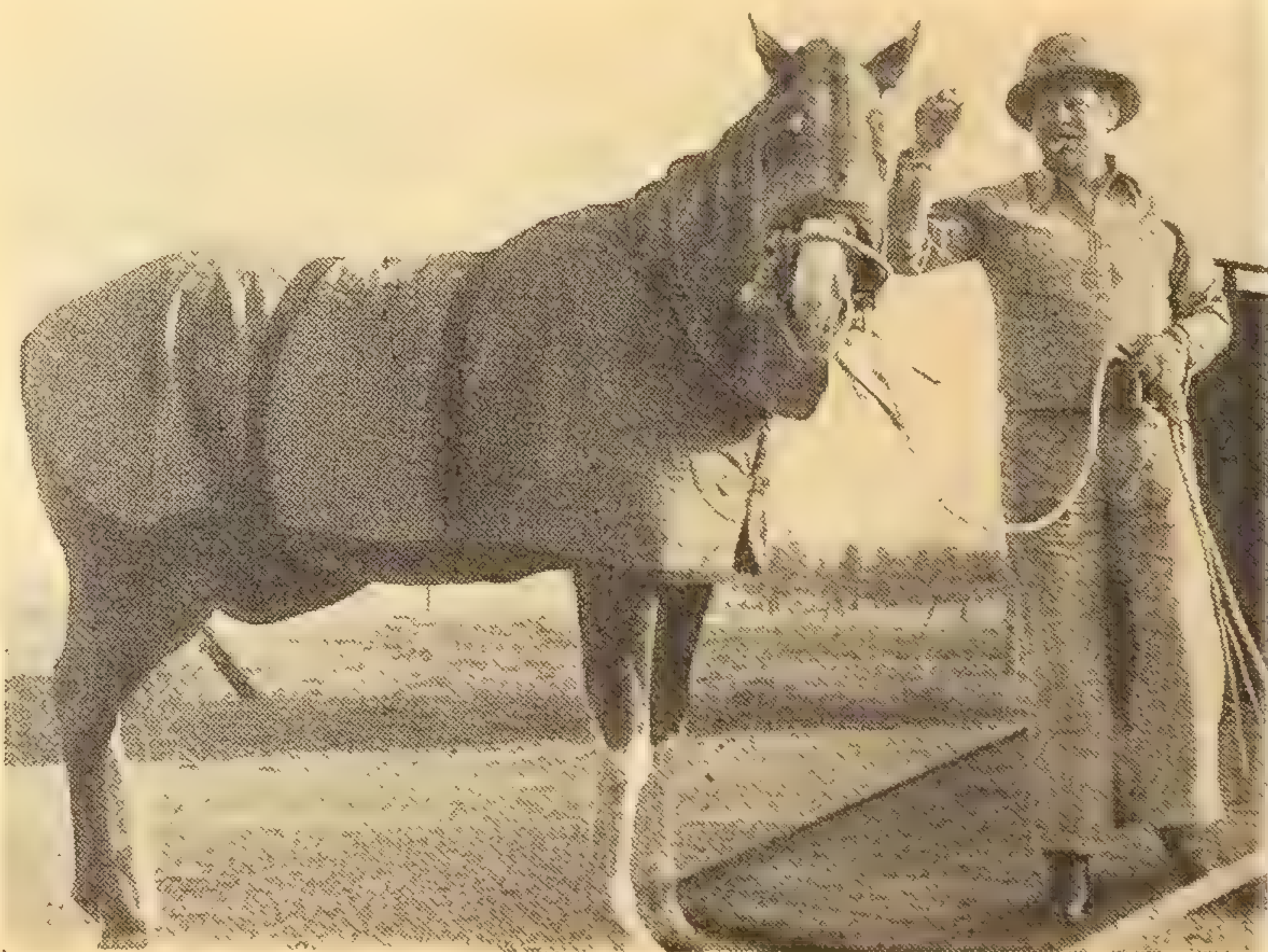
Peel avocados and cut in half. Toss all ingredients together lightly and fill half avocado for each serving. Serve on luncheon plate in a cup of lettuce leaves. Water cress may be used for a garnish. Arrange alternately sections of orange and grapefruit around the outer edge of plate.

When youngsters of the ages of 10 and 11, junior, Bonita Granville, Jackie Cooper, Jackie Moran come down, Fay serves special summer drinks. Snow White Velvet is a favorite, but Reg prefers Dwarf Punch.

For Snow White Velvet, each glass served with two tablespoons pure maple syrup, a generous helping of vanilla cream, and ginger ale to fill the glass.

For the punch, a pint of grape juice, a pint of cold water and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar combined and poured over a block of ice. Add two bottles ginger ale without stirring.

Agitator, one of turf's immortals, will spend rest of his days on Wallace Ford's ranch near Lake Malibu. Wally purchased the horse from the Whitney stables.



and temperate stars to hysterics and the Scotch bottle. The relentless scourge of Hollywood is, of course, the insatiable income tax.

Nine out of ten actors are notoriously bad bookkeepers and debt collectors. A fact that makes it just too bad when income tax penalties are imposed for errors and omissions. Hence the popularity of that new clan, the "you gotta protect yourselfers." These are business men whose business is keeping the stars out of monkey business—and bad business. They are experts in detouring the gentry who plan to ride on movie money, and they have a hundred ways of putting non-skid treads on the stars' cash. They have done quite a job in keeping savings accounts full and outstretched palms empty—in turning a one-time oasis for panhandlers, shady promoters, mouchers and distant relatives into a stony dry wash. Also in keeping that old ebullient income tax from gobbling up all the white meat—as it figured on doing in the case of Merle Oberon. Income tax experts figured that out of a six hundred thousand dollar contract this actress was entitled to sixteen thousand dollars, to spend any way she wished. That was all the tax figures showed her entitled to—no kidding. Of course in Merle's case both Uncle Sam and John Bull take a cut on her earnings.

In proving Hollywood's need of their services these financial experts scared the wits out of the youngsters, worried a hard crust on some of the old soft-touches and put a Scotch blight on the flower of generosity that bloomed so rampantly in the land of the flickering opus. But they made their point, and the stars are profiting by it. Just *how* did they break the movie people of their old irresponsible habits? How did they make them "dollar wise," and how do they operate? The best way to answer those questions is to see what the Wood brothers did in the matter of Bette Davis' fur coat and to find out what they really do for this star.

I happened to be in Vernon Wood's office shortly after Bette said she wanted a fur coat. The place looked like a fur shop. And at that I saw only the "selection" they had weeded out from a hundred fur coats of every style, color, and fur. The Wood boys had really been shopping. The product of a dozen furriers had been considered. Two manufacturing furriers and a fur buyer had been called in to give their expert opinion on the competitive quality of the fur, style, and workmanship, and on the different prices. With some vital statistics prepared by these experts Bette's financial agents were able to get the various fur dealers to revise their prices—considerably.

"Then," to quote C. J. Wood, "I told a furrier in whom I have a great deal of confidence to take the coats to Miss Davis' home and see to it that she got the style, quality, price and workmanship that she wanted. By this time we had narrowed the selection down to seven coats for her to choose from. Or she will have the privilege of having one of the finest workmen in town make any coat of any style from any fur she wishes."

Hollywood's financial agents are very proud of the number of experts and "sources" they have available. Not long ago another agent convinced a star he shouldn't back a magazine a Hollywood writer proposed to publish—presenting to support his finding reports on the proposition from two magazine publishers, three advertising agents, two magazine distributing companies, four well-known writers, two printers—they gave him a complete picture.

But do Bette and other stars know what's going on all the time their financial agents are handling their money and signing their checks? How about the clan starting where the old-time chiselers, mouchers, promoters and crooked stock salesmen left off? In other words, now that they have the "furriners" out of the nest, what's to prevent them from hatching a few golden eggs themselves? Ah, that's where old sleuth system comes in! It's all done with loose leaf.

"Full reports are regularly furnished our clients on loose leaf pages that fit into their binders," explains Vernon Wood. "Bette Davis, for example, first gets a weekly statement showing all income and payments made by check during the week. We show the check that is drawn against her commercial account in favor of her savings account. All accounts are under Bette's name and we have the power of attorney to sign checks for current expenses against the commercial account. She receives four of these weekly statements a month. Then we issue her a monthly statement showing total income from all sources, showing her savings balance and listing every expense she has had—all paid by check."

This way a simple summary of everything is always before Bette, and if any asset should accidentally happen to slip off the loose-leaf record she would miss it instantly. Further, according to Vernon Wood: "The biggest expense item Bette's records show is that of running her home. We list everything she has paid during the month and we break it up to show her how much is paid for insurance, for charity, for fan mail secretary, for various household expenses and for maintaining her cars. We give her a clear picture of where her money has gone during the month. Then we do something that is unique: we show her what percentage of her income she has saved, comparing her monthly saving with her yearly saving. If that monthly percentage falls off it is a gentle hint to her to ease up a little on her expenses. Our monthly financial statement shows every asset she has, her cash in banks, her reserves for taxes (out of each salary check we set aside a certain portion for taxes). We do that for the purpose of being able to say: 'you have so much in the bank that is not eaten up by tax payments due, that really belongs to you.' We list against her resources all her liabilities; paper she might have endorsed, depreciation on her personal effects, on her cars, on her household furniture. We list her notes payable, current accounts payable and salaries or commissions due. She has merely to open her loose leaf binder to see an exact picture of her financial status at any time. We collect all her earnings and pay her every expense by check. The only thing she spends that doesn't show on her weekly statement is her personal expenditure from her weekly allowance. It's really all very simple."

That's probably so in handling financial details for as smart and modern a woman as Bette—but the originators of the financial agent idea didn't find it quite so simple. Bette was already sold on the idea of the intelligent use of her resources and had ample proof of what systematic handling of funds meant to artistic workers. But the stars of a few years ago weren't quite so dollar-wise, or quite so confident that it was a smart idea to let another man sign your checks. Not that they were unnaturally suspicious or overly shrewd, but the idea just sounded silly. Most of the glib stars of a decade ago would buy anything they couldn't pronounce and finance any-

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"It seems strange that a small piece of cork could make such a difference to our lives and both my wife and I wish to thank you very much. We have told many of our friends about your wonderful tree."—C. L. B., Hamilton, Ohio.

"A friend of mine told me what extraordinary luck she has had since you sent her a piece of lucky cork and I wondered whether you could spare me a piece too for which I enclose one dollar."—Mrs. E. E. McD., Greenwich, Connecticut.

"and she tells me that things have gone much better for her since she had the Lucky Cork from you."—Miss M. D., Rochester, N. Y.

"I got the piece of Lucky Cork on Tuesday and on Friday received a letter that has given me a wonderful opportunity. I am still amazed at my luck and never thought the Legend would come true in my case."—J. K., New York.

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"Million Dollar Legs" is Betty Grable's new picture. In skating togs, Betty proves that the casting office made no mistake in choosing her for rôle.

thing they couldn't see. Easy marks for the whole world to shoot at, they were a bull's-eye for grafters and spongers. Panhandlers and confidence men rode into film-dom on the rods and rode back east in special cars—successful promoters.

The origin of this industry (for it is an industry, handling more than twenty million dollars in cold cash a year) can be traced to the good Samaritans who took charge of the wallets that hilarious stars were emptying in drunken fervor, and who financed irresponsible players "between pictures" and took care of their money when they had any. Soon the saner-minded of the older stars began acting in this capacity for their less responsible brothers. Producer, business friends, and studio managers also took on part of this burden. Certain stars would, in their sober moments, beg friends to take care of their money for them, and then, when they had a couple too many under their belts would grow abusive when cash was refused them. These good friends also made enemies of people who had things to sell and charities to support. Some of these fund-seekers were well-intentioned, but most of them were plain embezzlers and get-rich-quick promoters.

The good Samaritans finally appealed to the stars' and players' agents to take over this responsibility. At first the agents, being practical business men, refused to have any part of the screwy idea—but finally agreed to help keep their clients from squandering and losing their money, provided the whole business was put down in black and white. But they didn't enjoy the complications and battles that followed. It was a thankless task—and when one bright young man proposed to become financial adviser to stars, and submitted a practical method of handling their business, he was received with open arms.

A flat price of \$150 a month per client he charged, and the agents rushed their worst cases to him. They would almost be willing to pay his fee themselves to be rid of the headache. But if the stars they sent this young man were the hardest to handle, they were also the most desperately in need of help. Some of them earned as much as eight thousand dollars a week, but at the end of the year would have not

one penny left. Their malady assumed many forms. With some it was liquor and utter disregard for money while intoxicated. With a number it was gambling, with others the inability to say "No" to hard luck story. Having experienced difficulty in their old theatrical days, peddling days, or whatever they happened to have been doing before the movie claimed them, they would turn the pockets inside out for a man with holes in his shoes or a woman with a cough. On one occasion, during the making of "The Big Parade," Rene Adoree and Jack Gilbert beat the panhandler to the punch and picked up over fifteen hundred dollars from the table where a star had dumped the contents of his purse and pockets.

For years there was a constant battle on between two of the closest friends in pictures—with Spencer Tracy trying to stop Pat O'Brien from giving away everything he possessed. Spencer told the writer that there wasn't a contract in Hollywood big enough to afford Pat's heart. And there were a score more stars in town like Pat when the financial adviser took over. There were also those who had Napoleonic complexes and wanted to do great things with their money—and those who couldn't resist a business proposition, no matter how silly because they wanted to prove they were not as impractical as the public thought. But periodically these stars would be awakened to their folly by notices of overdraft from their banks, by warnings from their studios, by humorous squibs in trade papers or by law suits for settlement on notes they had endorsed and by the protests of their friends. At such times they would look up the young fellow who was handling so-and-so's finances, and help him build a bank balance. And then the financial adviser would drive the only price of a bargain acceptable to him: that have complete control of that star's expenditures and that all checks must be counter-signed by him.

They signed up, some of them under strange circumstances. Take the instance of one well-known star who was making a fortune a picture, but who was also spender and gambler of wide repute. He had a period of three months between pictures and set about to spend it in his peculiar manner. And the period wasn't long he spent. With a month of his unemployment still ahead of him, he was out of cash. So, when another star dropped in to see him, he asked, casually, "Let me have ten thousand dollars for a couple of months, will you, Bill?"

"Sure," replied the other, reaching for his check book.

The next day the borrower appeared in the office of the financial adviser. "I don't think there's any need going in," he informed the secretary. "Just get Mr. Blake to countersign this check and bring it to me."

In a minute the secretary was back. "Mr. Blake wants you to step in, please."

Impatiently the star strode through the door, and advanced toward the young man behind the desk, hand outstretched to receive the check. "Got it signed?" he quired.

"What is it for?" countered Blake.

"Whaddya mean, 'What's it for?' It's mine, of course."

"As a loan?"

"Yes. It's Bill's money, isn't it? And I get more than ten times that for my next picture. So hurry up and sign it."

"I'm sorry, but your friend Bill and I agreed that personal loans must be small and would receive last attention. As it happens there are other things we want to do with his available cash."

"You mean you won't let him loan his own money?"

"That's what I mean. I'm sorry about

is, but there's one thing I'm not sorry for."

"Yeah," returned the star, suspiciously, "what's that?"

"That I can hand you this check. It's for only \$100, but there will be another check next week, and another the week after."

"What's the idea?"

"Dean York borrowed three hundred dollars from you one night about six months ago. He's on a picture now and wants to return it. But there are several things to be paid, and we have to pay you instalments."

"Huh, this'll be the first time Dean ever paid back anything he borrowed from me!"

"He said he kept putting it off because you didn't need the money. But when he came with me I had him list all his assets and liabilities. I'm cleaning them up, one at a time. I was going to deliver this check personally. I wanted to talk to you."

"About what?" His indignation was not yet appeased.

"About some of the hundred odd loans you have out. I know I could pick up a thousand dollars of those for you, maybe twice that much. Anyhow enough to carry you through till you get your first check on the new picture."

When that star left the financial adviser's office he was signed up, and for the next six months couldn't issue a check without the counter-signature that had been refused him an hour before.

"Of course," laughed the financial adviser who still has this star on his books, "that was a frame-up. My client knew this star would be looking for a loan shortly and, because he had been loud in his criticism of those who had to have a 'wet nurse,' was eager to turn the tables on him. We framed the whole thing, including Dean York's check, which I hadn't planned to mail for another month. But I claim it was legitimate, as that star needed my services desperately. During the past six years I've salted away half a million dollars for him, and he hasn't made a bad loan or investment in a long while."

As a matter of fact, bad loans are almost nothing of the past in Hollywood, because financial agents and advisers have their fingers in the affairs of almost every star, director, featured player and youngster in pictures. Some of these agents operate independently, and some are affiliated with the artists' agencies.

The stars' spending money or personal budget has become one of the standing jokes of Hollywood, recognized as a panacea for every trouble, ache, and pain that a star ever knew. It is, in other words, his champion "out." After great deliberation the star and the financial agent decide what his pocket money shall be. And, shades of grief, what that is, sometimes! There is one well-known and long-established woman star who allows herself the stupendous sum of fifteen dollars a week spending money. Imagine going shopping with her, or to dinner at Victor Hugo's at her invitation. Not that anybody in Hollywood does any more. Or imagine starting out for a wild evening with one of three popular male stars who have an allowance of twenty-five dollars a week to squander on themselves and their friends, any way they want.

And here is the cause of one of those strange, yet typical, Hollywood situations. Until recently Hollywood was considered the mouchers' paradise, with anyone privileged to crash a star's party—as the star's guest. Joining the gang was the economical thing to do in those days. But not any more! Today the wise fellow in Hollywood is careful about accompanying certain stars and featured players to places where expenses might be incurred, and

also cautious about having them casually join his party. For one never knows the fiscal term of their personal budgets, and on what day they may have about eighty-five cents in their jeans. No doubt the reflected glory of such a luminary's presence is worth the price, but there are those who can't afford it. However, we mustn't forget that for a long period these very stars paid all the bills, and were ridiculed for doing it. Usually the stars with the slimmest pocket allowances are those who formerly were the softest touches in the colony and who simply had to have their finances taken out of their hands for their own protection.

Every one knows, of course, that such personal budgets do not apply to all the stars and that there are still big spenders in Flickerville. But the days when the stars stood all the freight are gone forever. The personal budget and the counter-signed check are the modern star's greatest defensive weapons, saving him from endless petty shakedowns and from borrowing friends. There was a time when stars couldn't say "No" because of soft-hearts and the fear of creating resentment. Now they merely stall the sponger, the panhandler, and the petty borrower with the laughing remark that the pocket money their "wet nurse" gave them is all gone, and send the friend or business acquaintance who wants to borrow to their agent. Sometimes they write checks and tell the borrowers to take them over and have them counter-signed. Then the financial agent has to be the meanie and take the rap. Of course, there is always a secret code between star and financial agent by which the star can advise whether or not he wants a loan or a favor granted. Information whether the agent is to accept a proposition, veto it or use his own judgment is contained in the letter or in what the star instructs the applicant to say to his agent.

"As a matter of fact," explains one of these financial agents, "that's where the famous Hollywood expression 'but I didn't say positively' originated. One of my clients, a Jewish director, told me that no matter how much he argued with me about letting his friends or relatives have money,



Looking like THE man of the title, "Man About Town," in which he appears with Dotty Lamour and Jack Benny, Edward Arnold enjoys a chuckle with Eleanor Troy, one of showgirls.

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Melvyn Douglas is Joan Blondell's leading man in "Good Girls Go to Paris," in which Joan plays an adventurous ultra-modern girl who seeks romance and luxury.

I was to refuse, positively, unless he said 'positively.' Consequently, when his sister-in-law came to see me with a note from him requesting a check for fifty dollars be given her, I said 'No.' Using my phone, she told my client that I had cold-bloodedly refused her. He got on the wire and, with tears in his voice, told me to give it to her. He said that it was a shame and an outrage for me to deny his wife's own sister the use of his money, and that he would never forgive me if I didn't hand it over immediately. He also added a lot of other strong talk.

"I surrendered the fifty, and that very night he was at my house with blood in his eye. He told me I was a bungler and was trying to send him to the poor house. When I reminded him that he had threatened to take his business away from me and sue me if I didn't give the fifty, he shook his finger in my face, and cried: 'But I didn't say "positively." I watched for that word, and I would choke myself first!'"

Relatives are a serious drain on stars. As soon as distant relations hear that a writer, a director or a star is in the money they start for Hollywood. "Finding jobs for relatives and getting them out of the star's home is one of our most urgent problems," says one financial shock-absorber. "Discouraging in-laws is also important, as one able-bodied in-law can find more wild-cat ideas for a star to finance than half a dozen blue-sky promoters."

That relatives don't always approve of the supervision of stars' finances is indicated by an experience of Ted Rogers, one of Hollywood's younger financial agents. One of Rogers' clients sent his uncle in to see the agent. This uncle had a basic patent and wanted ten thousand dollars to start manufacturing. While he was still standing, waiting for the check, Rogers asked him: "What are you going to do with the ten thousand?"

"Going to purchase a factory and my machinery," the uncle replied, very business-like.

"Then what?" the agent asked.

"Then I'm going to start manufacturing my product."

"How much of the ten thousand will the

factory and machinery take?" persisted Rogers.

"Not all of it," said the relative. "I'll have a thousand left for raw materials."

"Do you know there is a market for your item?"

"Why, sure it's good! I can sell it."

"Have you made any research? Do you know your exact cost of manufacture? Have you shown a model to any buyers? Do you know what your net profit will be? Have you figured costs of establishing agents? Have you figured your office overhead? Have you arranged for taking out other patents, if they are necessary?"

"Oh, I'll get around to all those things once I get under way."

"Then you want the ten thousand dollars to start experimenting with?"

"I didn't come here to be insulted!" the uncle shouted. "My nephew told me to come in and get the money. I'm going to take it up with him, and I'll show you."

The next day the client's wife asked: "What did you say to insult our uncle?"

Rogers told her he didn't intend to insult him, and then repeated the conversation, adding that he said the uncle would surely lose the ten thousand.

"Well," she replied, "you can insult any of our relatives you want to, if you can save us ten thousand dollars by doing it!"

But while the experts were teaching the stars how to avoid the financial woes of the old-timers, income tax was brewing up a new batch of grief for them. Well-known players are now finding it cheaper to turn down work than to take it, as stepping up into a higher income tax bracket sometimes carries a penalty too great to justify the increased earnings. When they do take the work their net returns are apt to be ridiculous, as in the case of Carole Lombard. According to the newspapers Carole last year earned \$465,000 from pictures and radio and paid \$397,575 in state and national taxes. Out of the \$67,425 she had left her agent's commission, her fan mail secretary, her publicity expenses and other business items had to be paid, leaving her a net of \$20,000 as her share of the almost half a million dollars she made. Carole says she is satisfied to pay fifteen times as much in in-

come taxes as she gets out of her earnings.

Another example of a star who is willing to do the work and pay the tax is Bing Crosby. Bing is making four pictures a year and paying 75% income tax, while he could follow Mae West's example and make only one—netting himself just as much money. Why doesn't he do this? "Because," according to Bing's friends, "he's a sucker. Bing makes four pictures a year because he wants to give work to other people, even though he is penalized for doing it. Bing knows," these friends explain, "that if he makes only one picture a year there will be only six or eight weeks of work for those who are dependent upon him for their jobs. He has song writers, musicians, office employees—from forty to fifty of them. If he makes four pictures and does his recording and broadcasting they have jobs the year round. If he limits himself to one picture they work less than one-fourth their time. But it is the extra work and the little fellows Bing is thinking about most. If he makes one \$1,000,000 picture it means just one million dollars the studio spends employing these little workers—extras, stage hands, electricians and others making \$5.00 to \$8.50 a day. If he makes four pictures that means four million spent employing them."

Recently, income tax prevented Bing from giving employment to several musicians and entertainers he wanted to hire. Crosby's office received an offer of \$100,000 for his appearance at carnivals in Kansas City, Atlantic City, and St. Louis with a band he cared to bring. A tour like that would permit Bing to furnish good pay for work to several musicians and entertainers who needed employment badly. A checkup on the income tax situation by a financial agent showed that if Bing took only \$25,000 of this for himself, and turned all the rest over to the musicians and entertainers, it would still put him into a bracket where he would have to pay a total of eighty per cent income tax, and would cost him money. So the band is not working.

The income tax works many ways in Hollywood. Not long ago a certain automobile manufacturer offered Bing a car if he would permit himself to be photographed in it. Bing had no use for the car but one of his workers said that if Bing would sell it to him cheaply enough he would give his old car to a fellow worker who couldn't afford to buy one. "O. K.," Bing said, "how much do you want to pay for it?" The worker replied he could pay \$800.

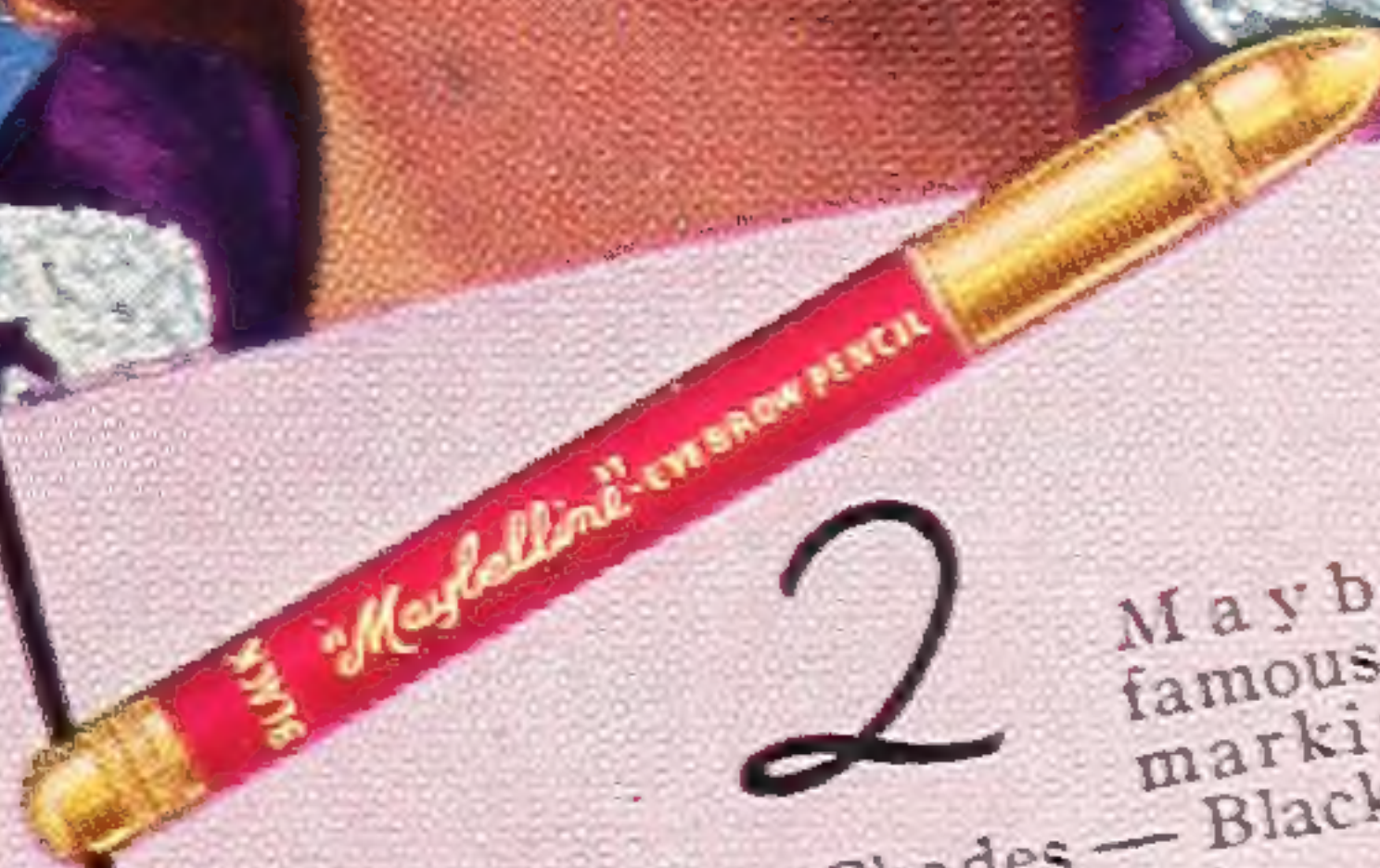
"Sounds all right," agreed Bing, "but I have to check these things with the office." Then he learned that Uncle Sam would regard that automobile as payment for services rendered and would charge him income tax on the full price of about \$1350, or \$850. That meant Bing would have to pay \$500 for the privilege of saving one worker money on a car and getting another worker a car for nothing. So Bing grunted: "Aw, nuts," and gave the car outright as a bonus to one of his employees.

Although Hollywood stars are constantly turning down pictures and broadcasts in order to keep out of the brackets that are full of income tax dynamite, they often weaken in order to help a friend or fellow worker. Bill Powell is one of the softies. In a deal that meant a fine commission for a friend, Bill took on a radio broadcast that required considerable studying while he was still in the hospital, rehearsing as soon as he was out. When the check for \$5,000 for his first appearance on that program was handed him, he said: "Why give that to me? Just make it go to the Internal Revenue Collector." Bill's actual cash take in this, after endangering his health to go on the air, was \$700.

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